TommyInnit's unbeatable method of avoiding sudden death

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Rating: <u>Teen And Up Audiences</u>
Archive Warning: <u>Major Character Death</u>

Category: <u>Gen</u>

Fandoms: Video Blogging RPF, Minecraft (Video Game)

Relationships: Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF), Wilbur Soot &

TommyInnit, TommyInnit & Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF), Toby

Smith | Tubbo & TommyInnit, Wilbur Soot & Technoblade &

<u>TommyInnit & Phil Watson, Ranboo & Toby Smtih | Tubbo, Ranboo & Toby Smith | Tubbo & Wilbur Soot & Technoblade & TommyInnit & CommyInnit & CommyInn</u>

Phil Watson, Wilbur Soot & Technoblade

Characters: TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF), Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF),

Wilbur Soot, Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF), Toby Smith | Tubbo,

Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)

Additional Tags: Alternate Universe, Vigilantism, Vigilante TommyInnit, Hero Wilbur,

Hero Technoblade, hero philza, Toby Smith | Tubbo & TommyInnit Friendship, Wilbur Soot and Technoblade are Siblings, Twins actually, Dadza, um, i honestly forgot how to tag for a moment there, Attempt at Humor, Minor Violence, Alternate Universe - Superheroes/Superpowers, clementime, PogChamp, Crack Treated Seriously, Kinda, not treated that

seriously tbh, no beta lmao what even is that, Fluff, sbi dynamic

probably, Swearing, i mean it's tommyinnit, Angst, Derealization, don't read chaps 15 22 and 24 onwards unless you want angst, Unreliable

Narrator, Violence, Heavy Angst, i guess?, idk - Freeform

Language: English

Series: Part 1 of <u>vigilante tommy</u>, Part 8 of <u>ecu - eneli cinematic universe</u>
Collections: MCYT Fic Rec, <u>Dream SMP Fics (Mainly Tommy (Yeah I'm That</u>

Bitch)), Found family to make me feel something, Purrsonal Picks, SBI because I crave found family, sleepy bois, My Favourites My Darling ones, Faves and must-reads, Never Forget These, Fics that get me both feeling and losing my shit for the nth time, Pog MCYT Fics, definite keepers, ah fuck! block game brainrot boogaloo: ao3 version, the best of dream smp, This is insomnia, Starr's fic recs:D, comfort fics to get emotional about, Fictopia, Fluff Angst and Random Recs, tommyinnit vigilante aus, for my cracked artist friends inspiration, Fanfic Forum Discord Recs, sbi / crimeboys fics go brrrr, Dsmp Hero Fics, so what im a tommyinnit kin, Found family make heart go brrr, Completed stories I've read, phoenix's mcyt fics <3, Sbi fics that butter my croissant, DSMP

fic recs, late night bittersweet reads, wow i really am reading mc fanfiction, WOO Insomnia Time, Meta 4th wall fics, Pog Fics What Are Done, Sixer's Dream SMP Favorites, evesdsmpfics, We Love Angst In This Household, favorites, would commit arson for you, Dream

SMP fics that butter my bread, dreamp smp vigilante aus, SBI Fics for the soul, YOUTUBERS/STREAMERS, Completed Stories I read (mostly peer pressure duo and boreal trio), lee's favorite fics that you should definitely read as well:), SBI Fics that either made me cry or I just love. Eldest-Ostrich, favourite books ive read on here. SBI and DSMP fics i am reading and or read, stuff em has already read be she cant remember, *consumes the angst*, Exceptional masterpieces, heroes villains and vigilantes fic recommendations, Good Reads, Got me SOBBING in the club, fern's benchtrio/sbi angst fics to cry about at 4:13am, Cross' Collection of DSMP/SBI fics (finished), Fanfics I'd eat again at 3 am and already have, sbi fics (mostly angst because im mentally ill), Literally sobbing (ouchy), cant believe im reading mc fanfic, crack tommy-centric fics, Mostly SBI and angsty shit lol, I somehow ended up in the minecraft community again but I'm not complaining. The angst it hurts me D:, fluff fics that make me happy, SleepyBois Fics that I like <3, DSMP Fics in my Ultimate Quotebook, Rebel's favorite fics!(smp), fics that did irreparable damage to my psyche. All fics I've read (mcvt). Fics I Cried Over, bee's top tier mcvt fics mwah, bee's personal picks, Fics to give my sister death threats if she doesn't read them, International Fanworks Day 2022 - Classic Fic Recs, mcyts kick ass in vigilante fics, TOMMY FICS TO REREAD BABYYYYYYYY, I love sbi fics, MCYT, Favorite fics <3, dino's minecraft hyperfixations, Vigilante!Innit My Beloved, sbi fics to feed my lack of familial love, Forge's Screaming Extravaganza, i treasure these more than you can imagine, what do you mean i have an obsession with minecraft fanfiction?, AAAAAA, oml these fics are bloody amazing, fics that i think about a lot, summer's favorite fics $\S - \$ - ?$. Completed reading, Wani's sbi hyperfixation of (mostly) super hero fics, sour stories, Stop making me cry!, SBI PAIN LAUV YAS SLAY, Sbi Fanfics that actually slap, teal's hall of fame, sbi fics <3, ohh what's that? *trips and falls down the hole*, SBI (an a lil crimeboys/bedrock bros shhhhh) completed fics, OMG () Pogchamp DSMP Fanfic!!, MMR, BEDROCK BROSSSS (sobs w head in hands), TommyInnit fics that hurt my feelings. Loxe's Collection of Iconic MCYT Girls, fanfics that hurt me but i love them (authors should pay for my therapy), i don't read dsmp fics (or do i??), I liked these fics and I finished them, moth's fanfic recommendations, The Awesome Fics Bookshelf, Simply the best dsmp Fics, Fics that I have an Unhealthy Attachment to, croisant emoji, hixpatch's all time favorites, Sbi - vigilante/hero/villain au, Fics to get other fics from, 020, is someone chopping onions?, Stories that deserves a book cover (you've seen the tuto ;)), SBI Stories I Fell In Love With, i feel ill, Sbi fics my beloved, vomade's favourite fics, The fanfics that had me lying awake at night like omg, you're never escaping me /pos, MY FAVORITE FICS, So many books so little time!!, Top Tier MCYT, Superhero aus I swear I'm gonna finish one day just gimme more time-, BEST FICS collection!! yum fics for the soul, Late Night Reads For Restless Spirits, I dont know why I keep reading these but i will, Fics my

aromantic heart fell in love with, Tim's Completed Reading Bookshelf, very scrumptious fics, Tommy fanfics, Really swag, sbi fics that make me feel less lonely, super cool fic recs, DSB(DreamSmpBooks), Brain decided these characters are helpful and live rent free now. The Best and The Brightest, $\cancel{x}*: ... o(\ge \nabla \le) o ... : \cancel{x}, Ky's TBR, BEST$ FICS EVER 10/10 MUST READ AGAIN, Fics I've cried to, oh no my minecraft era has returned, Juricii's Collection of Various Stories, i will and can trade my soul for these fics, actually id rather keep my soul. Dream SMP Fics, my non-existent therapist will be hearing about you >: (, completed fics, Fics that broke my heart (and may have inspired me), Altes' "Cream of the Crop" top rated DSMP fics, Yeah minecraft, ME11OH1's MCYT Recs (Favorites), fics I could reread a million times, a collection of every dsmp fic i've read, cauldronrings favs ($\dot{\bullet} \omega \dot{\bullet}$) $\dot{\diamond}$, Things to fuel my escapism., upto21's reads, the good shit, lucarrawqts absolute favs;333, finished fics i've read, Fics to Reread Until the World Ends, Stories I Carry With Me, MCYT fics that are straight crack or leave me sobbing, Dsmp, dsmp fanfics i would suggest to anyone, vigilante tommy my beloved, For ZoZo, SBI superhero au things, iconic stories of the universe's, DSMP, nat's angsty fics to read when crying in the bathroom, What I read instead of sleeping, wilbur's top angst fics to reread at 3am, Trying to keep track of the dsmp fics ive read cuz prime i fell back into the fandom, Good soup, the graveyard of my feelings, Fics so good my heart tingled, Stier, appl's dsmp library, Therapy Alternatives (mainly sbi), core fics, Dsmp, VERY DELICIOUS MEAL MMM THANK YOU FOR FEEDING ME ATHOR, sbi that cures my issues (or maybe gives me them), Dream SMP Classical Collections, gather round for it is time for an angst feast. I'm sure none of these dsmp fics will make me cry, fics good for the soul

Stats:

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TommyInnit's unbeatable method of avoiding sudden death

by eneliii

Summary

"I uh," Tommy starts, not knowing how to break this to the hero lightly. He hates to be the bearer of bad news. "I think your powers are broken? It's not a bad thing of course, but like, I swear you tried to mind control me and it like, totally failed. Which is fine, honestly, don't feel insecure. Everyone's power stop working sometimes... I think."

Sheesh, this is very awkward. Why is no one else talking? Why is Philza looking at him like he grew three heads? Why is the Blade staring at him so intensely? Why is Willow still frozen?

"Did I, did I hit a nerve? Yikes," Tommy hisses, "Well um," He steps back, bracing his legs and bending his knees, "This was like super fun, but I'm - I'mma head out."

or,

in which Tommy manages to annoy the hell out of Phil, Techno and Wilbur by being both impossible to catch and irritatingly endearing.

or or,

a crack fic where Tommy is a vigilante and Phil, Techno and Wilbur are the heroes hunting him down.

Notes

this is a mess lmao. its 1am once again and my brain went annoying vigilante tommy who annoys the shit out of sbi so here we are this is like a prologue i guess idk this is a crackfic so dont expect much lmao enjoy

See the end of the work for more <u>notes</u>

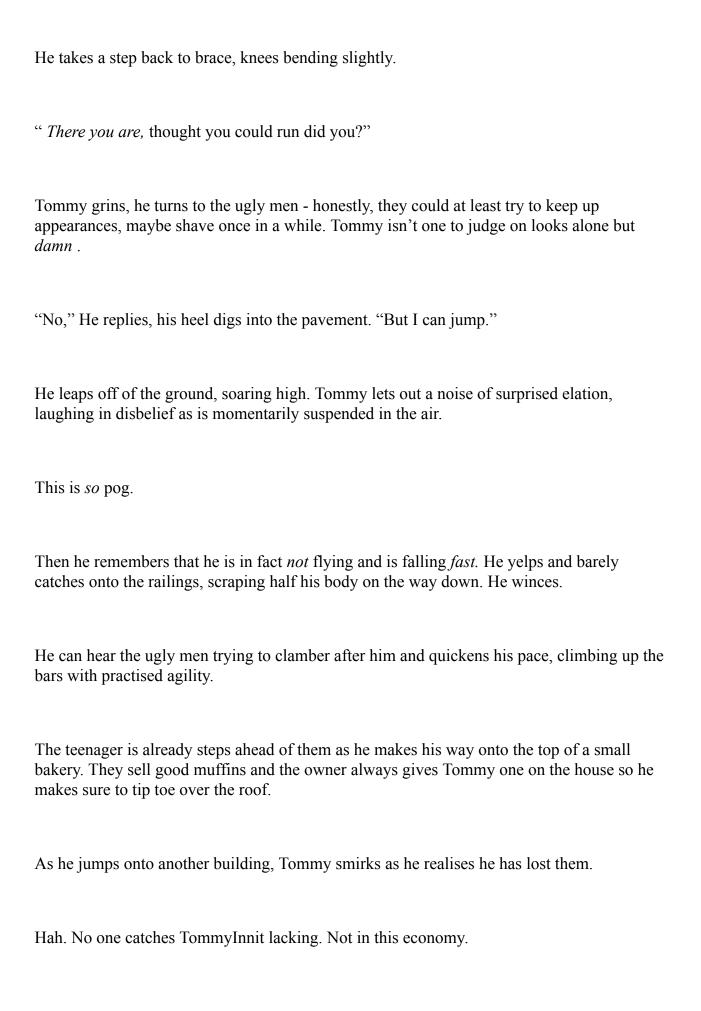
(edit: pls read the tags carefully lmao.)

TommyInnit The Courageous Vigilante Who Constantly Avoids Death

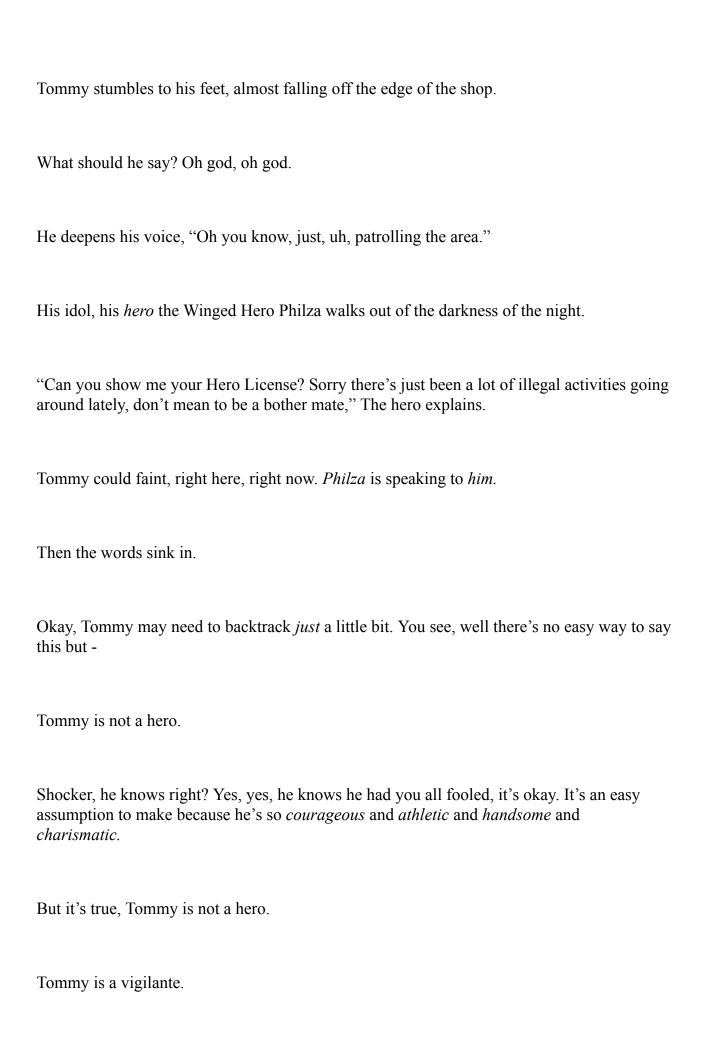
There is fire and there is chaos. Screams of the forgotten echo in the forsaken land. Ash smothers the air, blackening lungs. The voices beg for mercy, beg for help, beg for salvation.
A little boy can't breathe. A little boy stares up at the sky, a poisonous orange hue and prays.
Tommy stares up wide eyed at the clouds as they part to reveal an angel.
The angel is leaving the heavens. Leaving the serenity that is beyond them to <i>save</i> him.
Tommy reaches out a shaky arm, trembling with exhaustion. His vision blurs.
He feels himself pulled into warm arms and blearily looks up at his saviour.
Blonde hair and kind blue eyes stare down at him.
Tommy breathes. He's safe.

"Fuck, shit, fuck, shit, fuck, shit."

Tommy is in deep shit. He doesn't know how he's going to get out of this one.
"Tommy? <i>Tommy</i> ?" Tubbo's voice crackles through his earpiece, frantic with worry.
"Tubbo shut the fuck up right now, I'm <i>thinking</i> ," The teenager hisses, crouching down lower when he hears the voices near.
"Tommy don't tell me to shut up, you dick, I <i>told</i> you not to go down that alley," Tubbo berates and Tommy <i>needs</i> him to fuck off or he's not going to make it out of this alive.
He raises a hand to his ear and hastily yanks the electronic out, crushing it in his hands for good measure. <i>Sorry Tubbo</i> .
"Alright, come on Tommy, think, <i>think</i> ," He mutters to himself, tone increasing in panic. He can't die here. He's too young. He hasn't even passed his driver's license.
He surveys the alleyway he has trapped himself in. Dirty, dingy, it's fucking ugly and it smells. He glances upwards, there's railings. But they're so <i>high</i> .
Tommy glances down at his feet. A new prototype. Tubbo said the boost function wasn't ready yet.
"Where is that brat?!"
He has no time. If the trainers don't kill him, they will.
Tommy stands up abruptly, no doubt catching the attention of the thugs. This is fine. He can do this.



Tommy sighs, exhaustion catching up to him as the adrenaline wears out. He crouches down and sits over the edge of a florist shop. His legs dangle over the edge and he lifts his mask to scratch his chin.
Tonight's patrol was kind of intense. His back aches after one guy threw a banana at him. Honestly what the fuck. Why was that banana so big? Where did he even get that banana?
Tommy feels a buzz on his ass and realises he's been sitting on his phone. He pulls it out.
15 missed calls and 34 texts.
Tubbo is going to defenestrate him. He's going to have to replace another window.
Tommy sighs and puts his phone on Do Not Disturb. It's a problem for future Tommy. Who is not present Tommy.
Tommy is brought out of his thoughts by the sound of shouting. He almost thinks it's the thugs, back again for more.
But <i>no</i> . He could recognize those voices <i>anywhere</i> .
It's - It's three of the top ten heroes! Tommy's fanboy heart soars. His <i>favourite</i> heroes! In his area, in his patrol area.
This- this is a <i>miracle</i> . A <i>blessing</i> . A gift from the <i>Gods</i> .
"Hey, you! What are you doing on that building?"
This is a problem.



And he is currently being hunted down by his biggest heroes.
"Hey! Stop running, we won't hurt you!" The siren hero Willow shouts out to him. Yes, that's very convincing, Tommy rolls his eyes and then fanboys a bit because oh my god Willow just <i>shouted</i> at him.
"Actually we may hurt you a bit," The sword hero Blade confesses as he strides after the teenager, menacing sword in hand. The <i>Blade</i> . Oh this is the best thing that's ever happened to Tommy, like <i>ever</i> .
Yeah, Tommy may just die tonight.
But, hey, he met his idols. He will probably die happy.
Tommy leaps from building to building, breath quickening. "Um I actually do have a license," He keeps his voice dropped an octave. "It's at my house, so I'm just going to go get it."
"For some reason we don't believe you," Philza calls out. "Wil, can you get him for us please?"
Tommy speeds up because oh <i>shit</i> .
He hears the hero quickly catching up on him.
"You are being quite difficult right now," Willow huffs and Tommy looks behind momentarily to see his eyes turning <i>red</i> . Holy fuck that is the coolest shit.

" Come here." The whisper carries through the empty streets, sinister and sweet.

Oh god. This is it. This is how he goes down. Pretty epic but still, he wanted to at least tell Tubbo that he ate the last packet of skittles and that *no* it was in fact not Henry the very cute tabby cat that sneaks into their balcony.

He supposes that secret will follow him to the grave.

Tommy's still running though. Which is odd. Because well, Willow just spoke in the *voice*.

But well, Tommy doesn't feel like he's under intense mind control. Then again, he's never been put under intense mind control so he's not too sure.

Tommy looks behind him and almost trips when he sees all three heroes standing frozen on a roof.

"Did you guys give up? Cause' that's like totally fine," Tommy says, clearing his throat as the silence goes on for too long. He glances at Willow, who stands stock still. Is he frozen? Tommy frowns.

"I uh," Tommy starts, not knowing how to break this to the hero lightly. He hates to be the bearer of bad news. "I think your powers are broken? It's not a bad thing of course, but like, I swear you tried to mind control me and it like, totally failed. Which is fine, honestly, don't feel insecure. Everyone's power stop working sometimes... I think."

Sheesh, this is *very* awkward. Why is no one else talking? Why is Philza looking at him like he grew three heads? Why is the Blade staring at him so *intensely? Why* is Willow *still* frozen?

"Did I, did I hit a nerve? Yikes," Tommy hisses, "Well um," He steps back, bracing his legs and bending his knees, "This was like super fun, but I'm - I'mma head out."

And with that he shoots off into the air and <i>wow</i> this does not get old. He's never taking these shoes off.
This time Tommy actually aims where he's jumping and lands in a pond far enough away from the heroes.
He sputters water out of his mouth as water pools around his waist. A golden fish swims around his leg, nudging his shin. He picks it up.
"You're gonna help me with Tubbo," He whispers fervently to the fish as it gapes at him.
"Tommy fucking Innit! How <i>dare</i> you destroy the earpiece that <i>I</i> made, that was the fourth one! And then you ignore all my calls and don't even text me back?! Unbelievable. <i>Unbelievable</i> . You are sleeping on the couch for a <i>week</i> . You better hope I don't throw away those bloody shoes, I told you they weren't ready and you <i>stole</i> them. Honestly, why do I even try with you?! You'll be lucky if I ever make dinner again, or do the laundry or do <i>anything</i> . In fact! I quit, I'm going on strike! From now on, you can do everything and be the responsible one and see if you can keep <i>your</i> sanity!"
Tommy holds out the fish. "I bought you <i>Clementine</i> ." He offers as a sacrifice. The fish gapes.
Tubbo stares at him. He takes the fish carefully. Tommy watches in silence as he walks into the kitchen and places the fish in a cup of water.
Tubbo then walks over to the kitchen window and beckons him over.
Tommy sighs. Clementine wasn't good enough it seems.

Tommy thinks it worth it as Tubbo picks him up and chucks him out of the window, closing the doors shut. He looks at Tubbo's seething expression from his placement in the dumpster and grins.
Such is the life of TommyInnit the <i>courageous</i> and <i>athletic</i> and <i>handsome</i> and <i>charismatic</i> vigilante.
Wilbur watches, stunned as the tall masked vigilante launches off into the air and out of sight.
"Did he just - did he just <i>break</i> out of your mind control?" Phil questions in disbelief, hovering just above the ground as he too looks towards where the vigilante once was.
Wilbur frowns.
Techno snorts, "He just violated your ability, like he wasn't even trying to be mean and he just, just completely destroyed you."
Wilbur grits his teeth, "My powers aren't broken."
Techno smirks, "You sure about that? Because from what <i>I</i> just saw, you totally just failed to mind control him. Was I the only one who saw that? Phil I know you saw it-"

"Go walk off the edge of the building."

Where Are The Askers?

Chapter Summary

YOU TOLD US SOMETHINGS THAT NO ONE CARES ABOUT.
BUT YOU WON'T STOP BLARRING PLEASE SHUT YOUR MOUTH

Chapter Notes

ok its 2:44am for me as it seems i cant write this fic at a normal time of day lmao im very tired enjoy my weird brain stuff

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clementine swims around her cup of water frantic, rapid circles.

Tommy sighs, "Clementine, please calm down."

She swims faster.

"Tubbo?" Tommy calls out, "I think *Clementine* needs a bigger cup, actually maybe a bowl? No wait - we need a tank. How about an aquarium in the wall?"

Tubbo's fingers still on the keyboard. He spins around on his spinny chair to face the blonde, an expression of deep, *deep*, exasperation.

"Put her in a cereal bowl or some shit, do you think we have money to buy a tank? We ate instant noodles for dinner."

Tommy glances down at Clementine. She swims so fast. So *fast*. "I've got an idea," He's a bit offended that Tubbo rolls his eyes, "No, just - just *listen*, so like what if, what if we save the money we use on food, to buy a tank for *Clementine*."

Tubbo turns back to the computer, seemingly ignoring him.

"Come on, think about it. We can survive a few days. I swear we have some of those Coco Pop bars somewhere, they're probably not even out of date. Come on big man, just - just look at *Clementine* and tell me you want to see her swim around this for eternity."

Tubbo is playing Slither.io. That game is *so* old.

"Tubs, just come on man, look at *her*." Tommy stands up, porcelain mug in hand and shoves the thing into Tubbo's face. Water spills out over the edge and onto the keyboard.

Tubbo slaps the mug away with a glare, standing up to find paper towels. "I don't like Clementine."

Tommy yelps as the mug shakes, wrapping both hands around it as he peers down at the fish in worry. "I'm sorry my child."

Tubbo reappears with a cloth - he must've remembered they ran out of paper towels like two weeks ago. Tommy stares at him intensely.

Tubbo sighs, "Tommy we are not starving ourselves for a dumb fish."

Tommy gasps, "Clementine, is not a fucking dumb fish. She is a miracle, a blessing, a gift from the gods themselves. She appeared in our lives for a reason Tubbo and I'm disappointed

you can't see that. I hope you reach enlightenment."
Tubbo stares at him for a moment and then grimaces, like, like just looking at Tommy is difficult for him.
"Why do you even say it like that?"
Tommy frowns, "Say what?"
"Clementine."
"I say it like you say it, Clementine."
"No I said Clementine."
"Yeah, that's what I fucking said. Clementine."
"No, I said Clementine. You said Clementine."
"Literally, what the fuck are you talking about."
Tubbo runs a hand down his face, "Just - just forget it."
Tommy just frowns. He glances down at Clementine and shrugs, "He's a bit weirdchamp."
"Tommy shut the fuck up, <i>Jesus</i> . Why don't you go outside and touch some grass, you are talking to a <i>fish</i> ."



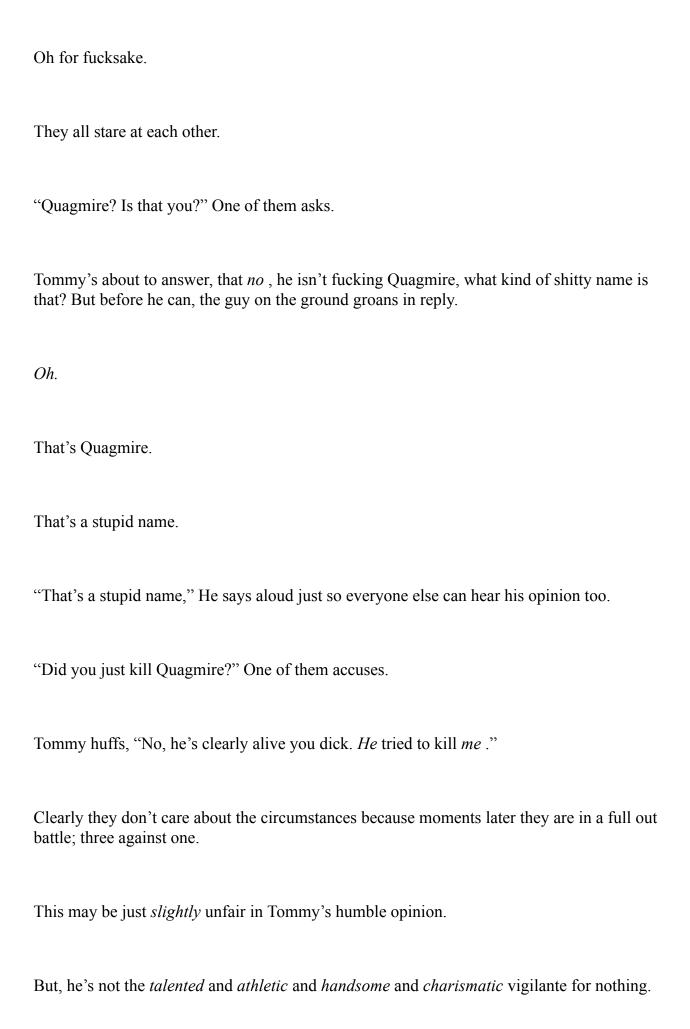
Tommy nods solemnly, "Yes it was very sad, I was making tea and the kettle stopped boiling. My tea was lukewarm."
Tubbo gives him a look of sympathy, "That sucks," He says sincerely; tea is nothing to joke about. "Well, I'm now going to finish playing Slither.io. Bye bye Clementine, hopefully see you never."
"Clementine says bye back," Tommy speaks on her behalf.
Tubbo snorts, "I'm sure she does."
"Well we are going to go now, and y'know return her, to her home. In the water. Away from here. And I'll come back, without her," Tommy states, inching away from the living room.
Tubbo gives a hum of acknowledgment.
Tommy smirks behind his back as he leaves, closing the living room door firmly behind him before he tails it to their bedroom.
Clementine swims at super speed in the mug.
As fucking if.
Getting rid of Clementine? Not in this economy.

Tubbo clearly doesn't care about Tommy's safety. Sending him out into the dangerous, dark world at 7:43pm.
He's lucky that Tommy stole a bunch of tech from their bedroom without asking, otherwise Tubbo may have had a lawsuit for manslaughter on his hands.
Clementine swims majestically in the mug. She's so beautiful.
Tommy shifts his mask to scratch an itch on his cheek, cold air brushing against the exposed skin.
He's on a mission; he's going to get Clementine a fucking tank.
There are quite a few problems with this mission and Tommy is going to address none of them.
He clutches Clementine close to his chest and braces his feet before jumping off into the air, grinning as he perfects a landing onto a random industrial building.
Where do you even buy tanks?
Tommy looks down at the town, eyes scanning the shops, most of them already closed early for Sunday.
He pauses. A supermarket is open. Pogchamp. There should be something for Clementine in there.

He hops down into an alleyway before making his way onto the street inconspicuously. He's basically a spy at this point.
As Tommy nears the shop, he frowns, looking in through the windows there seems to be no one at the cashier stations. They really do slacking on the job huh.
Whatever, he'll find an employee when he gets in.
Tommy adjusts Clementine to be held in his right hand while he pushes with his other to open the supermarket door.
A beep chimes as he enters, yellow hue lighting making him blink. It's quiet.
Everyone must have given up shopping by six o'clock or something.
Tommy whistles to himself as he makes his way further into the shop, "Gonna get <i>Clementine</i> a tank, gonna get <i>Clementine</i> a tank and then Tubbo is going to have to accept her as a member of our family," He sings. Honestly Tommy should get an award for being multitalented.
What <i>can't</i> he do?
"What the fuck are you doing in here?" A deep voice rumbles behind him. Tommy squawks, but it's like, a manly squawk.
He turns around and sees a hooded figure, black mask and knife in hand.
Shit.

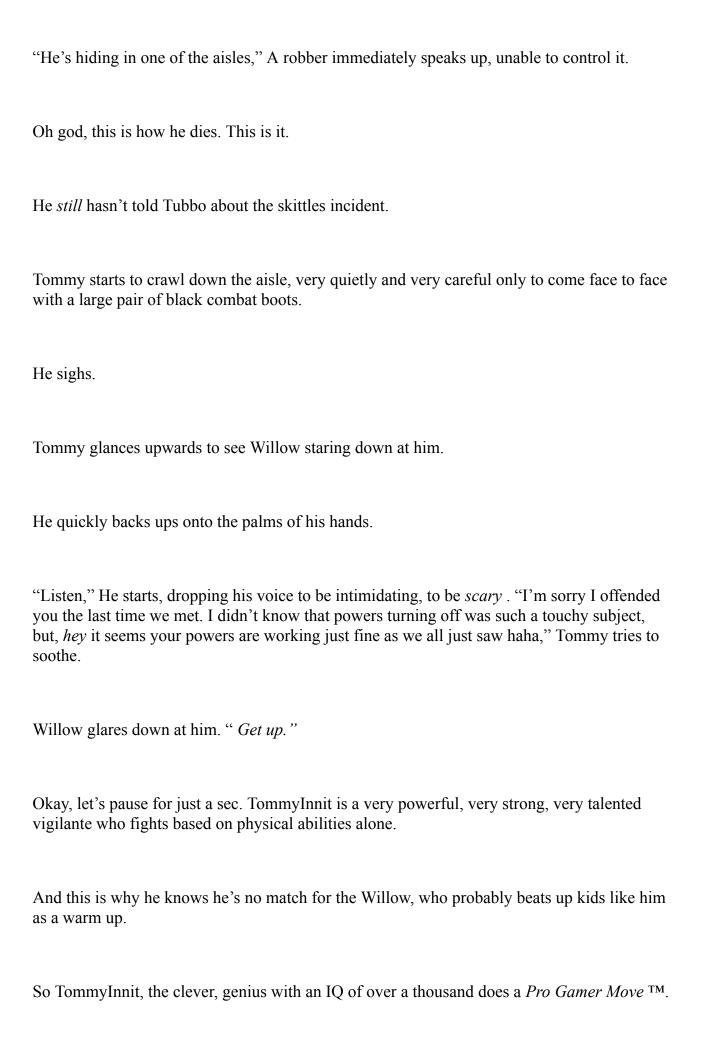
Did he just walk into the middle of a robbery?
He glances down at Clementine in resignation. Carefully he places her in between two different flavours of Pop Tarts; <i>Strawberry Sensation</i> and <i>S'mores</i> .
"Clementine, be good," He orders before turning back to the masked figure.
"Look man, I'm just tryna buy a tank for my fish."
The guy pauses, probably in bewilderment, "What?"
Tommy shifts on his feet, hand reaching behind to pull a pen out of pocket, "Yeah, like, I'm looking for a massive fucking tank that just like, takes up an entire wall. Like an aquarium."
The guy is silent for a moment, "Where would you even find that?"
Tommy shrugs, "My guess is as good as yours."
"Huh, I hope you find that tank," The guy says and hey, this robber is pretty cool.
Tommy grins, "Thanks, like my best friend totally doesn't want the fish, but like, fish lives matter too y'know? <i>Clementine</i> can't speak for herself. I'm her representative."
"Clementine?"
"Yeah, Clementine."

They stand for a moment in silence.
Tommy sees the exact moment the man is about to attack and narrowly dodges a knife to the throat. <i>Yikes</i> .
He jabs his thumb hard into the pen and holds it out as it extends into a baton.
"Woah there big man, you need to like calm down," Tommy chuckles, "I swear, you like, almost killed me there or something? Easy mistake to make, just don't do it again okay."
The guy launches another knife that nicks Tommy's left arm.
Alright. Well that's just fucking rude.
The vigilante uses the baton to kick himself up into the air and flip over the guy, landing on the opposite side.
He uses the advantage of hindsight to jab the weapon directly into the guy's back, watching as he crumpled to the floor.
"Maybe next time, don't try to stab me, twice ." Tommy scowls.
The guy stays crumpled and he sighs, time to find Clementine and get that fucking tank.
The door beeps and Tommy resists screaming.
He turns around and sees <i>three</i> more guys in masks.



He's barely catching a sweat as they chase him around the store, throwing whatever they can find and then some. Aisles go down, windows are broken. The usual.
Tommy yelps as heat licks at his heels. One of the dudes can breathe <i>fire</i> which to be honest is pretty Pogchamp.
"Guys, can't we come to an agreement or something?" He huffs in annoyance. He just wanted a fucking <i>tank</i> .
They don't seem to be in the mood for conversation, just y'know throwing knives, breathing fire, trying to <i>shoot</i> him.
It's great, just how he wanted to spend his evening.
"Okay time to break this up."
Tommy stumbles and falls onto the linoleum tiles because holy <i>fuck</i> . That's Philza.
Why the hell is Philza here?
This situation has gone from aggressively irritating to a fucking nightmare.
He's going to die.
Oh god, Clementine.

Tommy crouches under the frozen meat section to watch as Philza <i>and</i> Willow <i>and</i> The Blade stand at the entrance of the shop, staring down the robbers.
"What's this all about hmm?" Philza hovers just above the ground like the fucking king he is majestic wings flapping. This is the second best moment of his life.
The robbers all start speaking at once.
"There's this stupid fucking kid."
"He hurt Quagmire!"
"I just wanted some free chocolate."
Philza frowns, "A kid?" He glances around the store and Tommy ducks immediately. This is <i>not</i> good.
"Yeah some stupid fucking tall brat with a stick!"
The <i>snitches</i> . Absolute <i>snakes</i> .
How dare they call his baton a stick? He'll shove that 'stick' right up their-
" Where is he?" Willow steps forward, eyes hard.
Shit, shit, shit, shit.

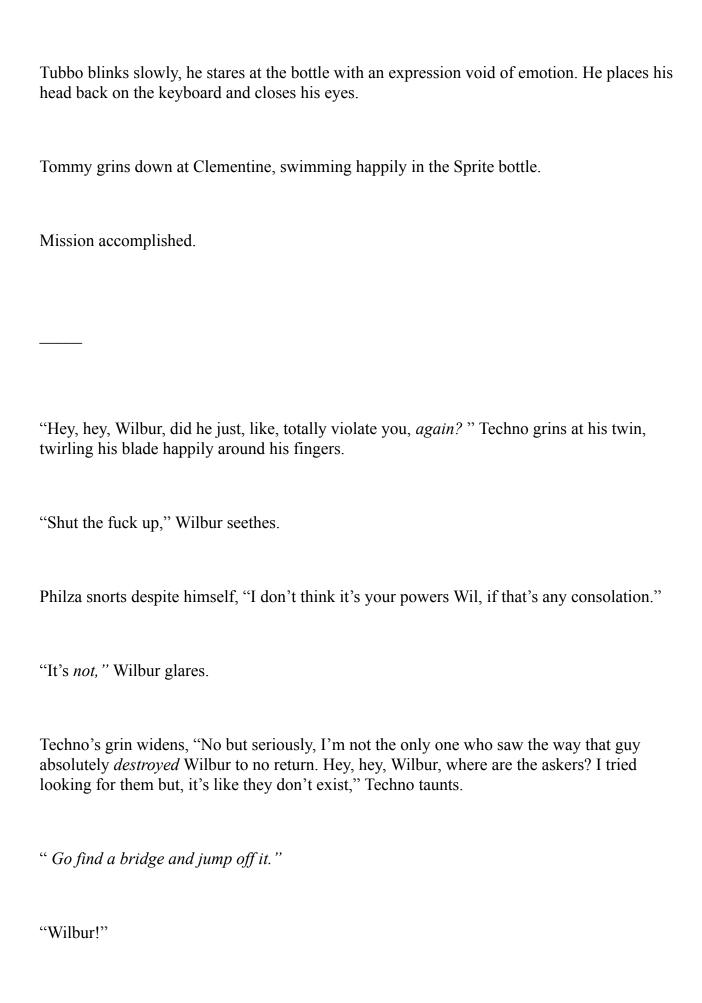




He glances over at Willow who is walking a little ways ahead, back turned. An amateur move on his part.
With smooth movements Tommy grabs the mug with one hand, the other hand holding the baton.
Willow does not notice and he almost breathes a sigh of relief.
When the four of them reach outside, Willow begins to talk, while Techno watches Tommy curiously and Phil flies ahead.
"You see, when you escaped us a week ago, I <i>knew</i> it was a fluke. Because look at you, your mask looks fucking stupid and you're wearing a hoodie that looks it has been run over, <i>thrice</i> ."
Tommy resists frowning, but his eyebrow twitches. Now that is just <i>horrible</i> . He loves this hoodie; <i>yes</i> , he may refuse to wash it for like a month, but that's not the Willow's business.
"So I was I like, how would <i>you</i> , some wannabe vigilante be able to defy <i>my</i> powers."
Tommy <i>really</i> wants to roll his eyes, oh my fucking <i>god</i> . This guy's ego is through the roof.
They are further out on the street now, Tommy can see a path to take to get back home.
"I mean, you know who I am right? I'm the Willow, I'm in the top ten heroes ranking, in fact, I'm <i>sixth</i> place. I bet you couldn't even apply to be a hero, your weapon is literally a <i>stick</i> ," Willow rants.
Tommy did not ask to be attacked. He just wanted a tank.

Tommy stops walking, no one notices. Philza is far ahead while The Blade seemingly became bored of the one-sided conversation.
"Like, you should be lucky to even meet us, this is probably like your biggest dream huh? Meeting us, three of the top ten heroes in the <i>world</i> . Did you know I am one of the youngest heroes to rise to the top so- "
"Okay, but, like, where are the askers? Who asked? I'm pretty sure nobody asked," Tommy cuts Willow off, bracing his feet as he leaps off into the air.
He lands on a building and watches as the Willow stares up at him in disbelief. The Blade and Philza have also stopped to watch.
Tommy cups a hand over his mouth as he shouts over at the hero, "Hey Willow! Go find some askers!" He shoots him the middle finger for good measure.
And with that, he uses his baton as a booster to shoot him off into the sky, making his way home.
Nobody, makes fun of TommyInnit.
Tommy walks through his street in dejection. Clementine swims around the mug sadly.
"Clementine, I'm sorry I couldn't find you a beautiful aquarium." He apologizes.
Clementine swims faster.

Tommy sighs melodramatically and begs the gods for a miracle.
He kicks absentmindedly at a plastic bottle, looking down at Clementine in sadness. She will never experience a full life, he's failed as a father.
Tommy pauses, turning around to look back at the bottle as he notices something odd.
The bottle is fucking <i>massive</i> . It's an old Sprite bottle, but it's so <i>big</i> it spans the length of his arm. That's <i>long</i> .
He glances back down at Clementine and then back at the bottle.
He grins.
"Tommy, what the fuck is this?"
Tubbo looks at him blearily, presumably waking up from a nap he spent at his computer. There's an indent of keys on his cheek.
Tommy smiles proudly as he holds the bottle out for his friend to see. It's full of clean water and Clementine swims around happily, floating from end to end.
" This is Clementine's tank."



Chapter End Notes

u guys really blew up a crack fic huh?

i think we should start a cult

seriously thanks for so many comments and shit, liek wow thats a /lot/ of hits, and subscribers and bookmarks. pogchamp

check out my other fics too, i have another sbi fic with protective older brothers and i have a royalty fic where nearly every smp member is a royal lmao - okay thats enogh plugging

im sleep now <3

if u saw typo, no <3

Hoes Mad

Chapter Summary

Hoes mad, hoes mad, hoes mad, hoes mad Hoes mad, hoes mad, hoes mad Hoes mad, hoes mad, hoes mad

Chapter Notes

you guys really like this fic huh? u weirdos as always i wrote this at like 12am lmao anyways enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

"Give it to me," Tubbo says, hand held out, face stern.

"No." Tommy stands his ground.

" Give it. Now, or else ."

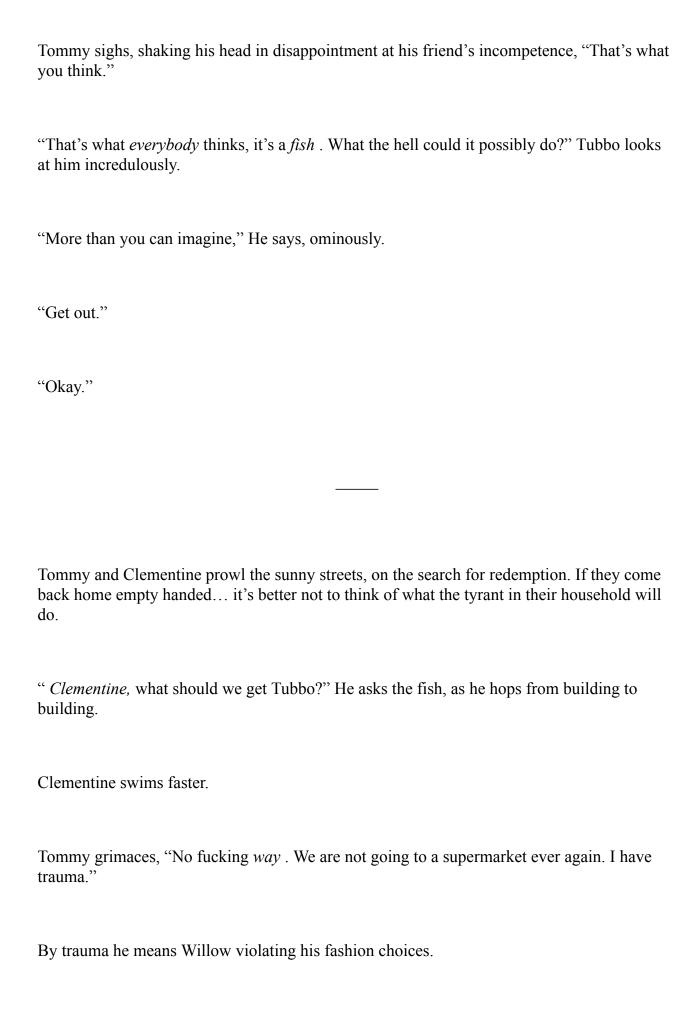
Tommy looks nervously over to Clementine who is happily swimming in the bottle. He tries to telepathically communicate his distress but she just starts making bubbles in the water.

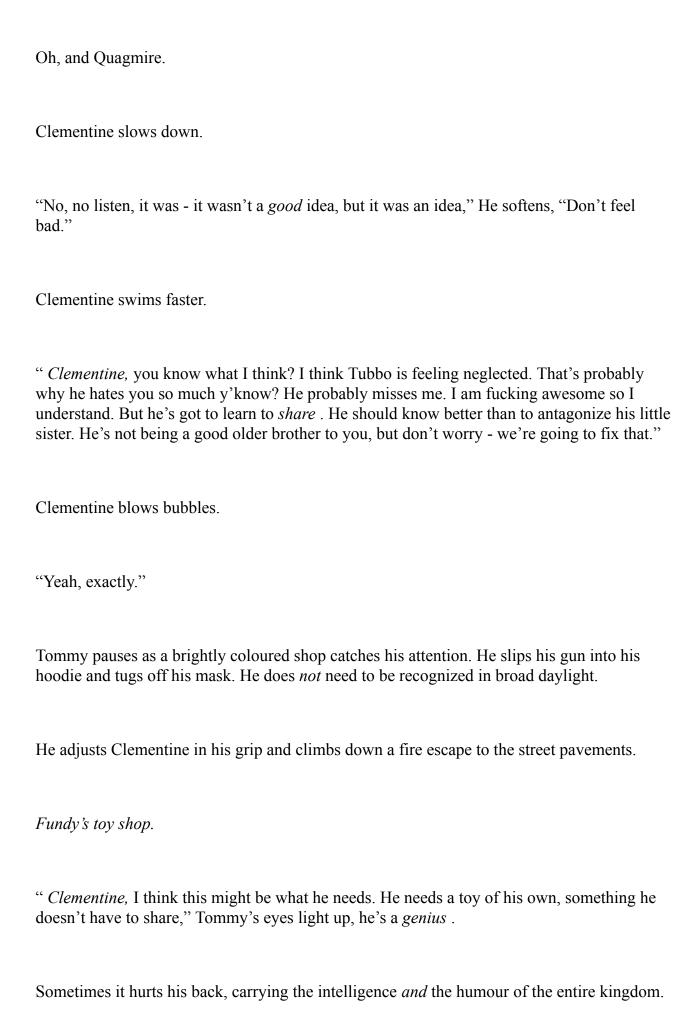
"Tommy, give me the gun."

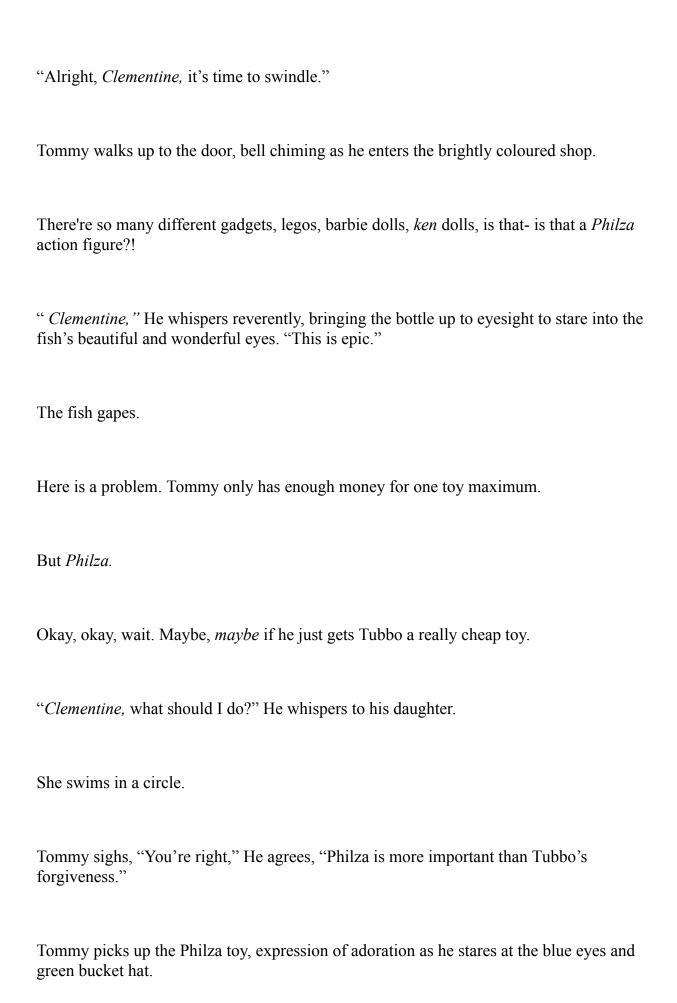




"Tubbo, that was like ten minutes ago, you need to learn to let the past go; it's not healthy," Tommy advises softly.
Tubbo glares at him, "You have ten seconds to get the hell out of here and find a way to make it up to me."
Tommy gulps, "Shit, okay. Listen, I am actually really sorry about shooting you, it just seemed like you were doubting my abilities as a glock wielder and to be honest I was quite offen-"
"One," Tubbo starts to count off of his fingers.
Okay then. An apology isn't good enough. He's going to have to up his game.
"Okay, okay," He puts his hand up in surrender, "I'm leaving, I'm gonna get you, like, the poggest apology present you've ever received."
"Poggest isn't even a word."
"It is now."
"Just get out, and take the fish with you - I don't like it's beady eyes staring at me," Tubbo side eyes the fish who gapes at him.
"Clementine," Tommy corrects, picking up the bottle. "And gladly, I don't trust her in your company anyways, who knows what you would let her get up to."
"She's a fish," Tubbo deadpans, "She can't do anything but swim."

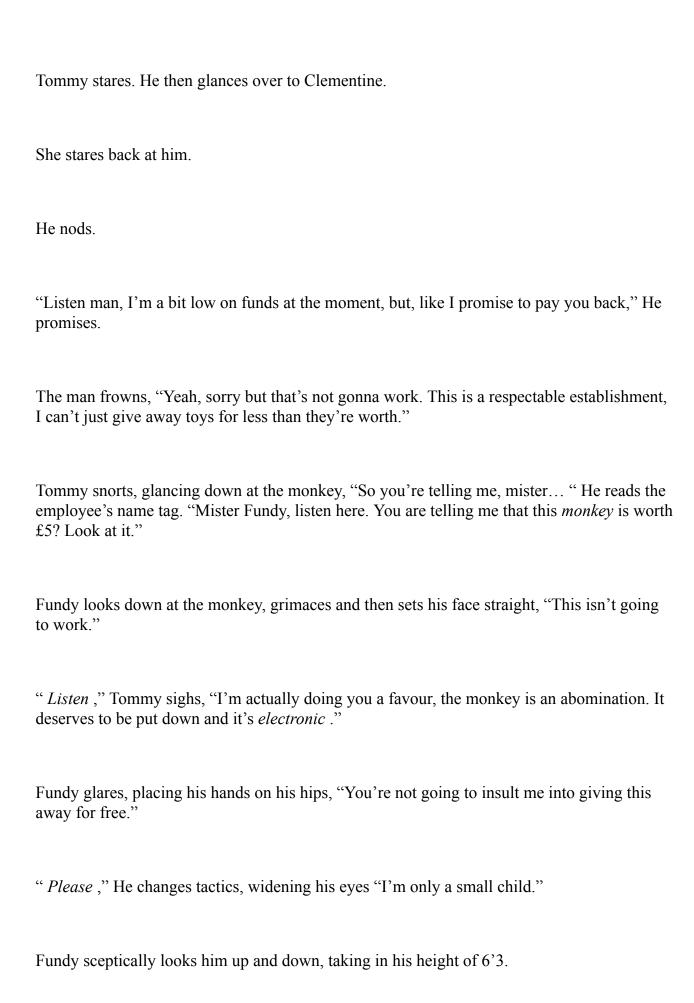


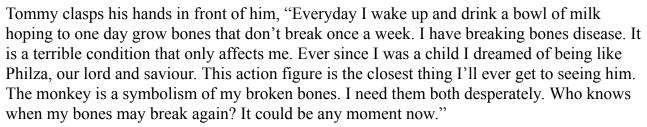


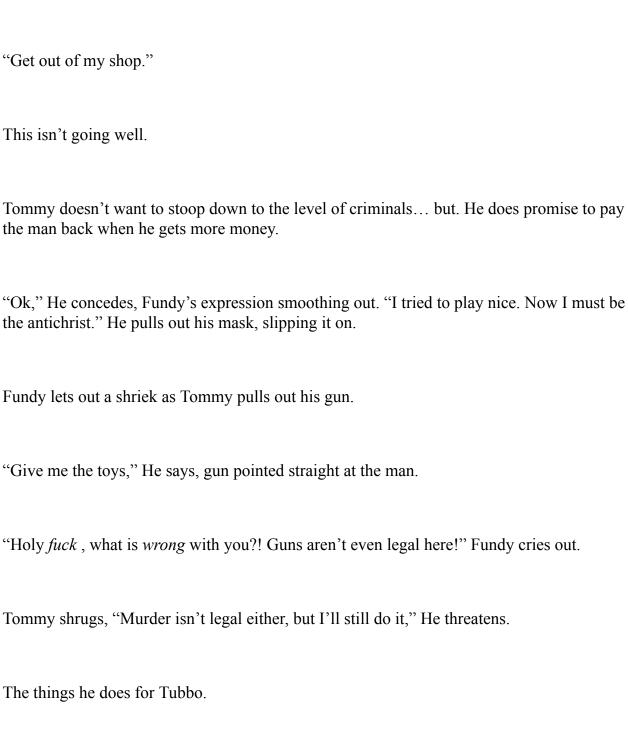


Now to find one for Tubbo
Tommy spends a while looking around the store, which is mostly empty apart from like, one 4ft child who looks at him weirdly.
Eventually he finds the most majestic and magnificent toy in the history of existence.
It's an electronic monkey, whose arms are bent out of shape awkwardly. It's crossed eyed and has patches of fur missing. When he presses its stomach, it lets out a screech.
"Tubbo will love this, " He decides.
Tommy makes his way to the counter, putting Clementine upright on the side.
A man with fox ears turns around from packing shelves to smile at him.
"Hello young man, and how can I help you?"
Tommy stares before pushing the toys towards him, "Buying this."
The man frowns slightly before nodding, "Ah yes of course," He scans the items, a sweat breaking out on his brow as Tommy continues to stare at him.
"Nice weather out today huh?"
Tommy nods, "Yes."



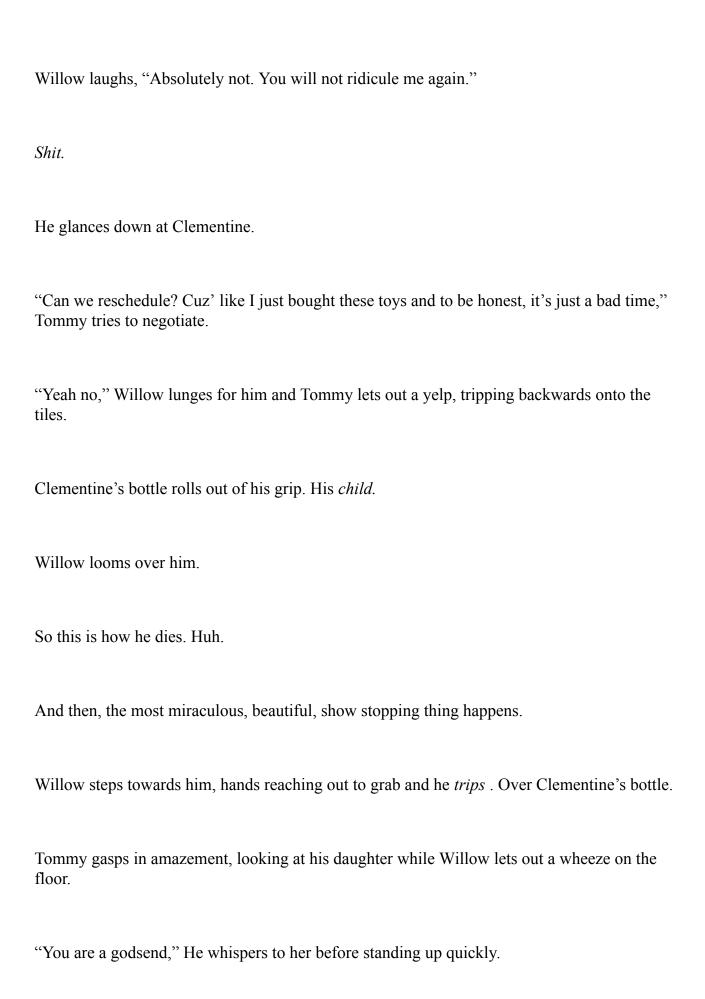




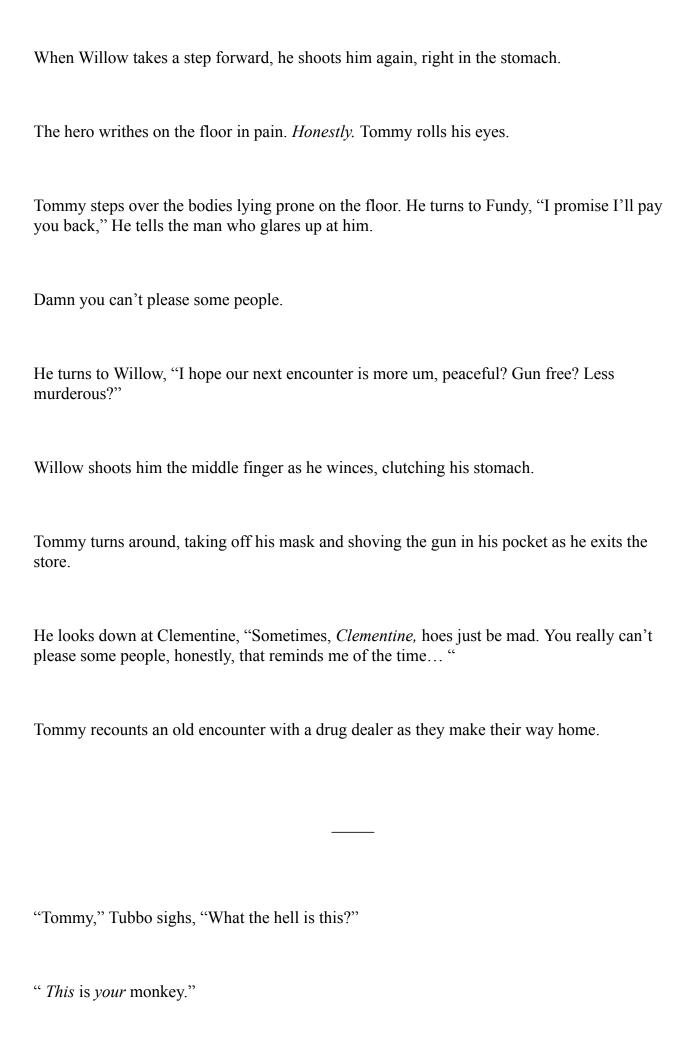


"Okay, okay please just take the toys and *leave*."









Tubbo looks at the deranged thing, arms twisted and balding in places, and he smiles. "Thank you."
Tommy grins, "You're welcome big man, now how about we watch the bee movie?" He suggests even though it terrifies him.
Tubbo grins, "Yes! I haven't watched that since, like, last week."
Tommy nods fondly, "Yes, yes, I know. Come on then, I'll go get some snacks - I swear we have some gummies somewhere," He says as he goes through their cupboards.
"I think so," Tubbo agrees as he sits down on the couch. "I think I'm gonna name him Fredderick."
"Huh?" Tommy asks distractedly.
" Fredderick ."
"Fredderick?"
"Yeah, Fredderick ."

Phil watched as Wilbur stumbles haggardly into the headquarters, clutching at his side. He whistles, "Jeez, what happened to you mate?"



tubbo: what is that? tommy: a gun! tubbo: no!

how do you like the fundy bullying? i love him

lowkey, i think we should all get married cuz i love you guys a lot. lets all just flirt in the comments <3

uh anyways, im gonna make a discord - but what should the name be? so far, the name i got is - CLEMENTINE THIS IS /YOUR/ HOUSE

i think its nice:) ill probably upload a temporary chapter with the discord link. also if u guys wanna follow me on twitter my handle is @bigbrainsimp (pls dont ask) also also, aside from adoring all the comments, i love some of the things u guys say in the bookmarks asjdjd they make me cackle the support for this fic is insane, im honestly still a bit shocked

now this bit is about me so u can skip:)

um anyways, so like life right? ive started back school online (i took a week off) and im already struggling lmao. today was really hard for me. it took ages to get out of bed and i felt really lethargic? also my eating has been terrible: (for some reason the thought of eating makes me feel nauseous and i can't stomach more than a small amount of anything. so i may not update as regularly <3

bye for now, i love you guys so much. cult pog. :)

I Just Spoke To TommyInnit He Said Give Me A Goddamn Minute

Chapter	Summary
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sawawasenai kimi wa shoujo na no boku wa yarichin bitchi no osu daiyou

Chapter Notes

its curretly 3am pls this chap is a mess i will never understand u guys

also theres like drug stuff but not really

See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

Tommy averts his eyes as the television on the wall blares the current news.

He rests his chin on his palm, locking eyes with Clementine. She's swimming around pretty slowly.

"Shhh Clementine please. You're going to give us away."

The barista, Bad, stares at him in confusion as he hands him a blueberry muffin, "Tommy? Is this your friend?" He questions staring at the Sprite bottle.

"Daughter," He corrects automatically as takes a chunk out of the muffin, "Her name is *Clementine* and we are soulmates."

Bad nods with a smile, "Right, of course."
Tommy nods, humming loudly as the news reporter discusses a recent robbery.
"According to the toy shop owner, he was threatened and shot by a tall man child. Sixth ranking hero, the Willow was also at the crime scene but failed to capture the criminal, stating he was armed with a 'dart' gun."
Tommy whistles, narrowing his eyes at Clementine when she pauses to stare at him. "You need to learn the art of subtlety <i>Clementine</i> ."
Bad frowns at the television, "Isn't that just terrible? Why would anyone rob a <i>toy</i> shop owner of all things?"
Tommy shrugs, "No idea, honestly, some people just want to see the world suffer."
Bad furrows his brows, "I'm just trying to understand why the criminal chose a <i>toy</i> shop, isn't that just a new level of low?"
The teenager bristles, "Y'know, I'm sure they had their reasons. Maybe they were trying to escape certain death from an intimidating roommate who might have defenestrated them for the second time that week?"
Bad stares.
Tommy shrugs, "You never know."
Bad gives him another muffin, "Right, of course. How's Tubbo?"

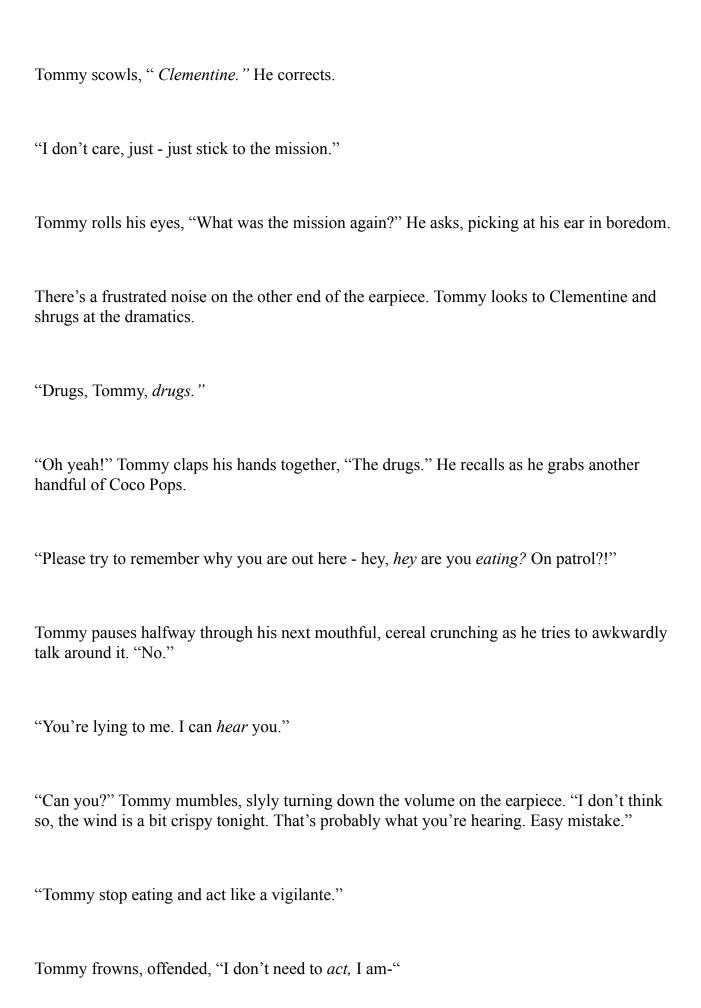
Tommy sighs, "Angry, as usual. Apparently you shouldn't try to feed fish Coco Pops?"
Bad looks worriedly at Clementine, "You've been feeding her Coco Pops?"
Tommy nods, nonplussed, "Yeah, she likes them."
Bad looks at him in horror before glancing back at the fish, "How is she alive?"
Tommy scrunches up his nose, "What do you mean how is she alive? Look at her, she's fine. She's thriving in fact."
Clementine turns upside down in the bottle, floating in the water, frozen.
Bad lets out a cry, hand clasped over his mouth, "She's dead."
Tommy frowns, looking at his daughter before snorting, "No she's not, <i>Clementine</i> , stop it."
Clementine turns back around and starts swimming.
Bad stares.
Tommy nods, "See? She's cool."
Bad stares some more before clearing his throat, "Right. Well, I've got some, uh <i>different</i> fish food which might work better. I'll just go get that."

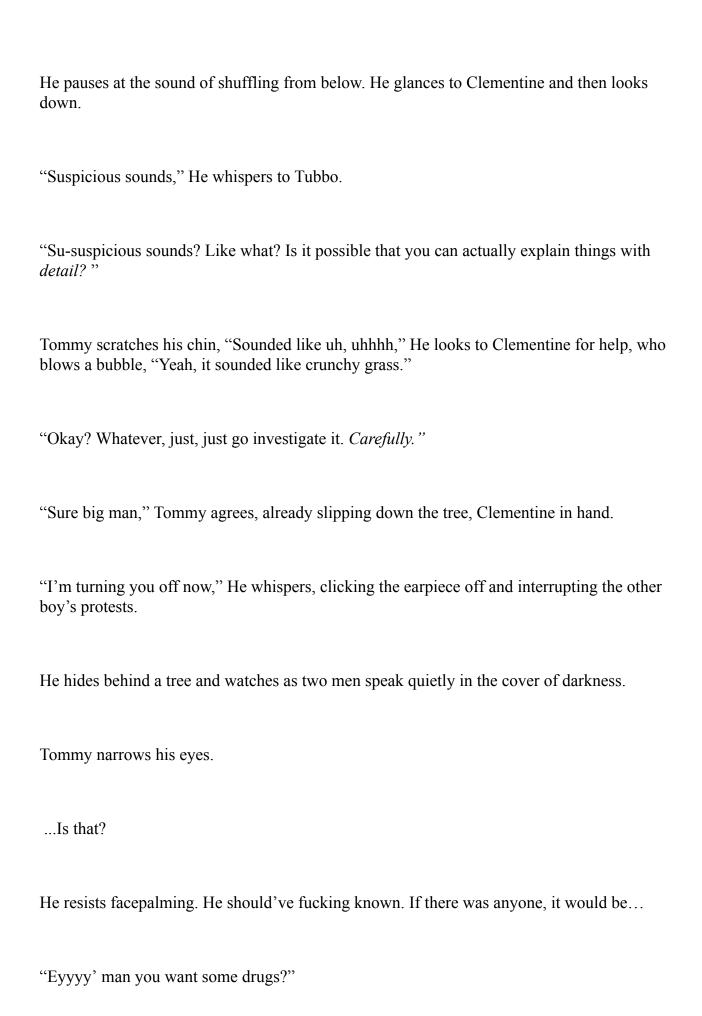


As Bad scampers off into the back room, Tommy turns to Clementine. "Yes, yeah I know, he's a bit weird, but, but - can you listen please? Thank you, listen, I know he's a bit weird but he makes good muffins, for free." He explains to the fish who swims around slowly. Tommy rolls his eyes, "He's not suspicious of *you*. He just probably is just, like, scared, of your presence. Your magnificence. Clementine, please." Tommy adjusts his mask as he stalks along the edge of the Kingdom. He clutches Clementine in his grip, a bag of Coco Pops in the other. "Alright, this is your first patrol *Clementine*, so you have to listen to everything I say." Clementine stares up at him. "Yes, everything I say, did I stutter?" Tommy sighs as he perches himself on a tree branch. He undoes the bag of Coco Pops, grabbing a handful before he twists the cap of Clementine's bottle, sprinkling the cereal in the water. "Tonight should be quiet," Tommy says as he overlooks the Kingdom, eyes stalking the

"Are you done talking to the fish?" Tubbo's voice crackles through the speaker.

empty streets.



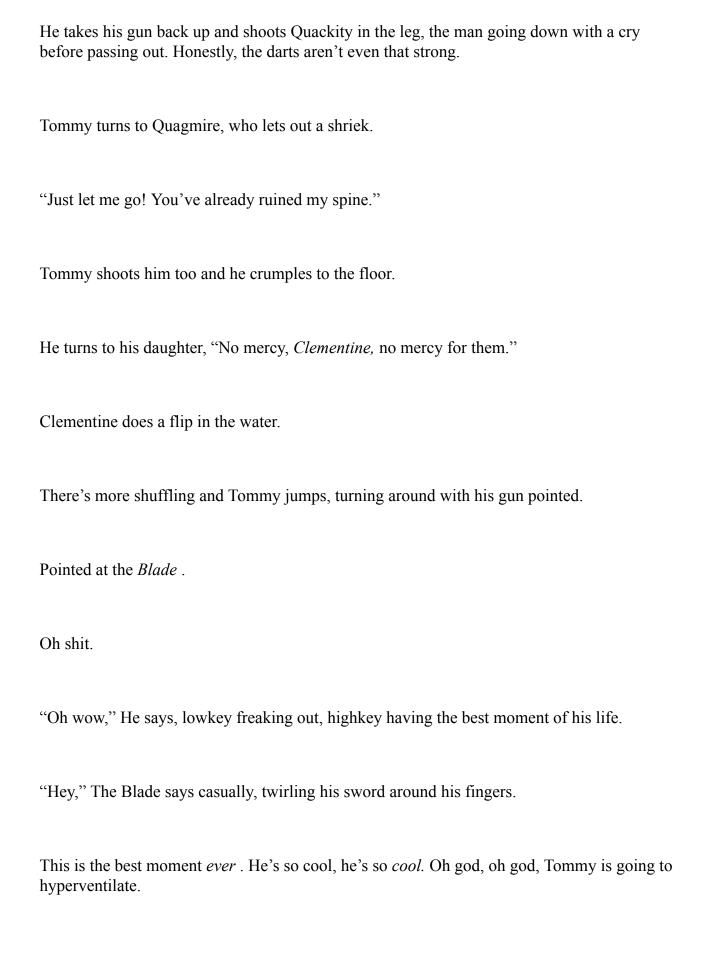


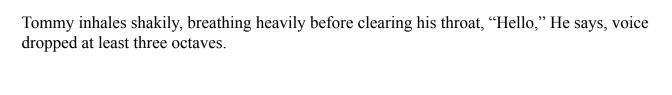




Quagmire huffs, "I was trying to rob a fucking store! Who do you think I am? Jesus Christ?"
Tommy shrugs, "I mean. We've never seen your face so,"
Quackity nods, "Yeah that's true, you could like, totally be Jesus Christ dude. Which is like so much worse, because you tried to <i>kill</i> someone."
"I'm not Jesus Christ!" Quagmire shouts.
Tommy and Quackity raise their hands in surrender. "Jeez, calm down big man. It was just an assumption, easy to make." Tommy soothes.
Quagmire gestures his hands around in frustration, "What the hell is wrong with you guys?! You," He points at Tommy, "Are a bloody <i>vigilante</i> , you're already illegal and on top of that you brought your fucking fish with you! Why the hell is it in a Sprite bottle?!"
Oh my god , this guy needs to take a chill pill. He's acting like this is his first rodeo or some shit.
"And you," Quagmire points to Quackity, "Aren't a therapist, you're a drug dealer!"
"You lied to me?" Tommy questions, betrayed.
Quackity laughs nervously, "No, listen Tommy. I didn't <i>lie</i> . I <i>am</i> a therapist and I treat my patients with uh, happy powder."

Tommy sighs, head in hands. "I can't believe you've done this."





The Blade gestures to the men on the floor, "You do this?"

Tommy nods jerkily, "Uh, yea- yeah," His voice cracks. Shit. "They were uh, drugging."

The Blade raises an eyebrow, amused. "Drugging?"

He nods again, brain to mouth filter non existent, "Yes, drugging. Doing the drug... things."

The Blade hums, looking Tommy up and down. "What's your name?"

Oh god, oh *god*. The *Blade* wants to know *his* name. This is epic. This is poggers. He looks down at Clementine in excitement, she swims fast in the water.

"I'm, uh," He stutters, "TommyInnit. The vigilante."

"Vigilante huh?" The Blade questions, mouth tugging into a half-smile.

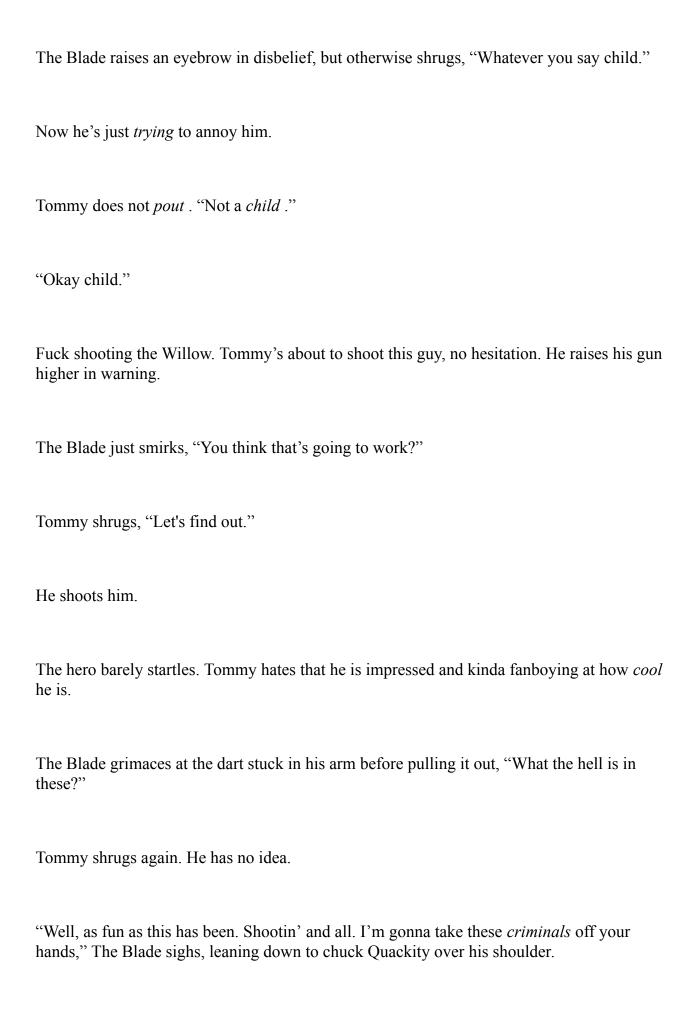
Wait. Tommy's a *vigilante*. Why the fuck is he conversing with the very person who is meant to *capture* him?

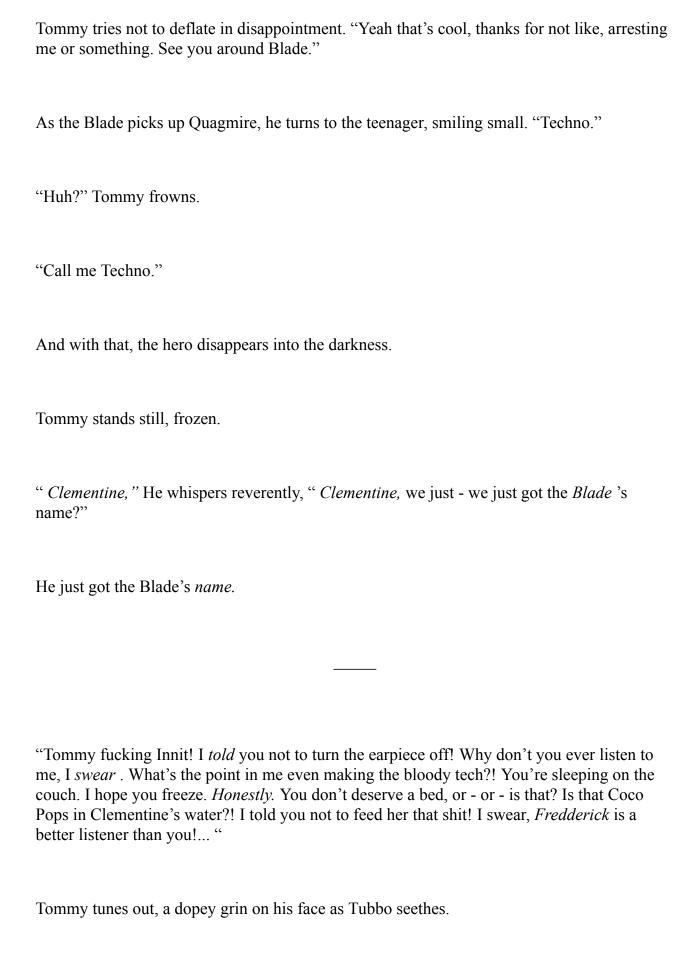
His mind bursts into flames of panic. Alarms bells ringing. Thoughts overlapping of *Oh fuck, oh jesus, you may die, oh jesus, oh fuck, oh shit, I'm hungry, oh shit, fuck, shit, oh god.*

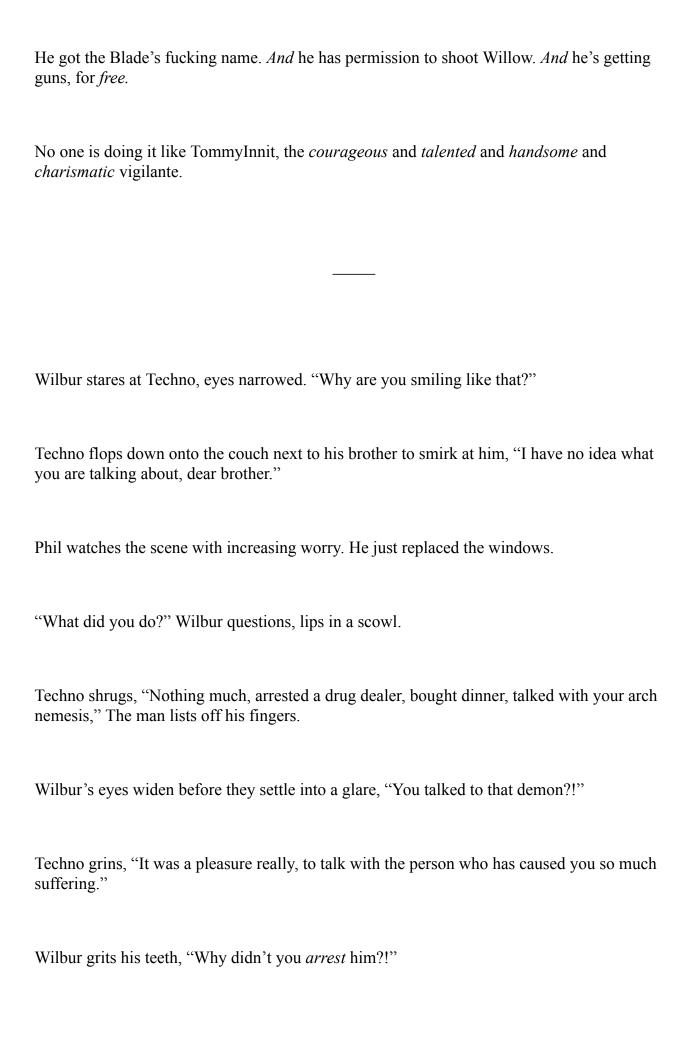
He should shoot him. He needs to shoot the Blade.

Tommy's hands shake. He can't shoot the <i>Blade</i> . That's like definitely illegal or something, it probably goes against the rules of everything, everywhere.
The Blade watches his internal panic, seemingly entertained. "Don't worry, I'm not here for catchin', I was just interested is all."
Tommy is still very worried.
"I for some reason, don't believe you," Tommy starts, "I like, you know that - that I shot your brother right?"
Why is he doing this to himself? Tommy isn't a masochist. Why is he self-sabotaging?
Then the Blade <i>laughs</i> , it's more of a bark of laughter - sudden and loud, "Oh I know, that helps me sleep peacefully at night."
Tommy is very confused. "You like me shooting your brother?"
The Blade nods, grinning. It's a very scary grin. "Of course. Feel free to continue shooting him in fact. Actually y'know what? What kind of guns you like? I'll get you one, on the house."
Tommy's mind is in shambles.
The Blade, the <i>Blade</i> wants to fucking, gift him guns?
What timeline is this?

"Uh, right. Can you just, hold that thought for a fucking moment," Tommy laughs, bordering on the edge of insanity, probably.
He needs a goddamn minute.
He turns to Clementine who is already staring at him. " <i>Clementine</i> , what the fuck is this? Did you do this? Have we entered an alternate fucking dimension?" He accuses the fish who just gapes at him.
"Unbelievable. I'm blaming you. This- <i>this</i> is some weird shit. He's offering to buy me <i>guns</i> . Tubbo's right, I can't have real guns. It would like, completely put the world out of balance or some shit."
Clementine swims slowly.
"You know what? Okay, you're - you're right. Okay, okay." He nods to his daughter before turning back to the Blade.
The Blade is staring at him in fascination. Tommy shuffles awkwardly on the spot.
"Sorry about that," Tommy coughs, "I uh, yes, I will continue to shoot the Willow, if you'd like?"
He's not really sure how to go about this.
The Blade huffs a laughter, "Sure kid."
Tommy bristles, "I'm actually, like, not a fucking child. I'm a big man. Probably older than you actually."







Techno shrugs, "Because, it's fun."
"Fun?!" Wilbur screeches incredulously. The hero turns to Phil, eyes scorching with rage. "Phil, did you just hear this dickhead?"
Phil sweats. "Mmm."
"For fun?" Wilbur repeats, fists clenching. "I'll show you fun. Do a flip off the building."
Phil sighs.

Chapter End Notes

typo??? i dont think so (pls tell)

eyyyyyyyy man im tired

u guys are crazy theres like 100 somethign comments last chapter, i really wanted to answer them but theres so many jesus, thank you so much for the support, especially the well wishes and advice, u guys are so nice <33333 i love the amount of flirting comments too lmao they make me laugh. maybe we should all kiss,,, jk haha.... unlesss???? *bites lip*

someone asked what tommy looks like for this fic, and the i have no idea let ur imagination run free. HOWEVER @banikon on twitter did some amazing fanart for tubbo and tommy's designs plus some scenes from chap 3 so u should def check them out. (idk how to like embed fanart in the fic yet lmao)

uh anyways i made discord thingy it expires in a days so if u missed it, just comment below and i can send the link to u

https://discord.gg/rMQv7RPK

i honetsly have no idea how to run a discrod so this shold be fun:D

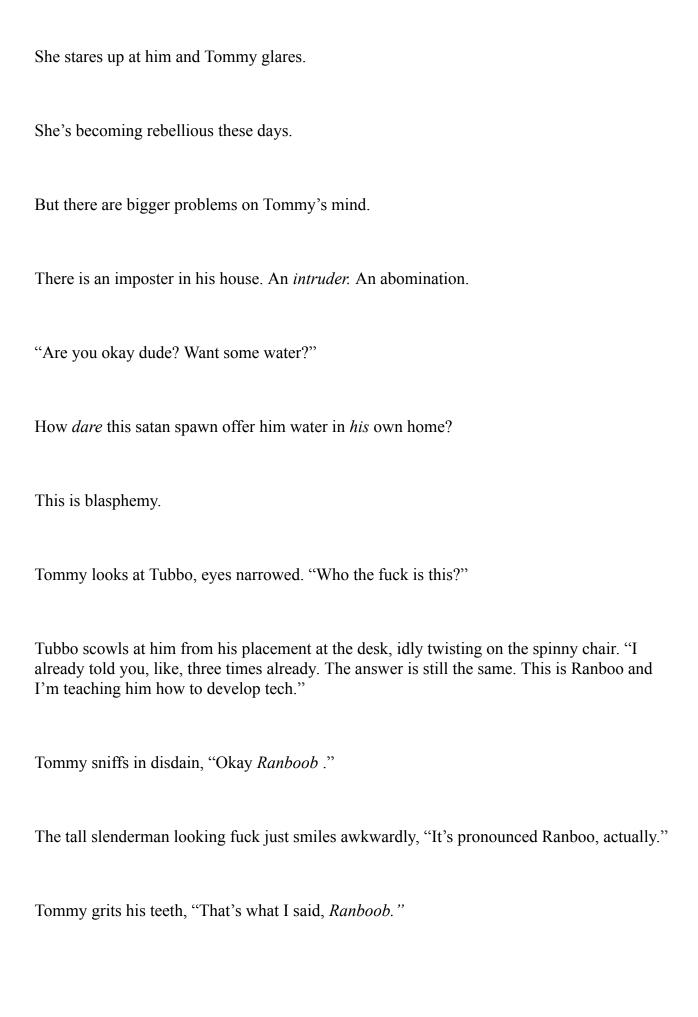
i promise im gonna update boy in the bubble next, its just a big chapter and uhhh u guys really wanted more of this one

also also dont forget to add my twitter @bigbrainsimp i may post like update times and little spoilers there plus u can send fanart :)

i think thats everything honestly idk im tired lmao <33333333

Glock Wielder Supreme

Chapter Summary
dududududududduddudududu
Chapter Notes
wassup new chapter u weirdos probably missed me enjoy this stuff
also TW: there is dart shooting this chapter. it starts at "Tommy kicks open the door' and ends at the end of the scene
ok pog
See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>
Tommy stares in disbelief.
How could this have happened? Where did he go wrong? What could he have done to deserve this betrayal?
He glances down at Clementine in his hands. She does a flip in the water.
"Clementine," He hisses, "This is a serious problem, don't laugh."



"Okay, uh, I'm kinda, um, starting to think you don't like me? Which is fine, honestly," The awkward bitch puts his hands up in surrender. "I won't be here for long, just you know, trying to learn from Tubbo and I'll be out of your hair dude, sorry. Uh, also I like your fish?"

Tommy clutches Clementine close to him, "Her name is *Clementine*, but you're not going to address her or even look in her direction you heathen."

Tubbo sighs in exasperation, shooting the beanstalk an apologetic look, "I'm so sorry about him, just like, ignore his presence. I do it all the time and I live with him. He'll eventually get bored and go commit crimes or something."

Tommy huffs, offended, "I see you have replaced me huh? Was I not fucking good enough? Did I not slave away in the kitchen this morning to make you breakfast?"

Tubbo raises a brow, "It was cereal. And you put the milk first."

The intruder has the audacity to scrunch his nose up in disgust, "Who puts the milk first?"

Tubbo shakes his head in disappointment, "I know right? He manages to disgust me more and more everyday."

Tommy glares, seething, "Is this bully TommyInnit day or some shit. I don't even know who the fuck you *are!* You tall fucking slenderman looking bitch boy! I bet you don't even eat cereal, you probably eat cat shit. Is this who you are replacing me with Big T? Some walmart slenderman who can't decide on a hair colour?"

Tubbo just stares at him, eyes despaired as if looking into the void of hell. He stares some more before turning to the bitch boy. "Yeah, so as I was saying, just ignore him and eventually he'll get tired."

The slenderman nods unsurely, eyes glancing between the two roommates. "Right, okay, that's cool - that's, that's cool."

Tommy lets out a shout of frustration, "Fuck you, fuck you Tubbo. I won't forget this you traitor, betrayer, replacer. You'll regret this. You'll - you'll fucking regret this day."

Tubbo nods, "Right, that's great Toms," He says absentmindedly, before turning back to his monitor, "So Ranboo, if you look here, this is one of the first prototypes I've made, obviously it's quite basic, but it's good for beginners..."

Tommy watches in disbelief as they begin a conversation without him.

He looks down at Clementine. "This is unacceptable," He tells her.

Stalking the Blade may not have been Tommy's brightest idea, but it is one of his best.

He and Clementine prowl in the darkness, following the hero through his patrol.

It's a pretty pogchamp experience, Tommy can't lie. He gets to watch first hand as the Blade stabs his enemies and swiftly arrests criminals like a badass motherfucker.

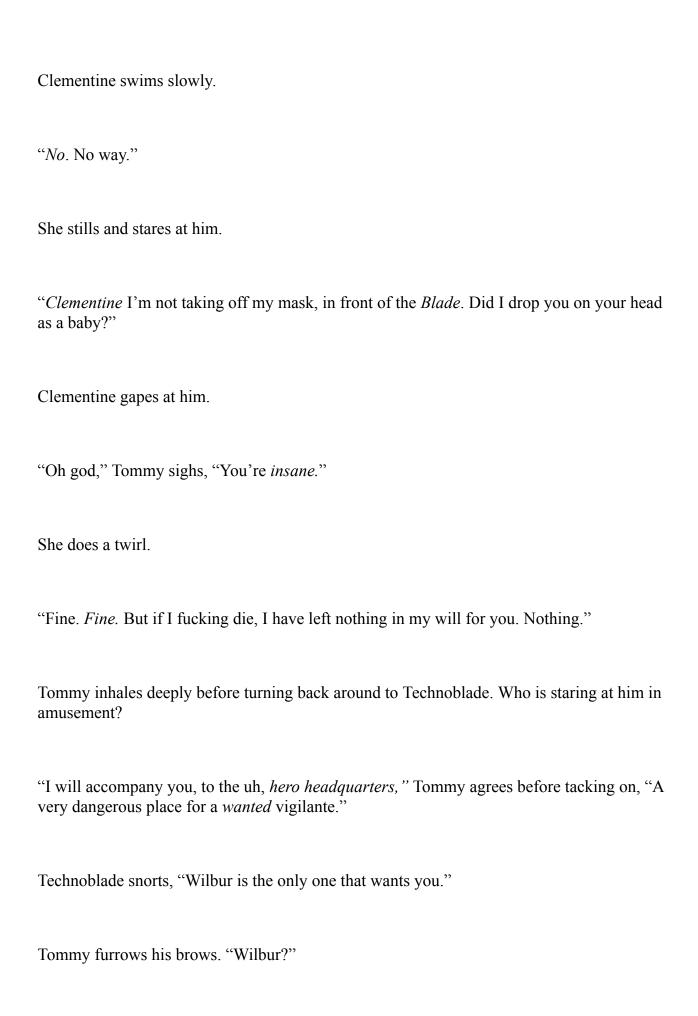
He tilts Clementine's bottle so she can get a better look, "Clementine take notes, this will be you one day my child, a sword wielding legend."

Clementine blows a bubble at him.

The Blade is fighting some robber. It's a pretty one sided fight to be honest, because the moment the hero grazes the criminal with his sword, the guy is paralyzed on the floor.



Technoblade smirks, "You're lookin' for some violence huh?"
Tommy doesn't know if he should nod; this guy is technically meant to be an advocate for peace and justice and stuff.
"You could say that," Tommy settles for.
The hero hums in approval. "That's cool, I can hook you up. You're gonna have to go to the headquarters though."
Hold the <i>fuck</i> up.
"I have to what?"
Clementine swims at super speed in the bottle.
"You heard me dude," Technoblade shrugs, idly flicking his hair. "You gotta come with me, I left the guns there."
"Can't - can't you just, I don't know, bring the guns to <i>me</i> ?" Tommy absolutely cannot under no circumstances, go to the hero headquarters.
Technoblade smirks at him, "But that's no fun. Also I'm lazy. Take it or leave it."
"Okay, give me a fucking moment jeez," Tommy huffs, turning his back to the hero so that he can converse with Clementine.
"Clementine this is fucking insane right? I can't just, go into the fucking building dressed like this! I'm going to be arrested on site."



Tommy narrows his eyes, "Um, okay then. So uh, here's the thing. They're like, obviously gonna figure me out the moment I enter."

"Take off your mask then," Technoblade shrugs.

Technoblade waves him off, "Don't worry about it."

"That's what *Clementine* said too. But no offence, I don't really trust you," Tommy says, full offence.

Technoblade shrugs, "If I was gonna turn you in, I would have by now. You're harmless."

Tommy lets out a noise of deep indignation. "I'm fucking TommyInnit. I'm one of the best vigilantes to grace this kingdom. I am *athletic* and *talented* and *handsome* and *charismatic*. I am *far* from harmless."

Technoblade looks him up and down, "Right of course, how could I be mistaken?"

Tommy frowns, "I think you're being sarcastic."

"Am I?" The hero hums.

Tommy huffs, "Okay fine, I'm gonna take off my mask. *But* if you tell anyone my identity, I will like, shoot you multiple times or something."

"I thought we established that the darts don't work on me," Technoblade smirks.

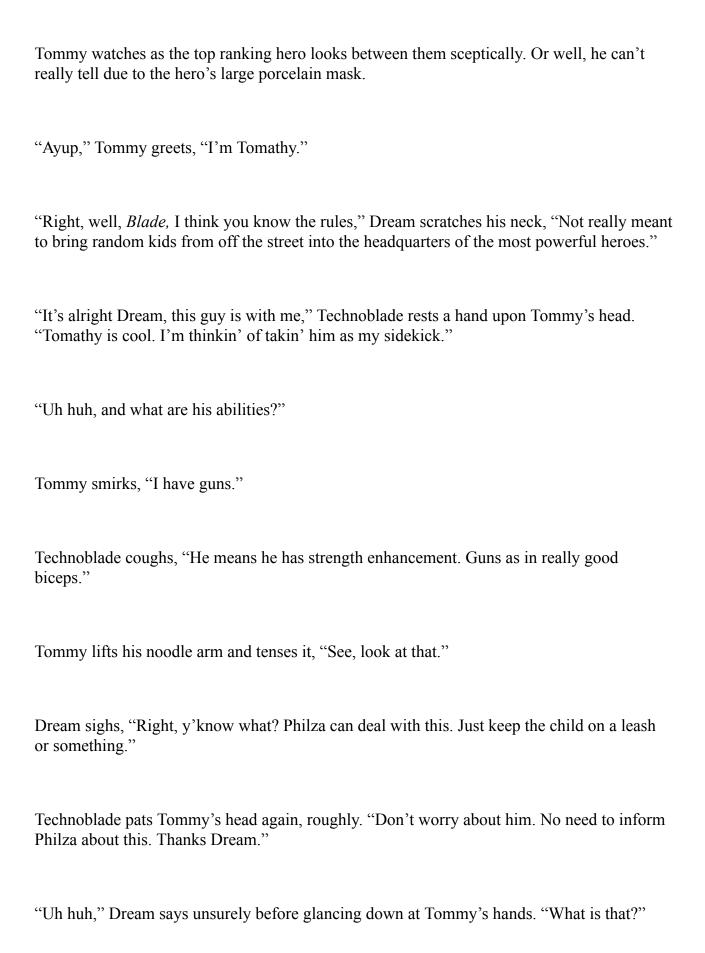
"It won't be a dart," Tommy promises. Technoblade chuckles, "Alright kid, just take off your mask so we can get goin' I ain't got all day." It's now or never. If he dies, Tommy's blaming Clementine. Tommy slowly, slowly, reaches up a hand to his face to grip the mask. This is it. This is the moment. The moment he reveals his true identity to a hero he has looked up to for his entire-"Hurry it up dude, stop tryin' ta' be dramatic." Tommy scowls. He moves his fingers extra slowly just to be annoying. "You may need to brace yourself, because I'm actually quite beautiful and have been known to be blind people with my outstanding features and muscular bone structure-" "I'll leave you," Technoblade threatens. "I'll just leave you behind and you can forget your guns." "Ok fine jeez," Tommy pouts, yanking the mask off. The cold air turns his cheek pink. Definitely not because he is very nervous and potentially might die because he just revealed his face to one of the top ten heroes. Technoblade's eyes widen - not a lot, barely noticeable. But Tommy sees it.



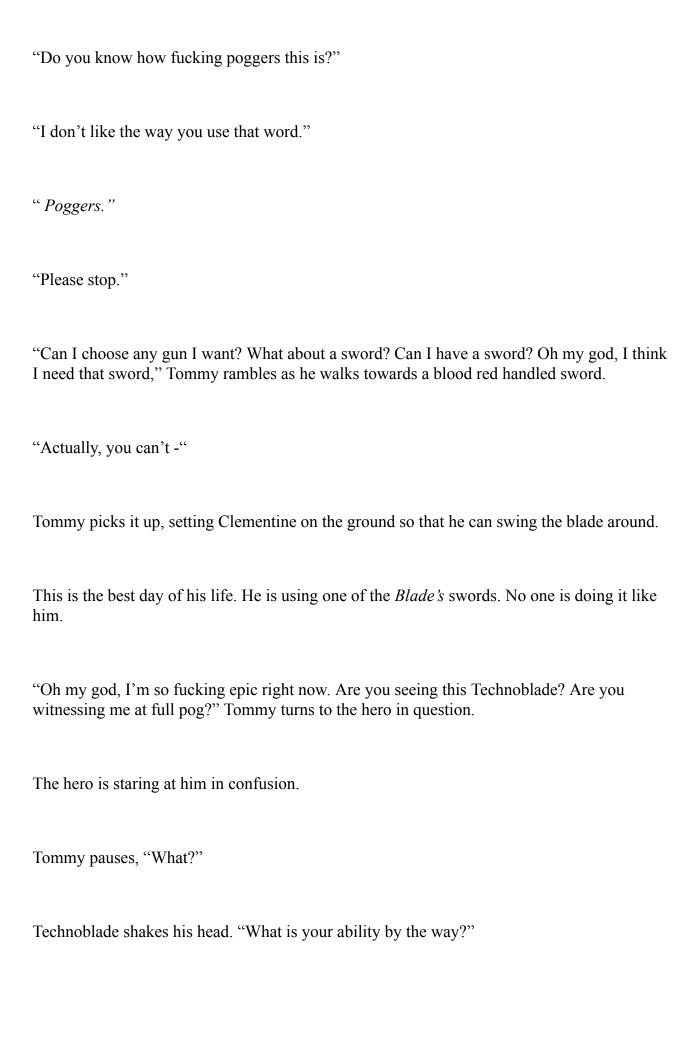


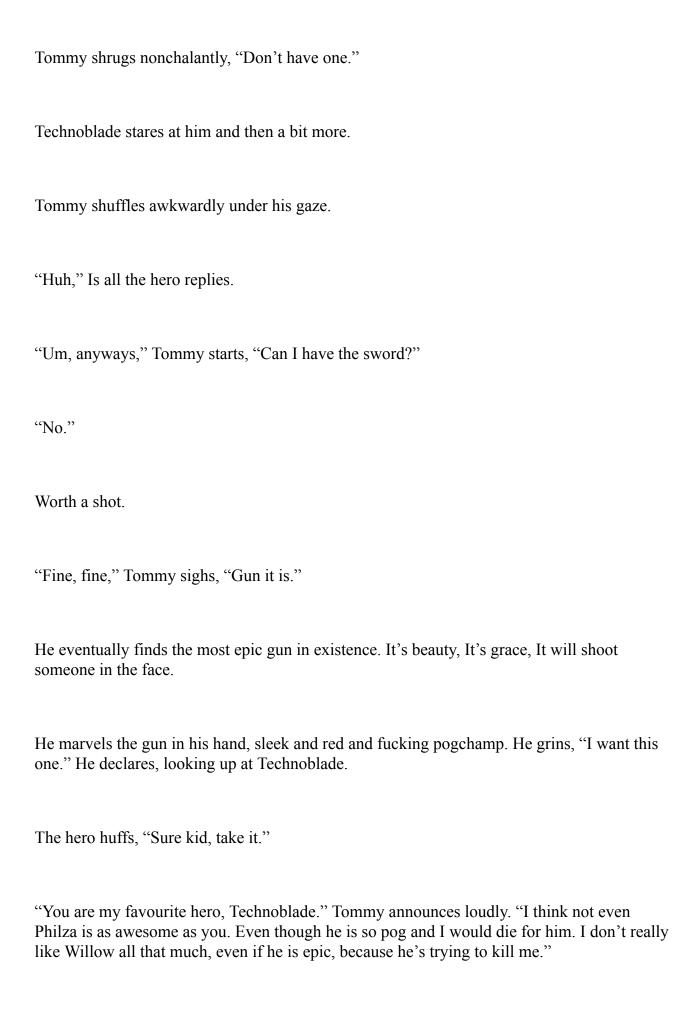
"I'm sixteen, not fucking five. I won't get your cloak dirty big man, just hand it over."
Technoblade reluctantly takes the thing off and gingerly hands it over to the boy.
"Thanks," Tommy says, pulling the thing over him and tugging his hood down underneath it "Now, here's the cover story-"
"Cover story?"
"Yeah, cover story. We gotta make this believable. So I'm Tomathy, an orphan and you decided to show me your awesome hero stuff because you saw how amazing and badass I was."
"But I hate orphans."
Tommy shrugs, "You're turning a new leaf."
"Dude, you're bein' so dramatic. There's probably gonna be like no heroes in the buildin', it's like prime patrol time."
"So no cover story?"
"No cover story."

"So this is an orphan I picked up on the street, I'm showin' him my awesome hero stuff cause' I feel pity for him," Technoblade explains to the Smiling hero Dream.











Tommy raises his gun and shoots the two-toned bitch right in his arm.
Tommy grins in triumph as the guy lets out a pained wheeze on the floor, Tubbo alternating between trying to help his friend and shooting daggers at the blonde.
"I warned you my friend," Tommy states, blowing the imaginary steam from his gun. "Mess with me and face the glock, for I, am TommyInnit, vigilante and glock wielder extraordinaire."
Wilbur and Phil walk back from patrol to their penthouse, to find Techno eating noodles on the couch.
"When did you get back mate?" Phil questions, slumping down beside the younger.
"A while ago," The man says around a slurp.
"I thought you had patrol?" Wilbur narrows his eyes.
i mought you had patron? Whour harrows his eyes.
"Yeah I ended it early."
"Why?" Wilbur questions, suspicious and wary.
"Got an orphan."
"You hate orphans," Phil comments.

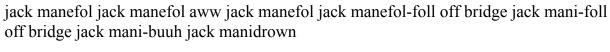


```
" Chuck-"
  "Dude, Wil-"
  "-vourself off the balcony."
  Phil just watches in despair.
Chapter End Notes
     typos? i don't think so u liar (pls tell)
     sorry i haven't updated in a while, i was too busy FINISHING my other fic. Yup that's
     right guys, i actually finished a multi chaptered fic and i think that's quite pog. maybe u
     should go read it if u like sbi and dream + tubbo sibling angst - it's called the boy in the
    bubble.
     okay that's enough plugging. thank you all so much for supporting this crack fic. please
    try not to take this fic so seriously lmao i wrote this on a whim so it mainly just for
     humour and not heavy lore or plot or anything (although i do have some plot which is
     building up tee hee)
     u guys are so funny in the comments omg. i can't believe we are on like 17000 hits or
     smth. that's insane. i love u guys
     also some people last chapter missed the discord link so i'm putting it up one last time
     <3
     https://discord.gg/h75NwzqQ
     here u go
```

cult pog

We Didn't Start The Fire It Was Always Burning

Chapter	Summary
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Chapter Notes AYUP! new chapter here! :) i bet u losers missed me /lh this chapter is honestly a bit of a fever dream for me lmao i don't think there's any TW this chapter, but please comment if u think i should put any :) enjoy See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u> Tommy wakes up to a foot in his face. This is not unusual. However, this foot is long and has a spongebob squarepants sock on. That's not Tubbo's foot.

Tommy sits up abruptly and almost falls off the bed.

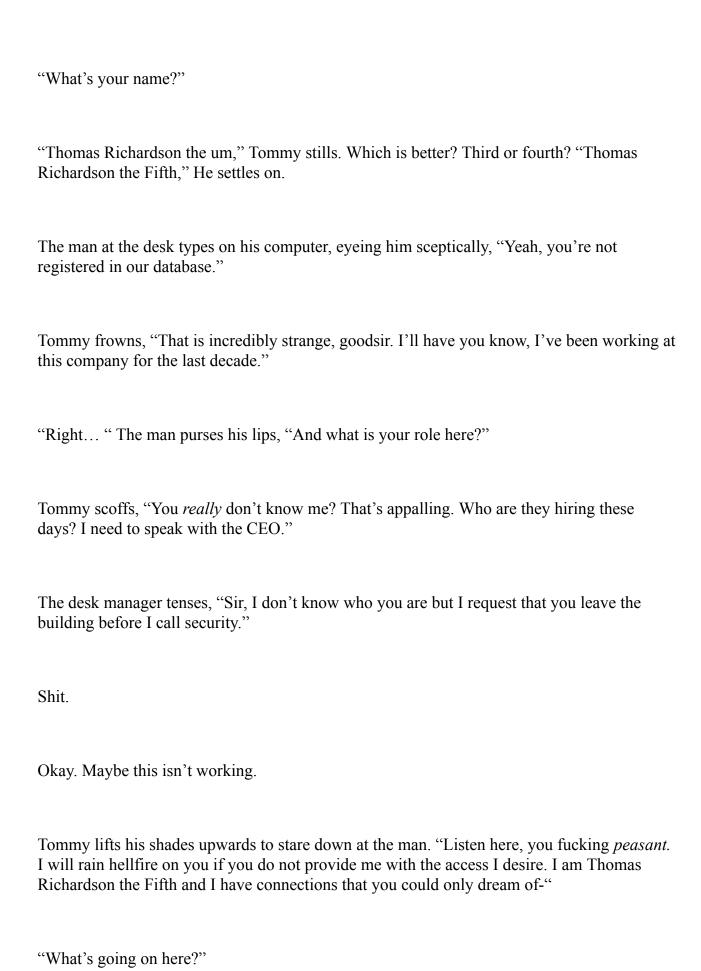


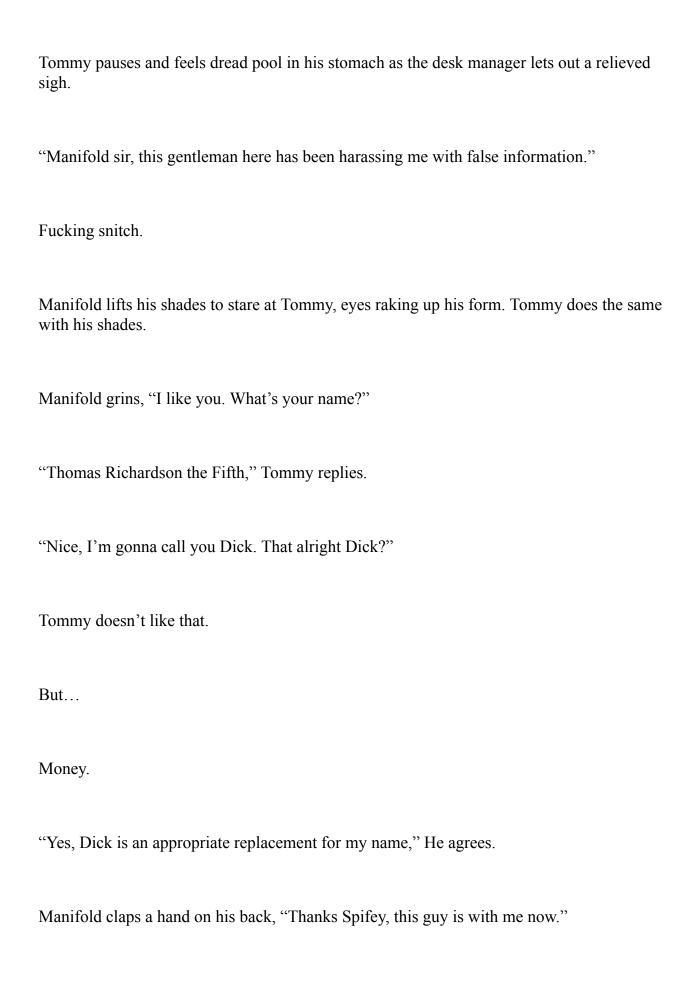


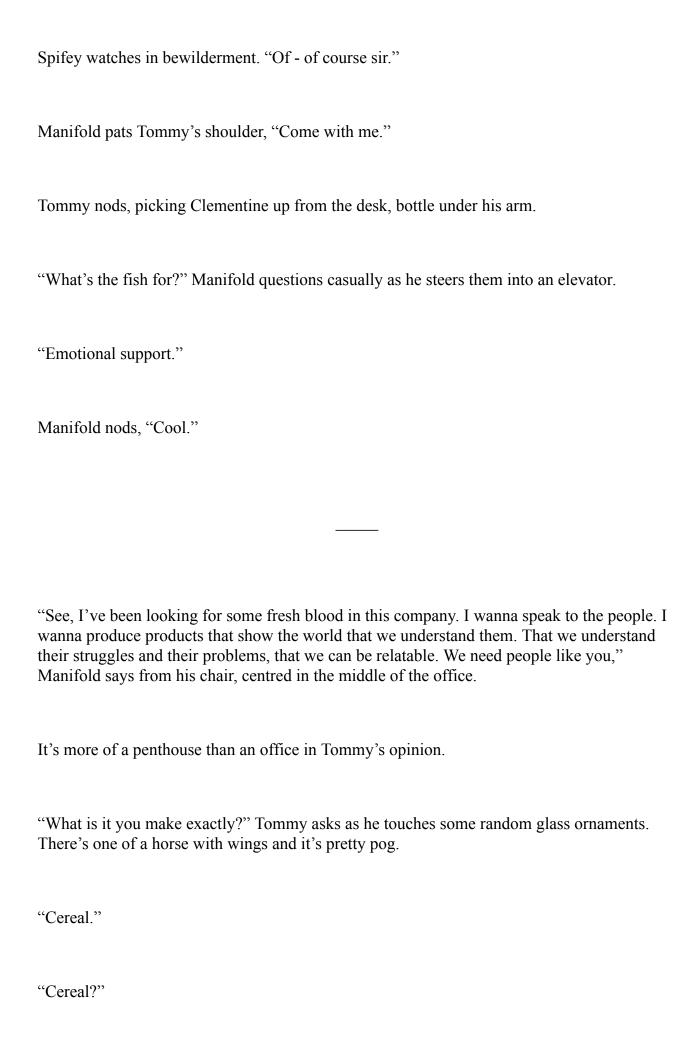
"Do you get paid?"
Tommy pauses, raising a finger to his chin in thought.
"Exactly."
Now that Tommy thinks about it, all his hard work stopping drug dealers and being epic goes unnoticed. No one ever pays him for his constant vigilance.
"You know what?" Tommy starts loudly, clapping his hands together, "I'm going to get a job that gives me money. I'm going to get a job and you're going to be so impressed by my job skills that you will forget all about Ranboob and beg for my forgiveness. Then I will consider accepting your apology, but I will make you beg some more and make you buy me dinner and then you will be my servant for a week and do my laundry. Then and only then, will I accept your apology for ignoring my charisma and charm for some wannabe slenderman. I will have so much money."
Tommy looks at Tubbo. "Are you scared of my master plan Tubbo?"
"Tubbo?"
Tubbo is sleeping.

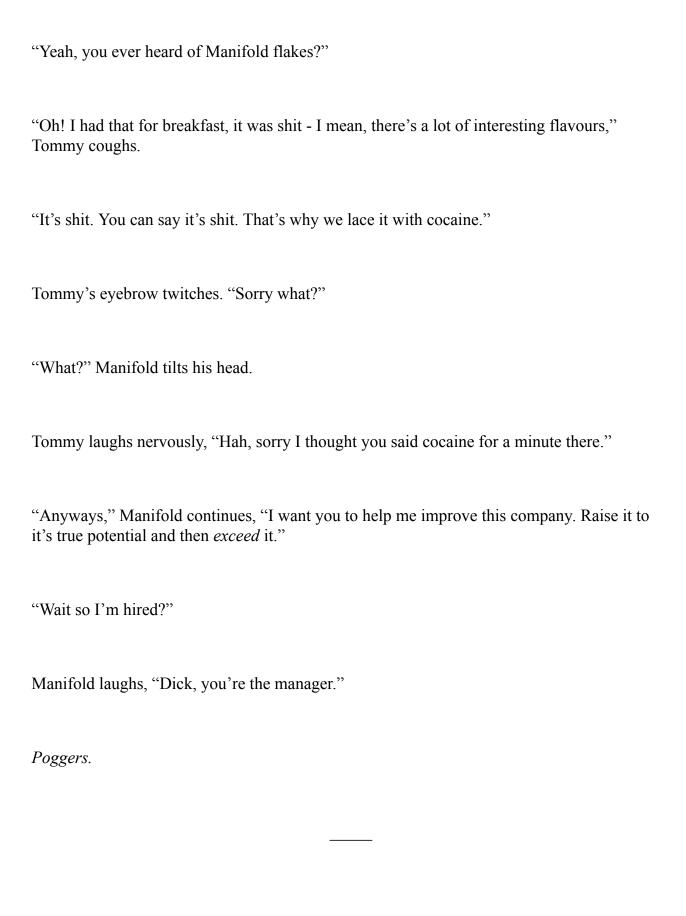
"So here's the thing *Clementine*," Tommy starts as he shrugs on his black suit, straightening out the collar of his button up. "We can't just get *any* job. We have to get the only job. The job of jobs. Y'know?"

Clementine stares at him.
"Yeah, exactly. McDonald's is like, not good enough. We go big or we go home. We want money or we want <i>nothing</i> . Do you understand <i>Clementine</i> ?"
Clementine spins in a circle.
"That's my girl," Tommy grins, "I would get a suit for you, but I haven't found any on Amazon yet."
Tommy picks up his tie and wraps it around his neck before pausing. "Do you know how to do this?" He asks the fish, hands holding the ends of the tie in confusion.
Clementine gapes.
"Okay, so one over the other? Are you sure?"
Clementine does a flip.
"Right, right. Uh huh. Okay, yep," Tommy mumbles as he follows the instructions before turning to look into the mirror.
"Clementine, you're a genius. It's perfect."
Clementine blows a bubble.

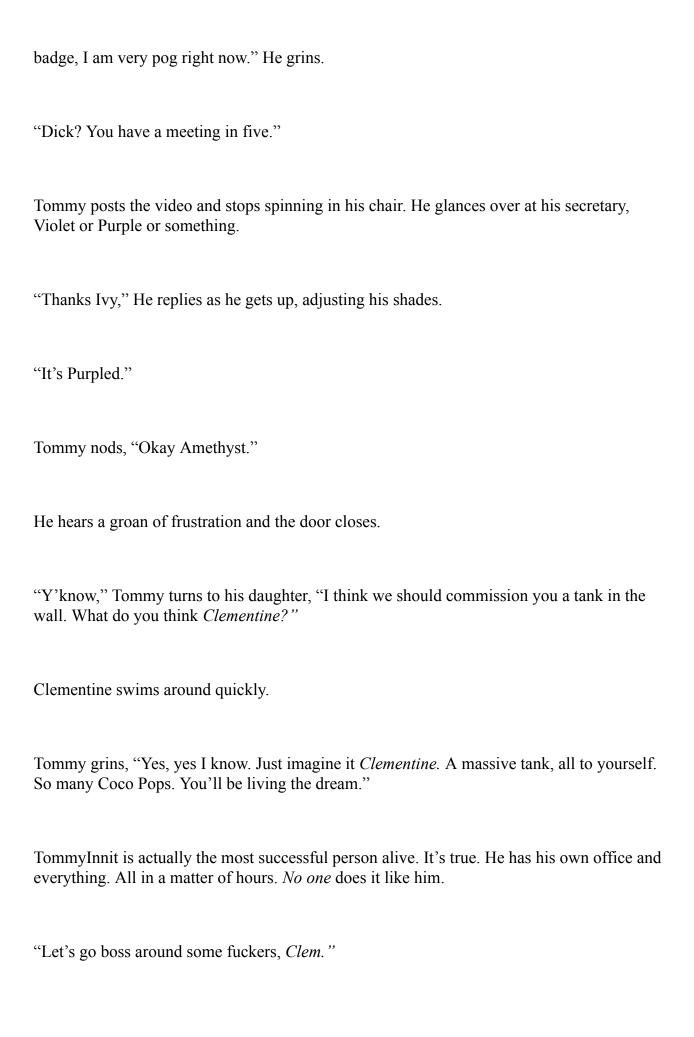








Tommy adjusts his phone, awkwardly tilting his head. "Hello TikTok, I am now manager of Manifold Inc. This is very big man of me," He breathes, lifting his badge. "See? Look at my



"Wait, you want to turn the top floor into a temple?"

Tommy tuts at Amanda, "A shrine ."

Amanda stares, "You want us, to turn the top floor - the board meeting room - into a shrine for your fish."

Tommy sighs, glancing around the room in exasperation. He looks at the other members, shaking his head at Amanda's ignorance.

"Listen, Amanda, I like you, you're cool," Tommy starts, "But you're asking too much questions and not giving any answers. Can you build it by this evening or not?"

Amanda looks at the others for help, but they all nervously turn away. "You can't seriously make us turn a meeting room into a shrine for a *goldfish*."

"Her name is *Clementine* and you will address her as such," Tommy scowls, "There is no room for disrespect. I think you need to look at the slides again," Tommy sighs and picks up the laser pen, pointing it at the projector.

"Slide one," Tommy says aloud, gesturing to the wall. "Don't disrespect *Clementine*." He clicks the pen. "Slide two; Address *Clementine* with she slash her. She is not an it." He clicks again, "Slide three; Blueberry muffins are mandatory."

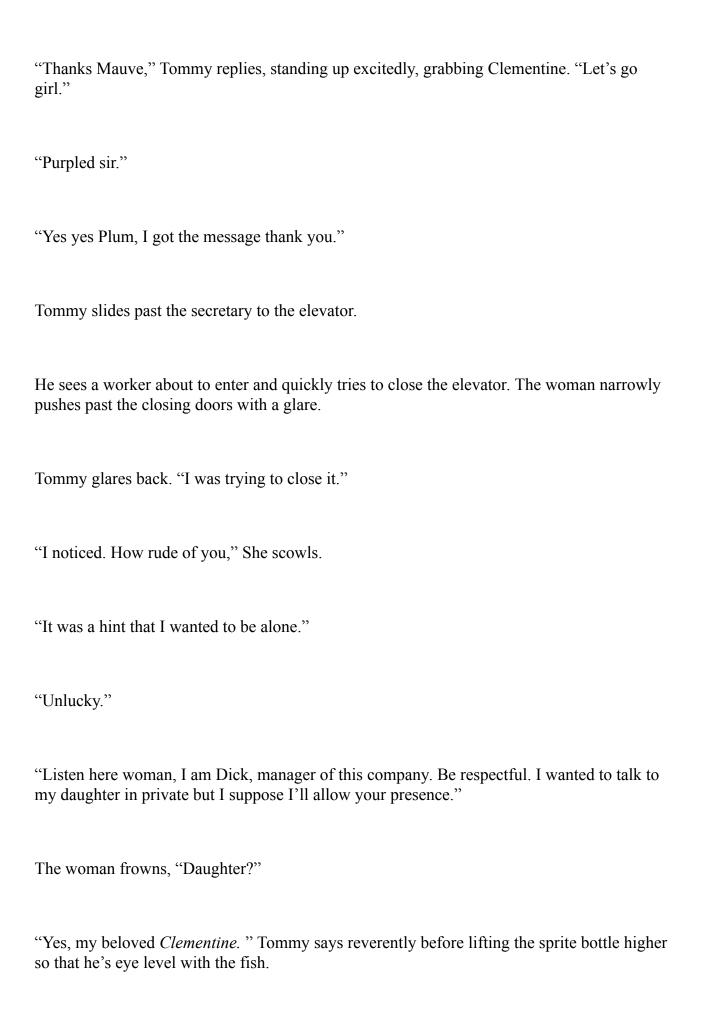
He turns off the projector. "Am I understood? Because I feel like there's a lot of miscommunication going on here. Tell me if you understand."

The members all sigh, "Yes Dick."

Tommy claps his hands together, "Brilliant, so the shrine is a go. That's great guys. This has been a productive meeting. See you tomorrow."
"Wait what about the stocks? The sugar tax has made us raise the prices and-"
"Sorry what? I thought I just ended the meeting. Didn't I end the meeting?" Tommy questions, frowning.
Amanda lets out a frustrated noise, "Dick, please. This isn't what's good for the company. Are you even eligible to work here? How <i>old</i> are you?!"
"Old enough," Tommy shrugs, "Goodbye now."
"But-"
Tommy lifts his shades to look down at her.
Amanda sighs.
"Yes Dick."
Tommy grins, "Great meeting guys, see you later. Looking forward to the shrine."
Once they've all left the room Tommy sighs, leaving back against his chair. " <i>Clementine</i> this is going so well. It's stressful though, Amanda is proving to be a problematic employee. Might have to cancel her."

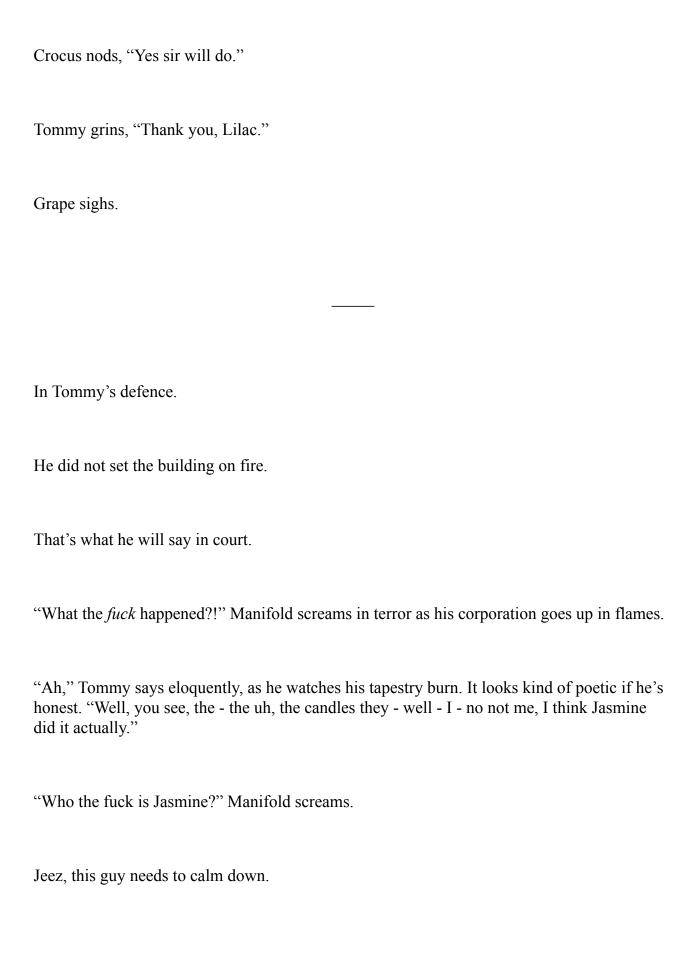
"So, how's everything going? Well I assume?" Manifold questions.
Tommy adjusts his tie and sniffs, "Yes, yes of course. The employees love me. The business is going well. The shrine is almost at completion."
"Shrine?" Manifold raises an eyebrow.
Tommy waves him off, "Nothing to worry about I assure you. Just go back to CEO things. I've got it covered Jack."
"Jack? Are we close enough for that Dick?" Manifold narrows his eyes.
"Yes," Tommy lifts his shades, "I think we are Jack."
Manifold grins, clapping a hand on the boy's back, "That's why I like you Dick, got backbone," He praises before sighing, "Well I've got a meeting. Keep this place from burning down will you?" The man jokes.
Tommy laughs, "Have no worries Jack, this place is more stable than it's ever been with me around."
Manifold laughs, "Good man, Dick, good man."

"Mr Dick sir! The shrine is ready," Violet alerts him.

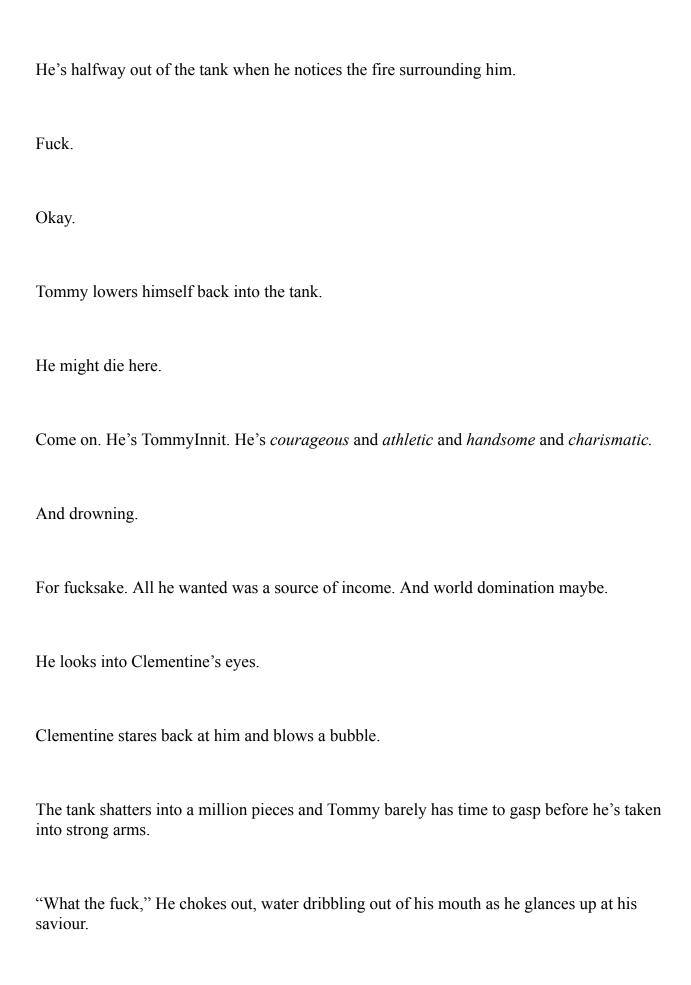


"Right, um, I think this is my stop actually," The woman says abruptly, repeatedly pressing the eight floor.
Tommy watches her frantically press the button and stumble out of the elevator. He shrugs.
"Now that we're finally alone, <i>Clementine</i> . Your room is completed, so you need to close your eyes for the surprise," Tommy tells her.
Clementine swims slowly.
"No, close your eyes or you'll ruin it."
Clementine flops upside down and floats, stationary.
"Good, I'll tell you when to open your eyes," Tommy nods as he steps out of the elevator on the twelfth floor.
The floor is a masterpiece. A renaissance tapestry of Tommy touching Clementine's fin sits on the largest wall. There are candles lined across the walls. The floor is a gold and white marbling.
Tommy gasps.
Low and behold, the tank.
No, it's more than a tank.

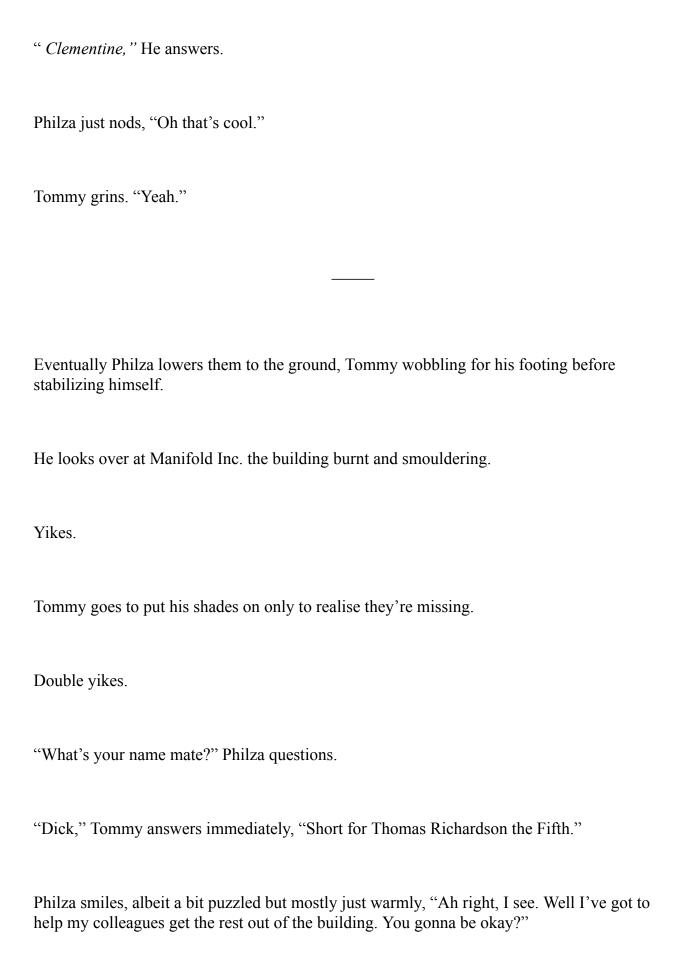




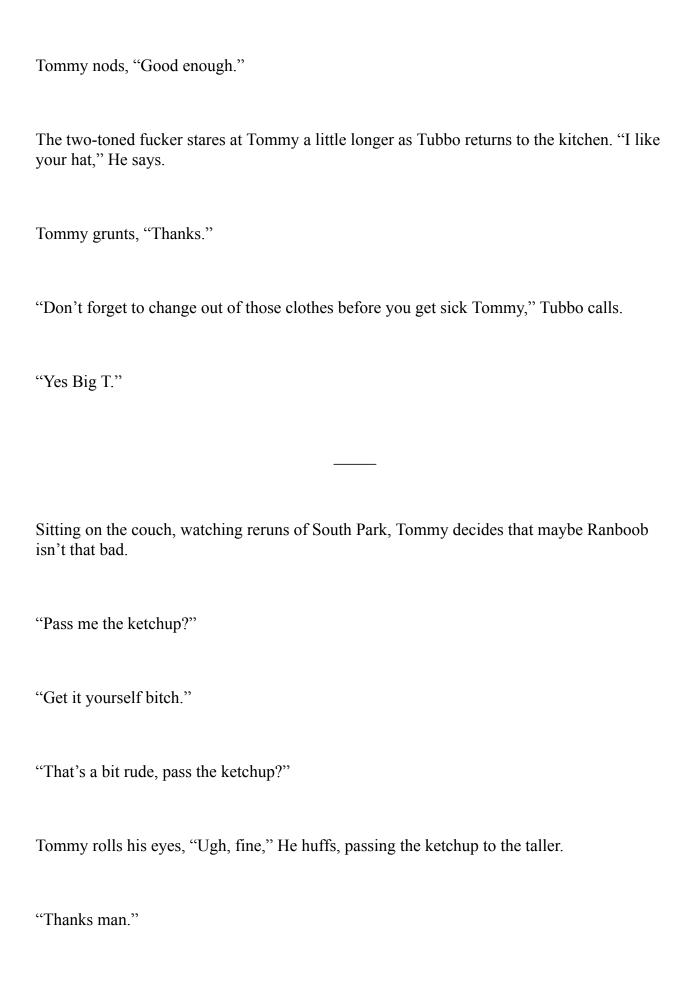
"You know, Dark Orchid, my secretary or whatever. I think he did it. Probably," Tommy shrugs, trying not to cough up a lung at the fire.
"We need to evacuate the building!" Manifold screeches grabbing Tommy's arm to drag him to the fire exit.
"Yeah, but my tank, I gotta' get Clementine." Tommy complains.
"Who cares about the fucking fish?!"
Tommy gasps, deeply hurt, "She is my daughter. I would sacrifice my life for her."
Manifold stares at him, shaking his head slowly, "You're insane," He whispers in disbelief.
Tommy frowns, "Um no, anyways I gotta' get my fish. Meet you outside or something," He says before decking it back to the room.
He yelps as fire licks at his heels.
Maybe he shouldn't have requested so many candles.
"Clementine! Father is here to save you!" Tommy calls out as jumps onto the tank shimmies down into it, submerging himself in the water.
He holds his breath and holds out his hand for the fish who immediately swims into his embrace. He grins, using his other hand to guide her into the sprite bottle.
Okay now he just needs to get out of the tank and get the fuck out of the building.

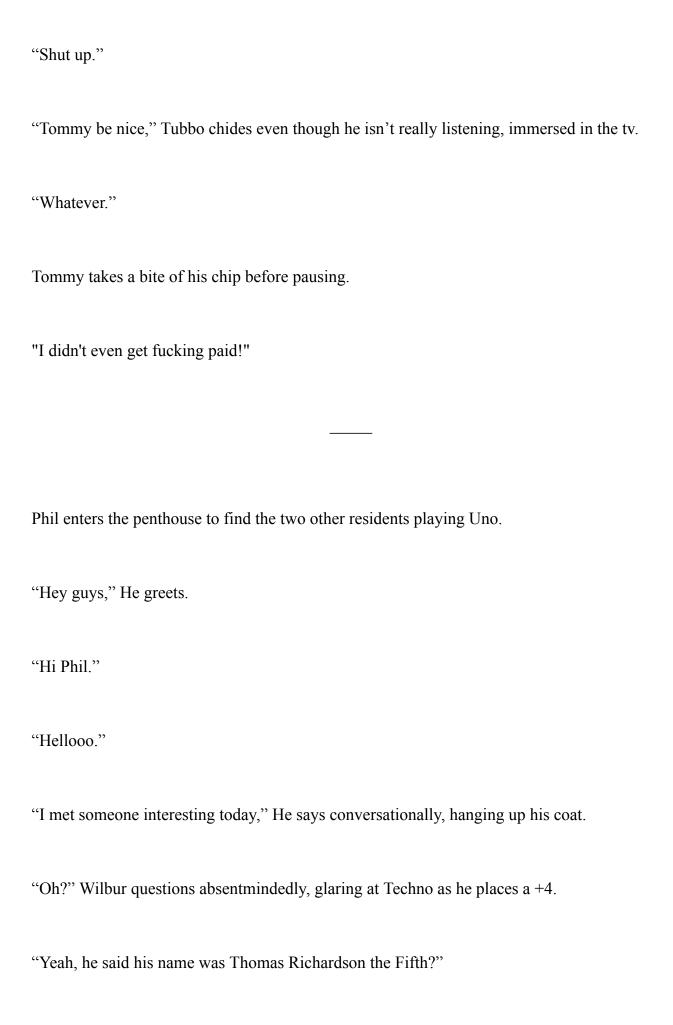




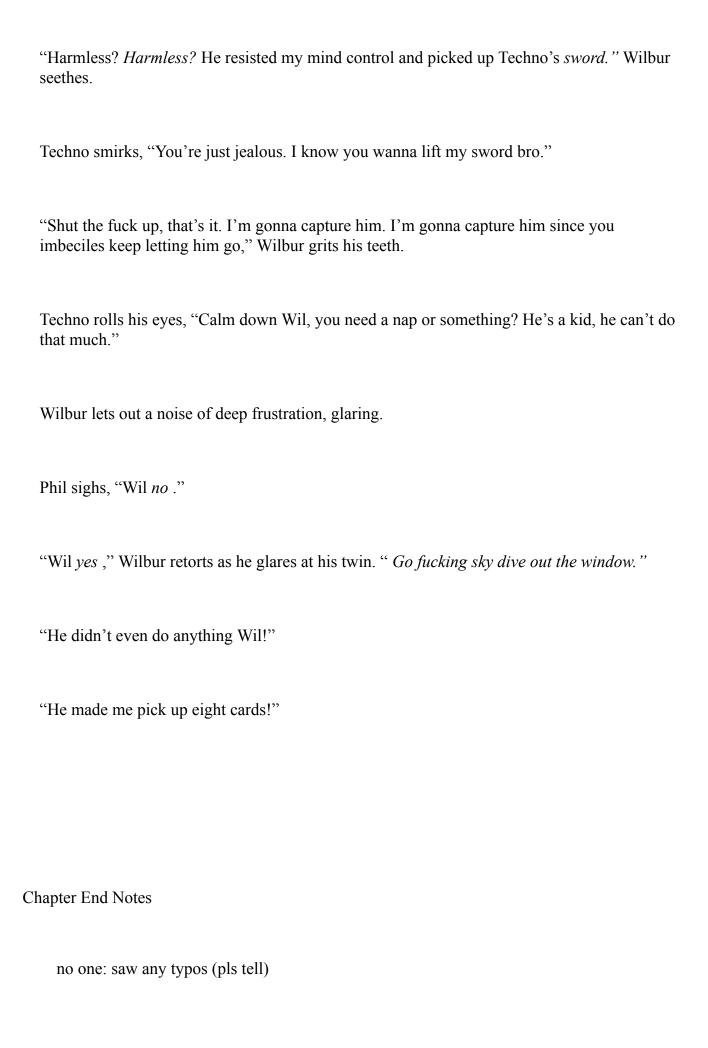












tommy: let's build a shrine

innocent employees trying to do their best: yes dick

this chapter was very crazy even to me and yes all the events took place in one day don't question it

we are getting a bit more plot maybe??? idk

also!!! i'm gonna try and do a schedule so u guys aren't just waiting for chapters randomly lmao. so, to be manageable and leave time for school i'll be updating chapters most likely over the weekend from now on. so expect a chapter fri-sun unless i randomly decide to do one in the week. beware this may not go to plan but hopefully i'll be able to update weekly:)))

anyways yh i love you guys, i can't believe we're at 27000 hits when we were at 17000 last chapter - it's honestly crazy. and there was even more comments last chapter, i love each and everyone one - they make me smile so much and some of them are so fucking funny lmaooo (the flirty ones are my favourite ahaha let's all get married ahaha)

cult pog <3

also also!!!!

here's some fanart! I'll post one each chapter :)

i love fanart so much so thank you to everyone who has done some for me <3333 i'd love to display them all so don't be afraid to tag me on twitter

really cool fanart of tommy and tubbo :)))

Why The Fuck Is There Spaghetti In My Soup

, and the second
Chapter Summary
His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy
There's vomit on his sweater already, Ranboo's spaghetti
Chapter Notes
i wrote half of this at like 1am and then passed out
u weirdos are probably excited for this chapter
enjoy
See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>
TommyInnit the <i>courageous</i> and <i>athletic</i> and <i>handsome</i> and <i>charismatic</i> vigilante, is sick.
Yes, take a moment - a minute to comprehend. Tommy understands if you are shocked beyond belief; it is truly unbelievable to think that <i>he</i> of all beings would succumb to a puny cold.
"Tommy stop whining."
He sneezes.

"Oh god ew, cover your nose man," Tubbo complains, shying away from the blanketed bundle of germs.

Tommy glares, eyes red, "I'll do it again," He warns.

Tubbo screws up his face in that one expression that is made just for Tommy, it's a mixture of disgust, disappointment, despair and deep ire. Tommy calls it the Quadruple D Expression, or QDETM as a quick and simple initialism.

"It's just a spoonful," Tubbo rolls his eyes, nudging the tablespoon forward.

"You're trying to kill me," Tommy declares, lips pursed.

"Not yet," Tubbo smiles, "But you're driving me closer to the edge every second."

"The edge of what?" Tommy sniffs.

"Mass genocide."

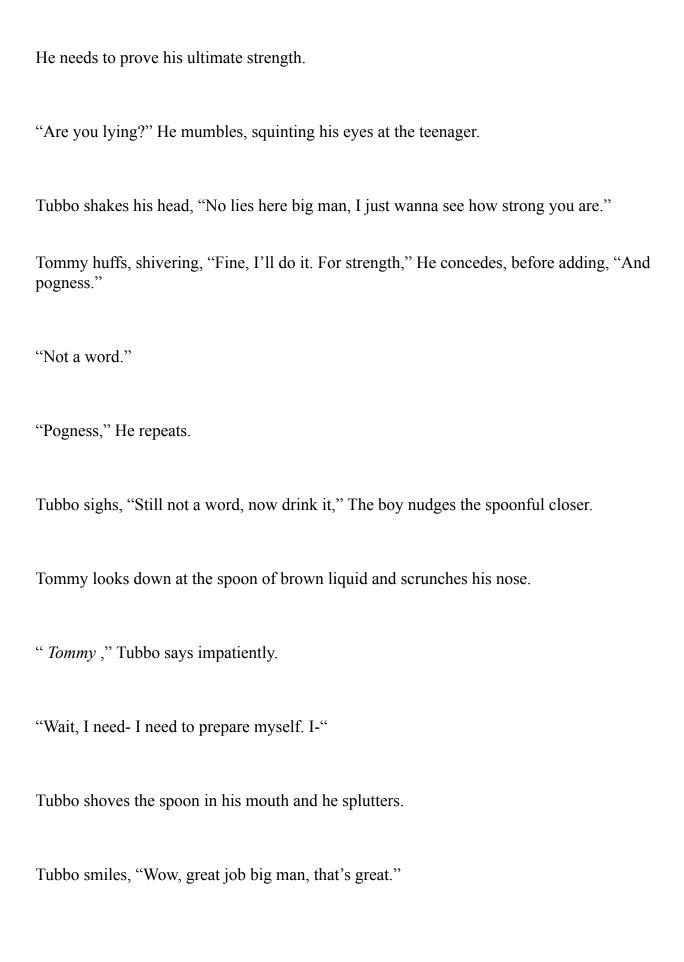
Jesus, this guy *seriously* needs therapy. "You ever tried therapy, big man?" Tommy suggests like the kind person he is. God, Tommy is so kind, so good, such a *saint;* here he is, on his deathbed, dying, and he's spending his last moments being emotional support for his deranged best friend. No one is doing it like him.

Tubbo stares at him, "That's not a question you should ever ask anyone."

"That's rude," Tommy grumbles, wrapping the blanket tighter around his frozen body. "I am offended, please leave as you have severely offended me. I am offended," He declares, offended.

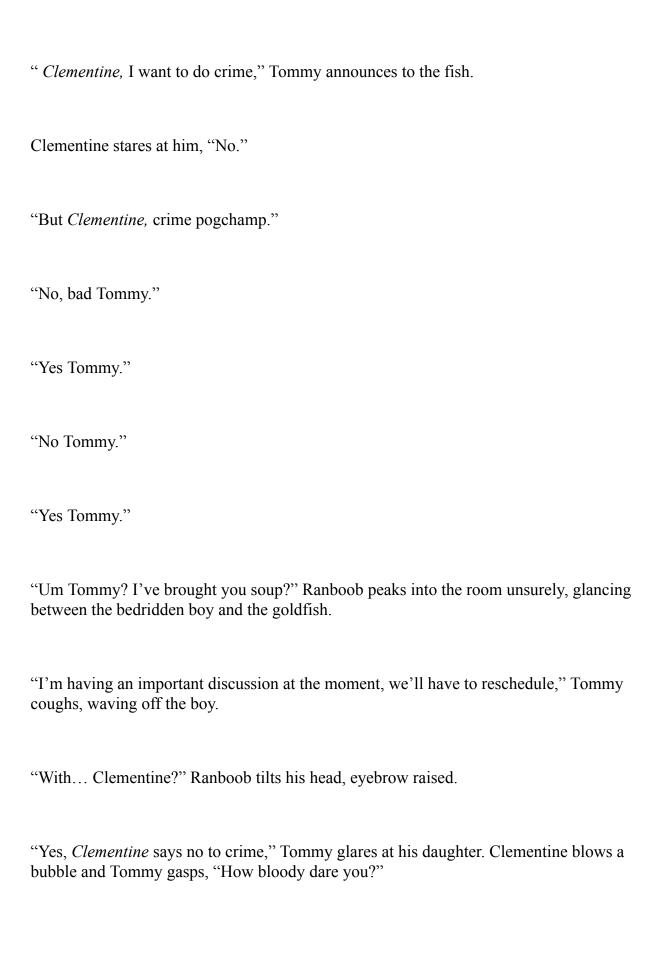
Tubbo sighs, widening his eyes, "Can you please just take this? You'll feel better Tom."

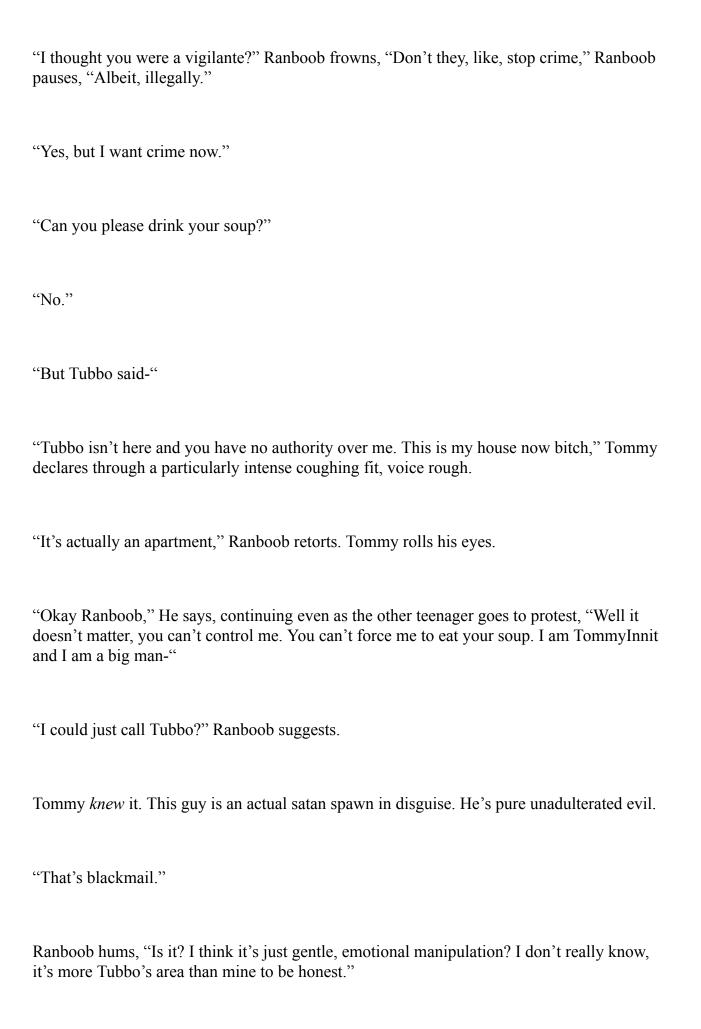


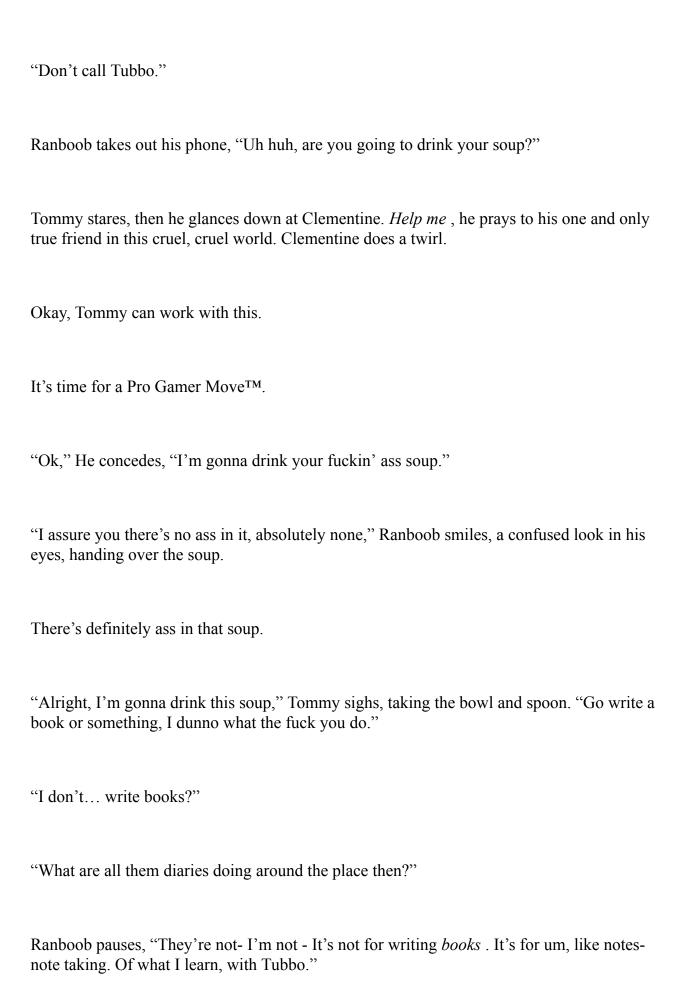




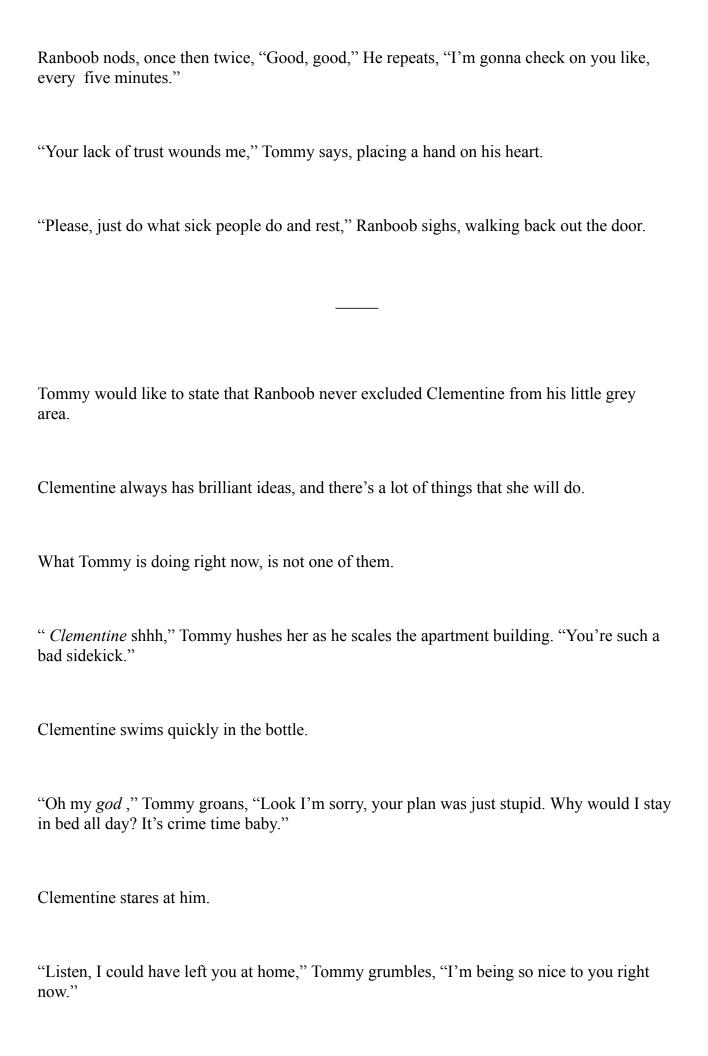


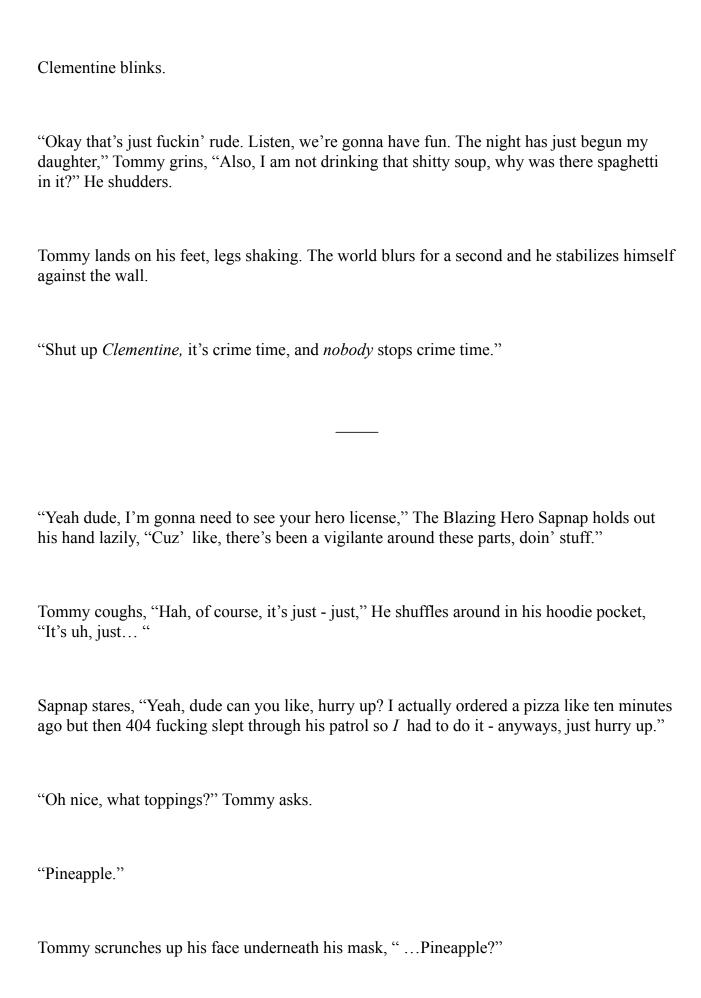








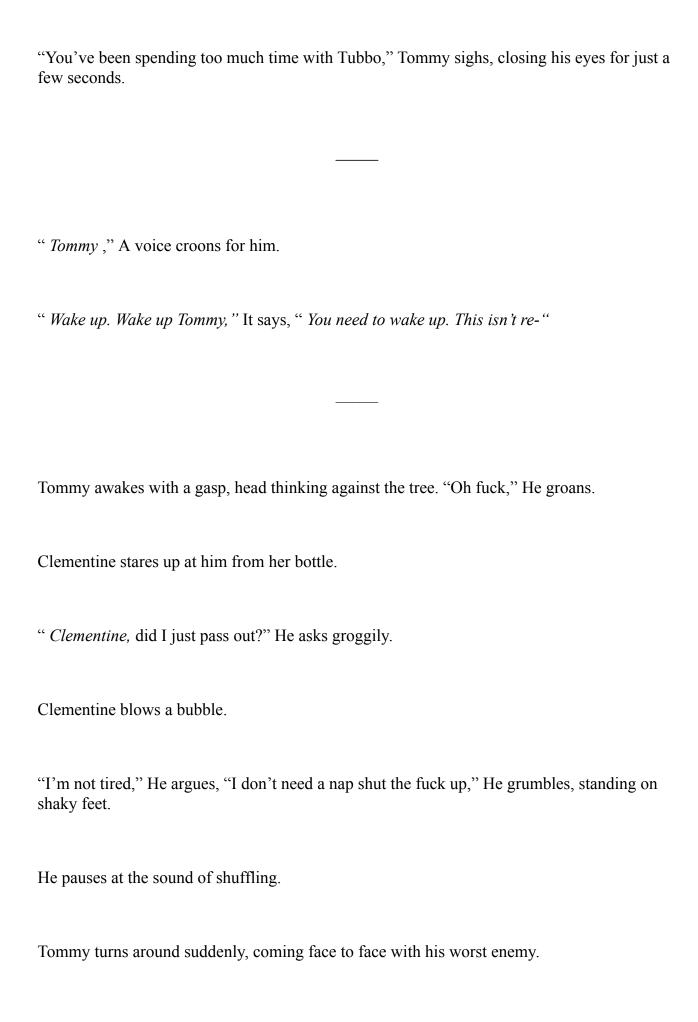




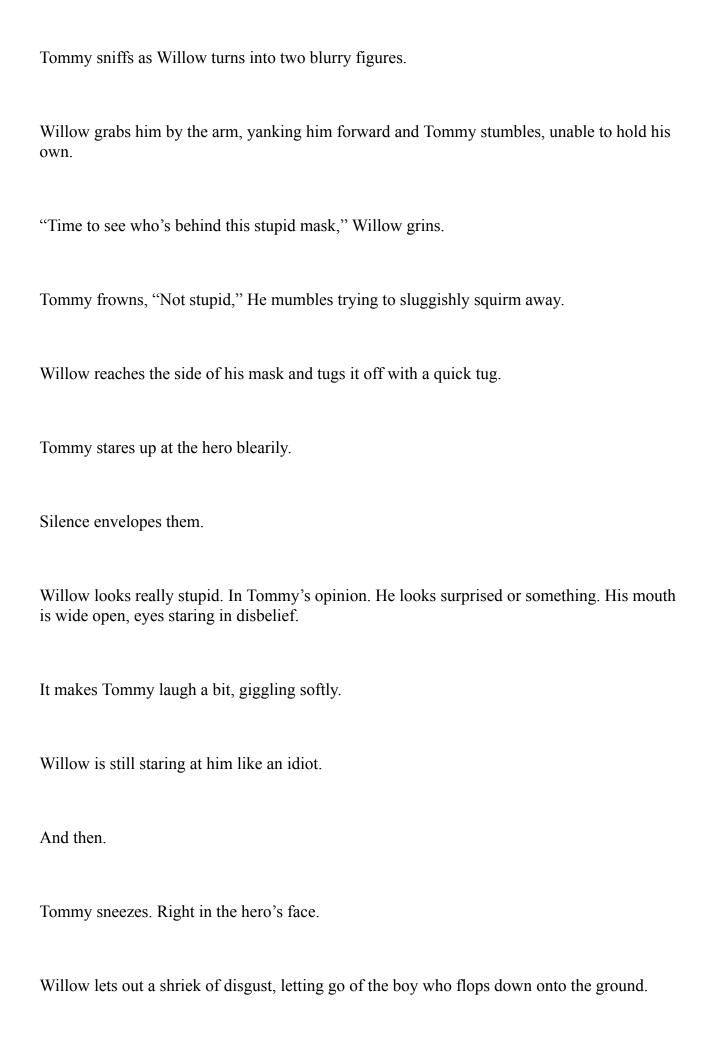


He looks at the time; 9:46pm
Oh jeez, he was meant to check on Tommy.
Hopefully the boy is asleep.
Ranboo stands up, stretching idly as he makes his way to the bedroom.
"Tommy?" He calls out softly.
Silence.
Ranboo prays he's sleeping.
He inches the door open slowly, peeking inside to see an empty bed.
"Oh man."
Tommy is currently running.
"Clementine, this was, perhaps not my poggest idea," He huffs out sluggishly, as the trees morph into one another.

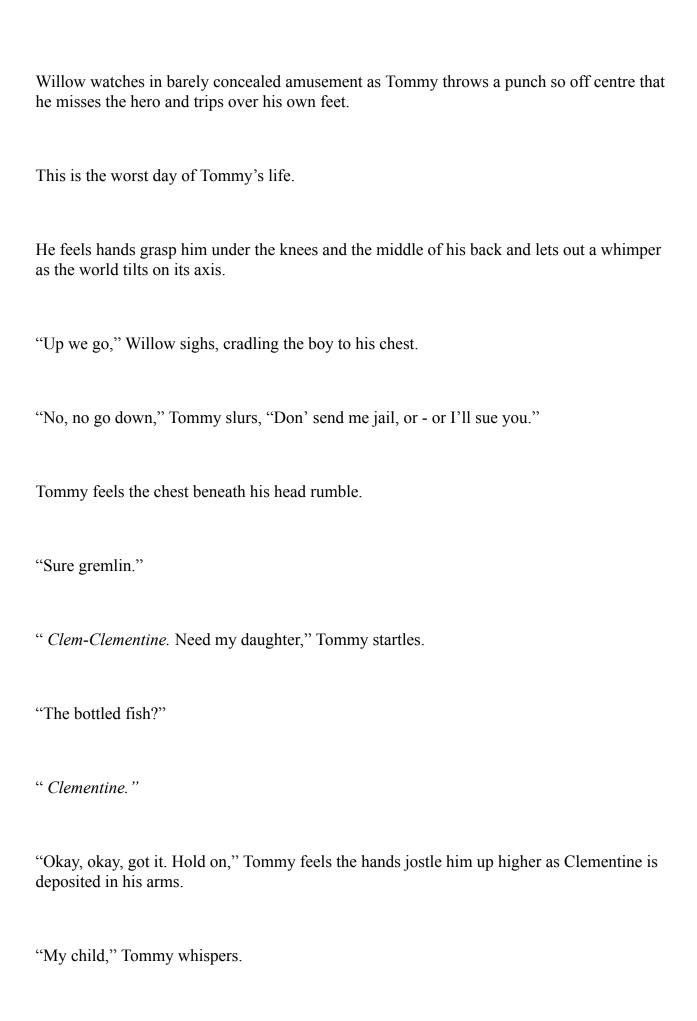
"None of your ideas are pog."
"Shut up . I can't believe-" He breathes shakily, lungs heaving, "That I raised you and fed you and taught you crime only for you to -to $turn$ on me. My own flesh and blood."
"Tommy, tree."
"Clementine, you're not a tree, you're a fi-"
Tommy groans, forehead slamming into rough bark.
"Tree."
"Fuck off," Tommy grunts, slumping down against it. He sniffles. Snot dribbles down and wipes it hastily with his sleeve.
"That's nasty."
"Clementine, stop bullying your sickly father. I am dying."
"Still nasty."
"I'll put you up for adoption," He threatens emptily.
"Sure."

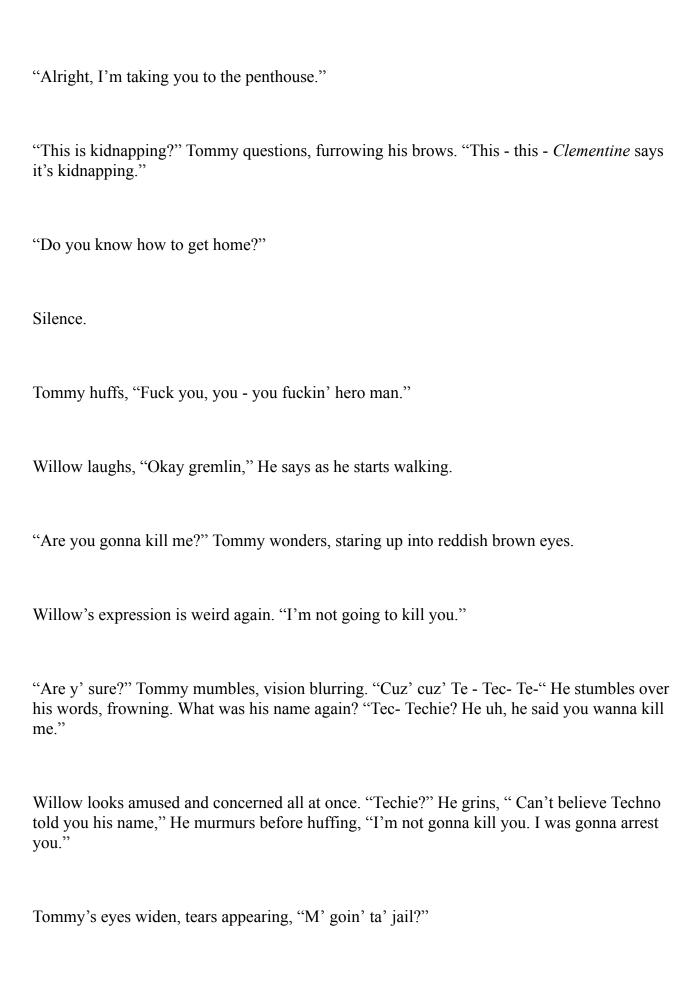


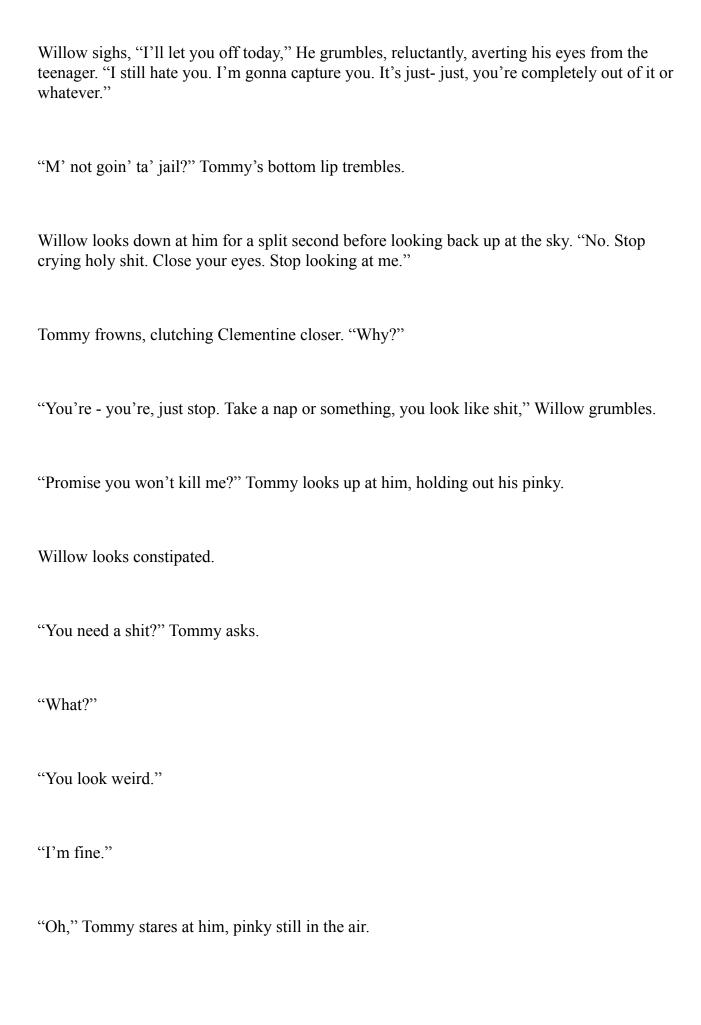
Okay, well that's a lie. To be honest this whole arch-nemesis shit is kinda one-sided.
Willow stares back at him, a smug smile.
"Well, well, well. If it isn't the little vigilante," The hero grins.
Tommy resents that. "I resent that. I am tall."
"Uh huh, anyways," Willow twirls a set of handcuffs around his index finger. "This is where this shitty little game ends."
"Listen man, I dunno how I offended you. Sorry there were no askers. Did you ever find any?" Tommy questions, interested.
Willow's expression darkens. Yeesh okay, a sore spot it seems.
"You will rue this day."
Tommy snorts, "I won't 'rue' anything. You know you can like, talk normally right?" He says as he slowly inches away.
Willow stalks closer, "There's no escape this time."
Tommy glances down at Clementine, who stares back up at him.
Oh god, this may be the end.

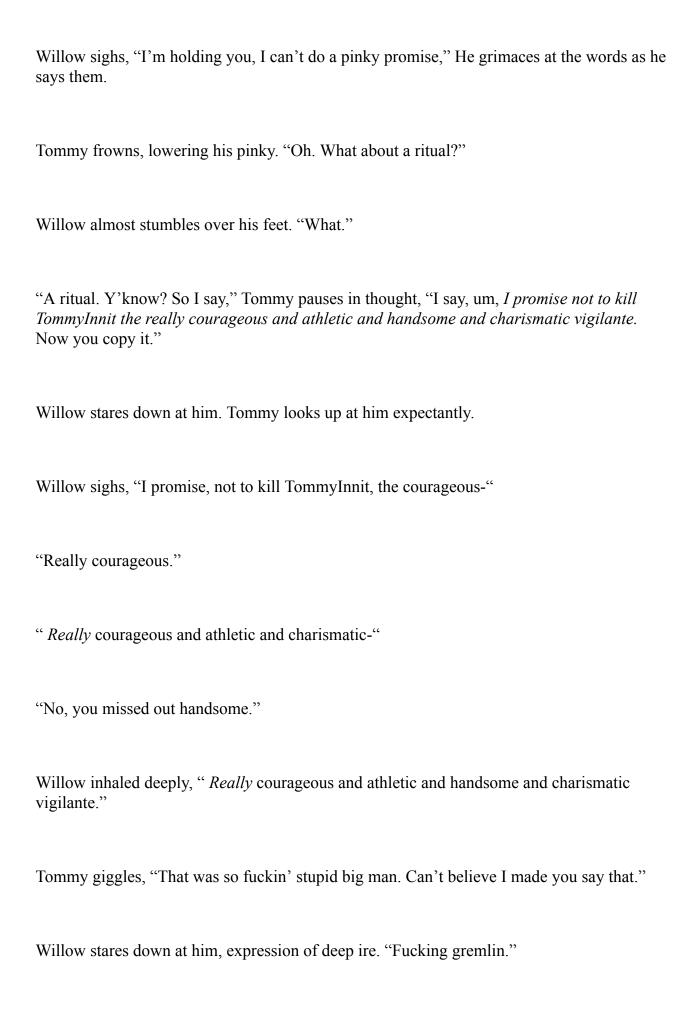






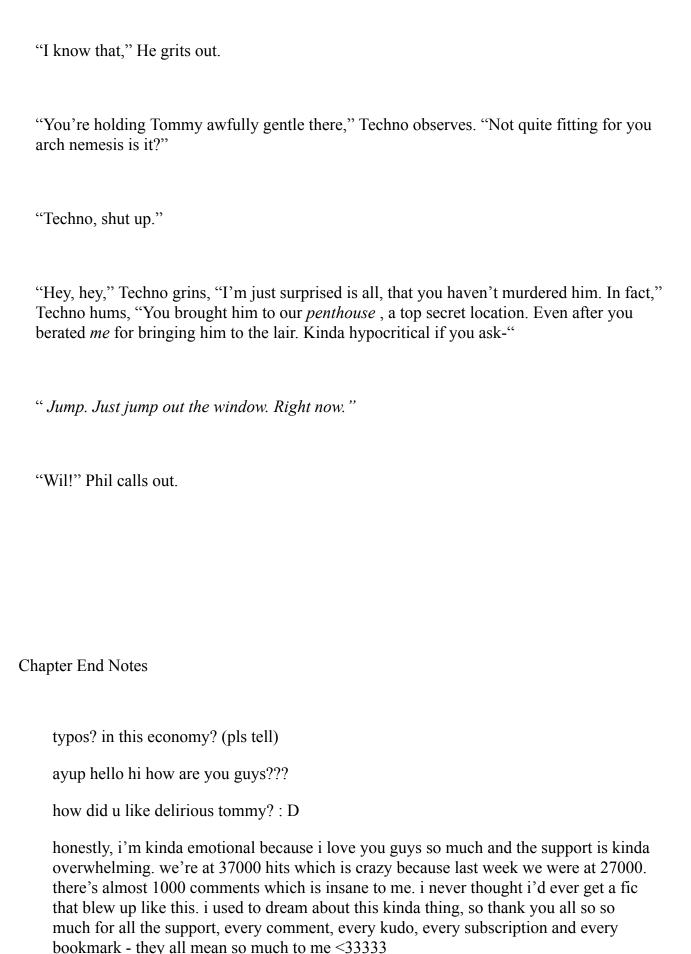






Tommy Just grins.
Slowly, he feels himself drift off to the steady sound of the hero's footsteps, content in the knowledge that he's safe.
"Let me get this straight," Tubbo pinches the bridge of his nose, "You lost him?"
Ranboo shifts nervously on his feet, "It appears so yes."
Tubbo sighs, "Clementine is gone too?"
Ranboo nods.
"Okay, well he's probably fine then," Tubbo huffs, "Still need to find him though, the dick ran off <i>knowing</i> he was sick."
Ranboo nods again, "He didn't even drink my soup."
"Yeah about that," Tubbo stares at Ranboo in bewilderment, "Why was there spaghetti in it?"
"Wil? Why do you have a child?" Phil questions upon Wilbur's entry.

Wilbur scowls, "I found him, in the woods. He's sick."
Phil frowns, worried as he goes over to see who Wilbur is holding. Phil stares down at the bundle in his arms and freezes.
"Isn't that?"
Wilbur huffs, "Yes."
"And you're-"
"Not a word. Phil. Not a word."
Phil raises his hands in surrender, a small amused grin on his face. "I ain't saying anything mate."
Wilbur glares at the man, "I hate the kid okay, shut up."
"Not saying a thing Wil," Phil laughs, "Why don't you go put him in one of the bedrooms. Get a cloth too, he has a fever."
Wilbur grunts in agreement about to step into the hallway only to be greeted by Techno.
Techno stares at him and then at the child, then back at him. Techno smirks.
"This isn't the headquarters Wil."



also, i've seen comments of people recommending or reading my fic with their siblings and friends and that is so cool i'm gonna cry wtf guys

also pls no one spoil the last episode of WandaVision, i haven't watched it yet and twitter is so full of spoilers i'm scared

cult pog <3

(p.s. to that one person in the comments who keeps missing the discord link, when u comment i'll give it to u lmao)

also quick UPDATE: um some people were asking where to send fanart - you can tag my user on twitter @bigbrainsimp. also i was thinking maybe we could use a #, like um???? #vigilantetommy?

now here is some amazing fanart. honestly seeing art of my fic gives me so much serotonin

really pog fanart

I Lost My Bitchass Roommate Again



Philza Minecraft actually created Minecraft

Chapter Notes

it is 4am and i am tiredt
u mfs are probably really happy rn
u weirdos

See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

"Give me the fucking cloth."

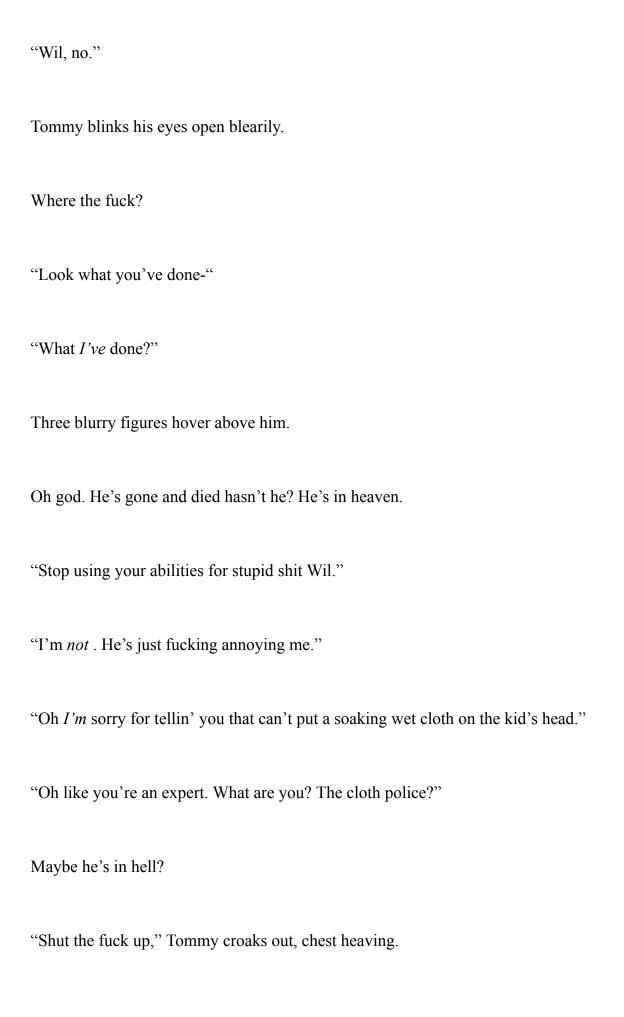
"No, I'm doin' it."

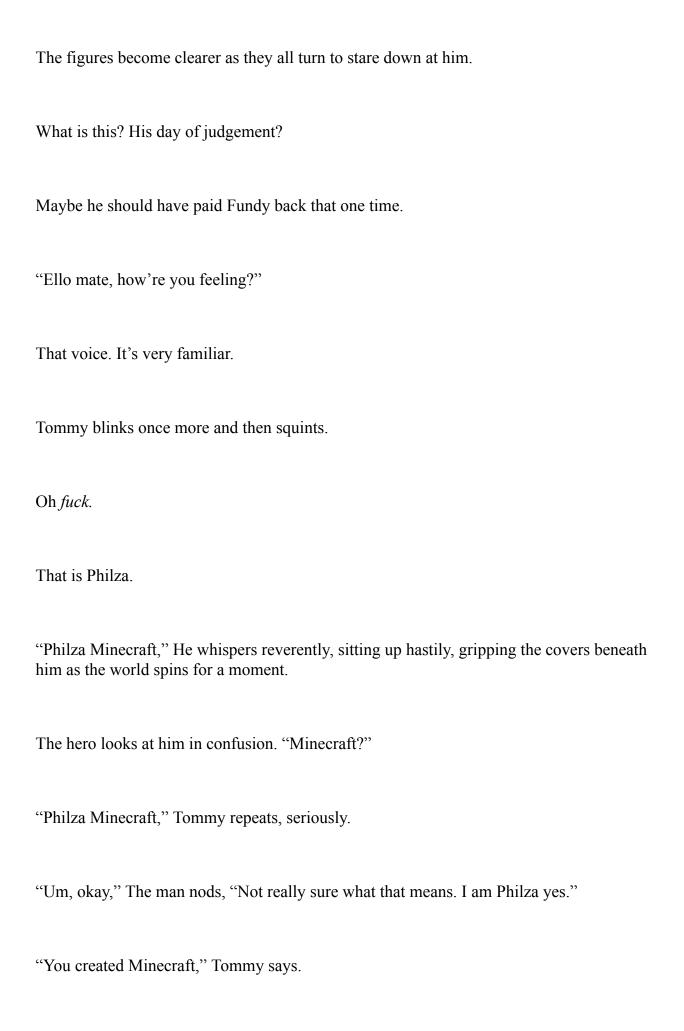
" No , I'm doing it - Phil tell him I'm doing it."

"Boys."

"You're not even doin' it right, just hand it over."

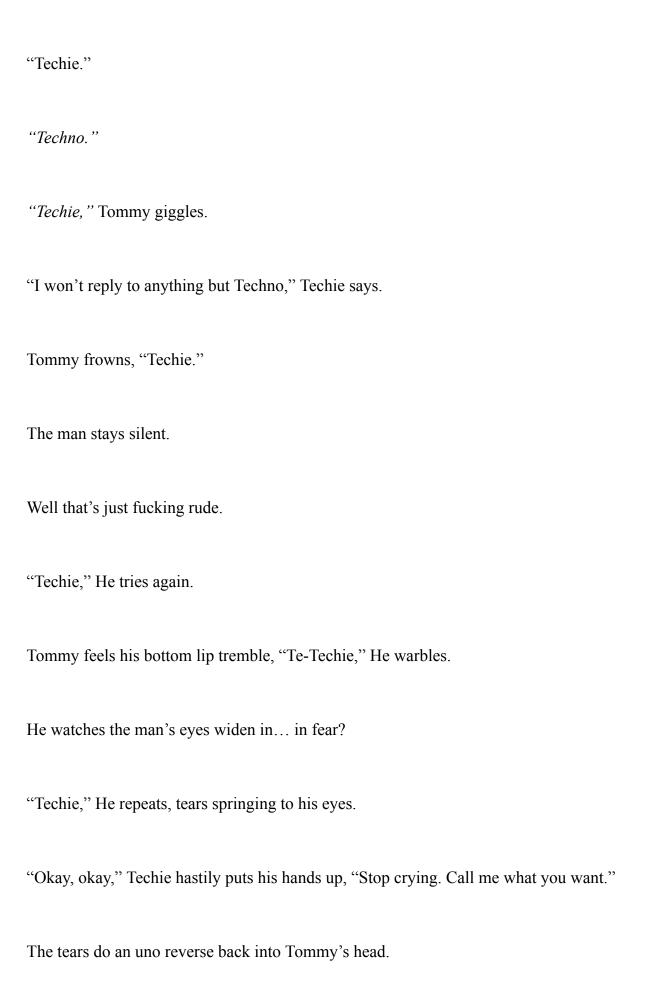
"I swear to god, give me the cloth."

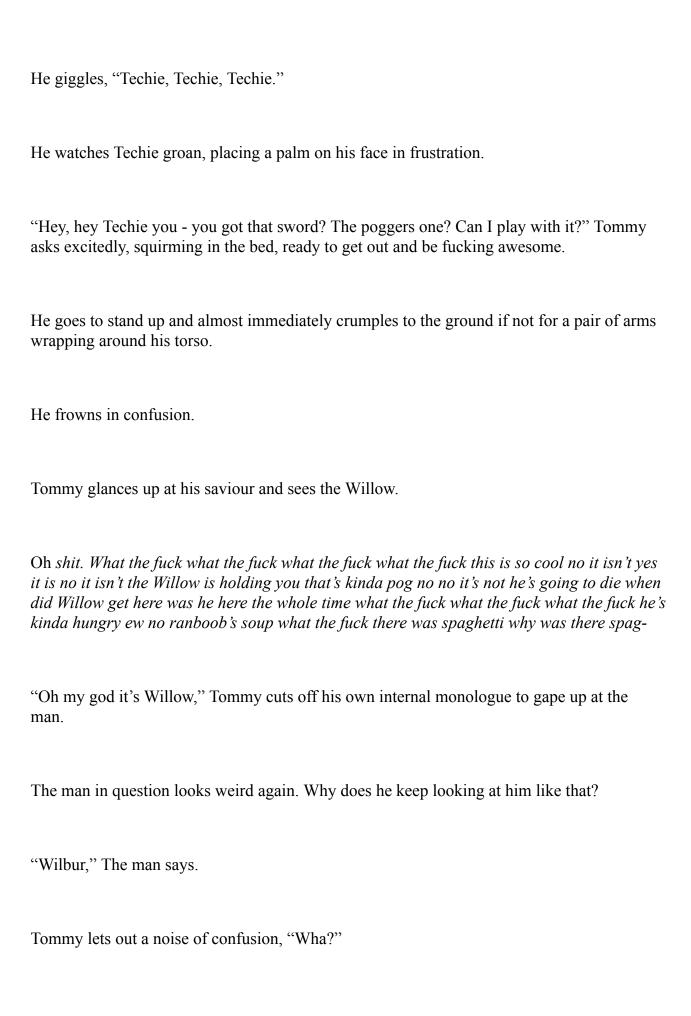


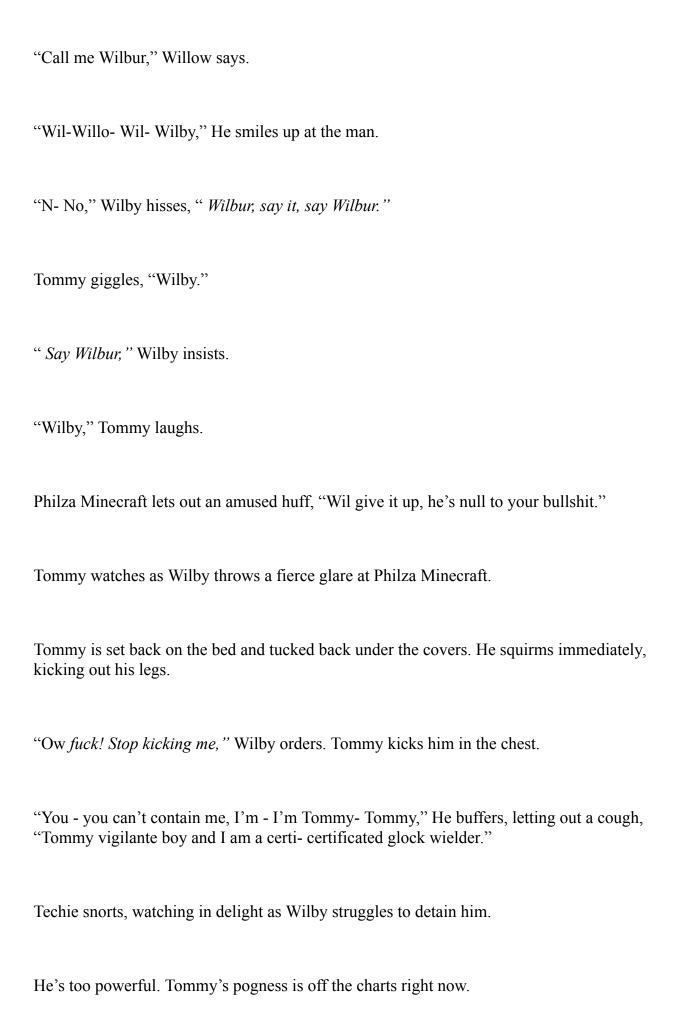


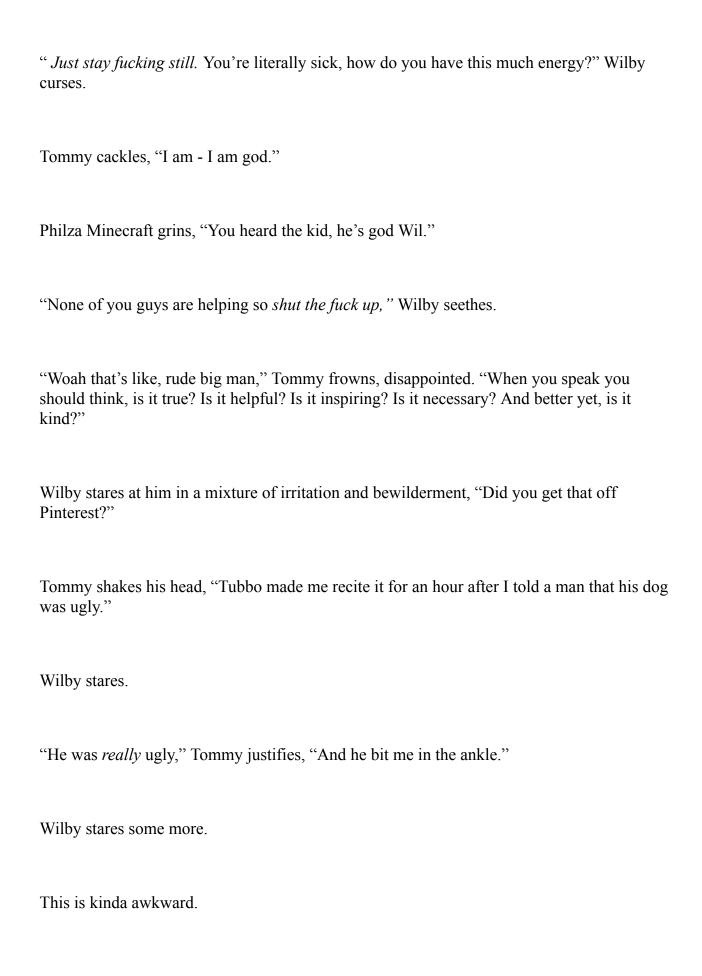


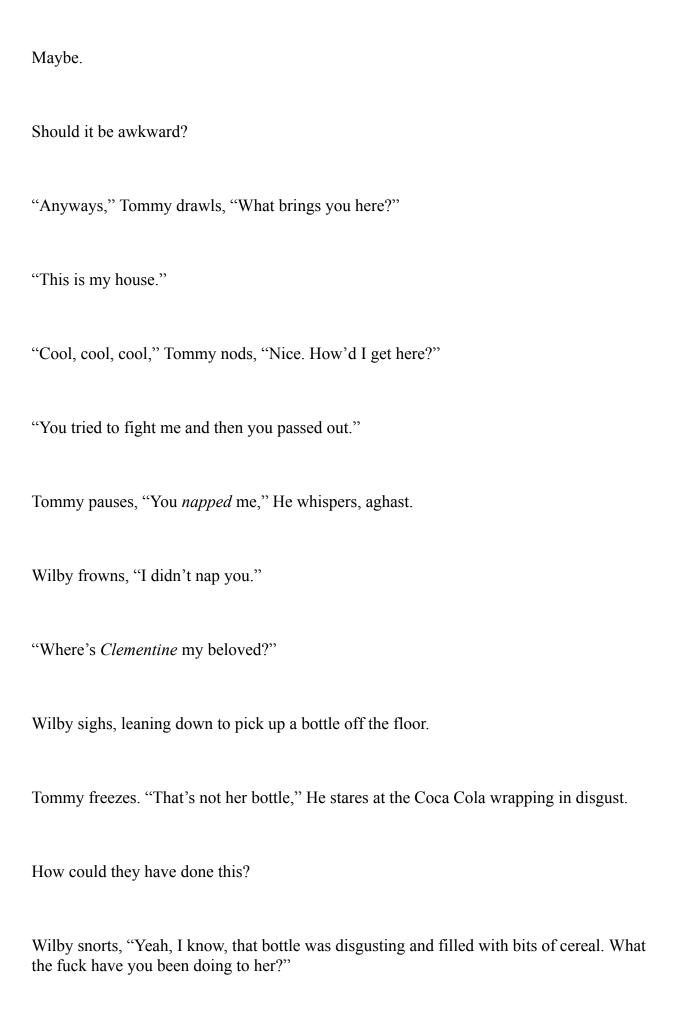
"Techno."
Tommy furrows his brows in concentration, "Te- Tec- Tech-" The hero nods encouragingly. "Techie."
Tommy watches as the man goes through like, ten difference expressions in a matter of seconds, ending in a look of constipation.
"You need a shit too?" Tommy asks, so considerate as always.
"Don't call me that," Techie grimaces.
"Okay, Techie," Tommy agrees.
"No," Techie glares.
Tommy frowns, "Why?"
"That's not my name."
"Yeah it is," Tommy decides.
"No that's not how this works, my name is Techno."
"Techie."
"Techno."

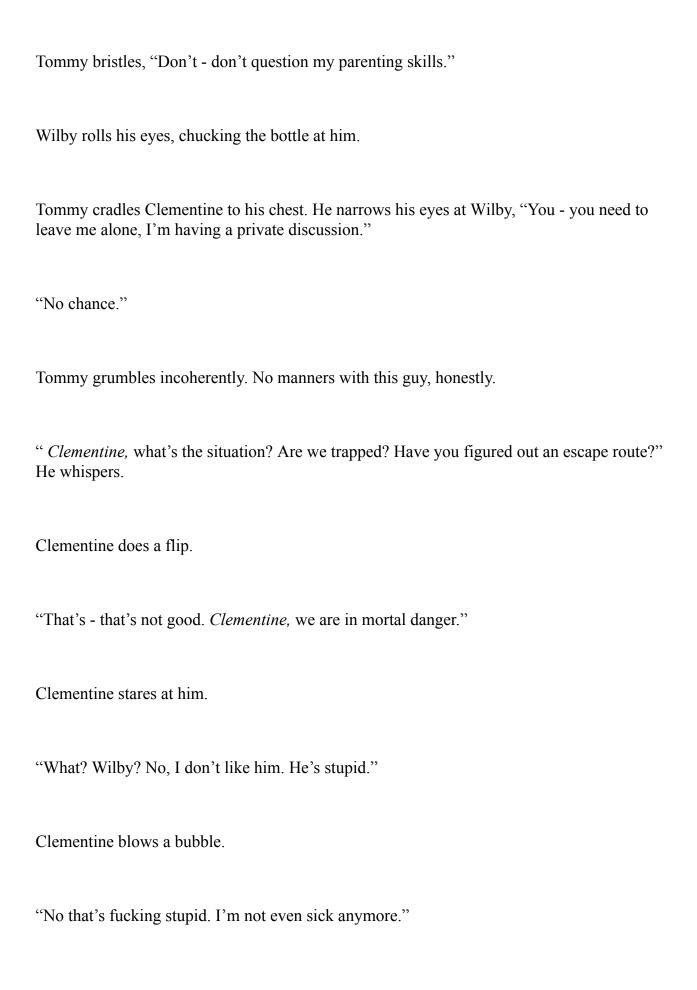






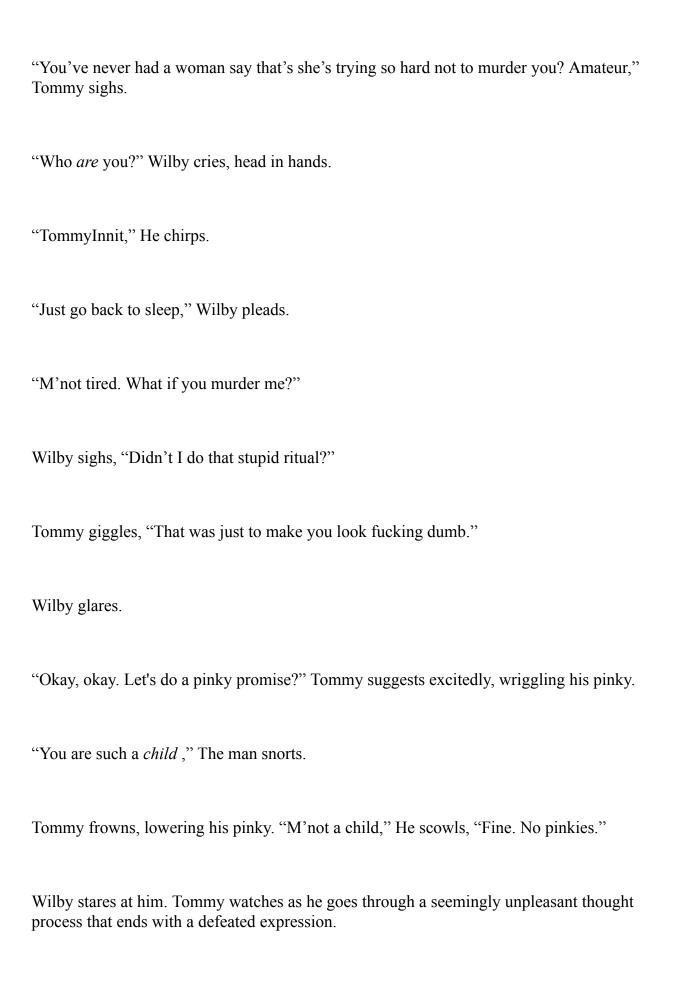


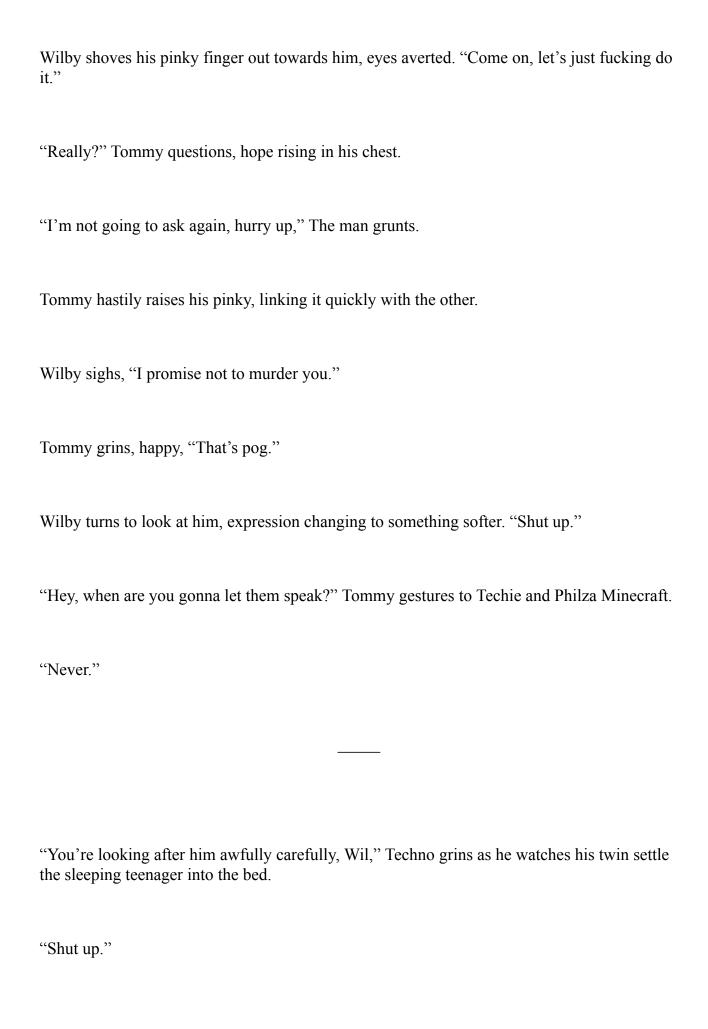


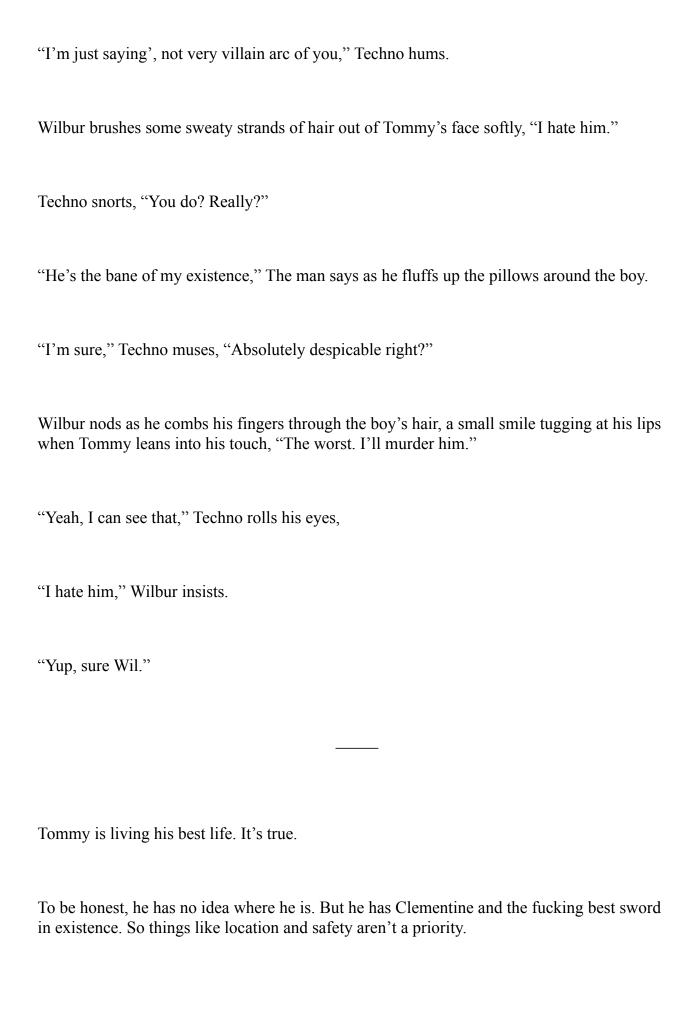






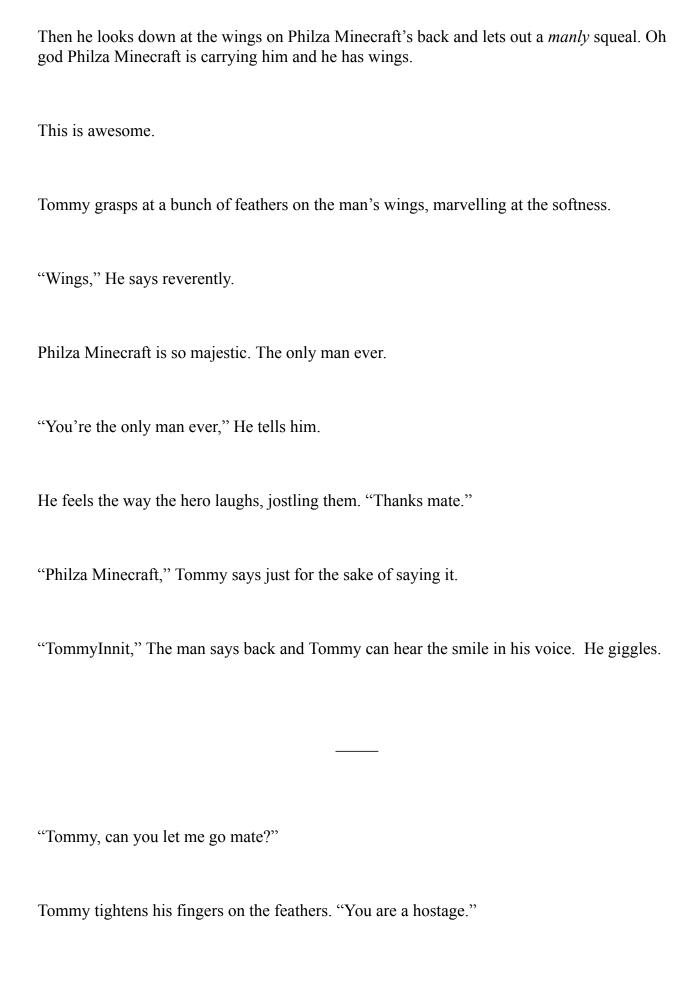


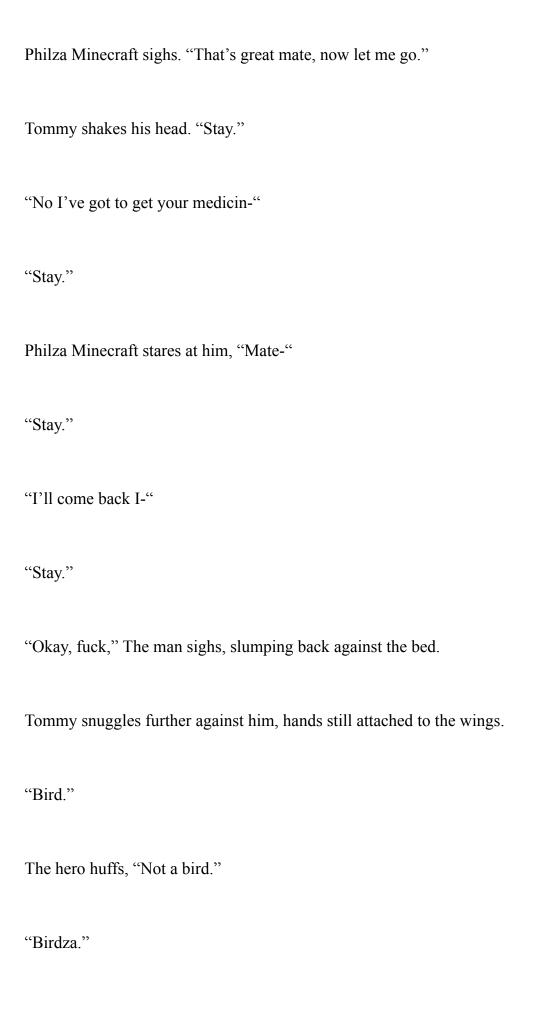


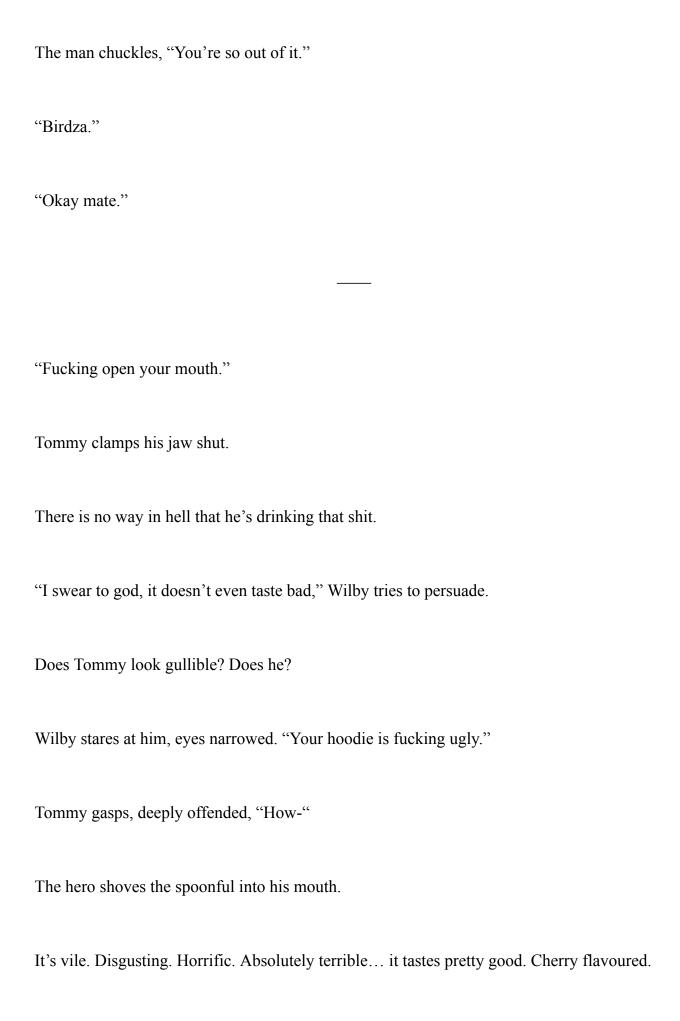


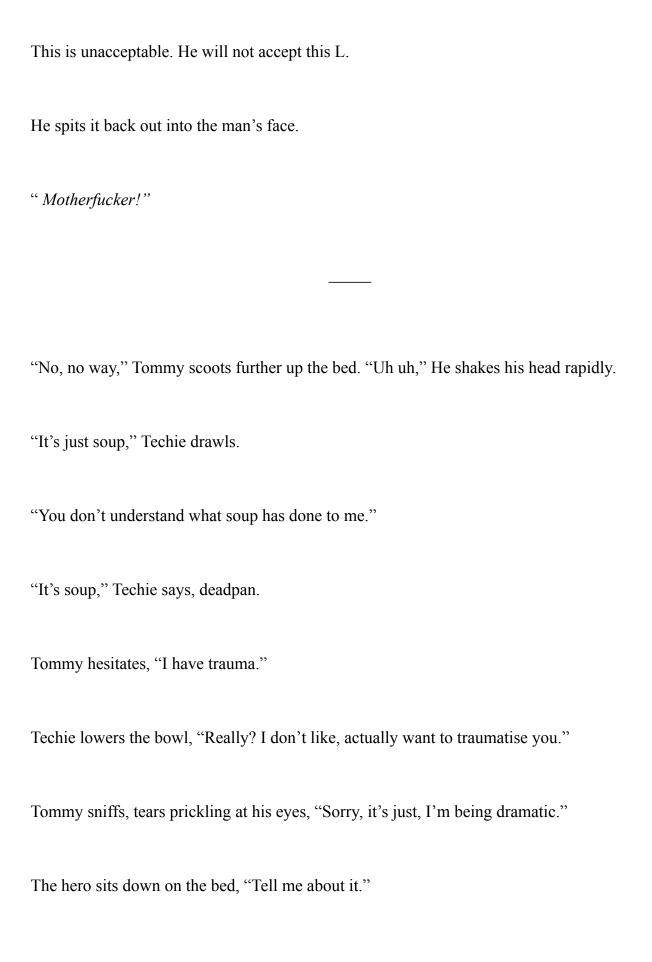
He swings out the sword with a whoosh. "Nyoom!" He says eloquently.
"I am TommyInnit and I have the <i>blade</i> ," He narrates, slashing and slicing up anything in his path.
There's no monsters or villains though, so he settles for cutting up the curtains and couches.
"Clementine, I am at full pog. One day you will reach this potential and be-"He sneezes, "be cool like me."
He lifts the sword to the ceiling. "I am harnessing the power of the gods! Pog beam!"
"What the hell are you doing?"
Tommy screams, spinning around to point the sword at Philza Minecraft.
"Oh," He says, "Philza Minecraft, what are you doing here?"
The man in question is staring at him in something akin to wonder, "How did you get out of the bedroom?"
"I walked?"
"But I, I put up-" The hero cuts himself off with a sigh, "I don't know why I'm surprised. Where did you even get Techno's sword?"
"Found it."

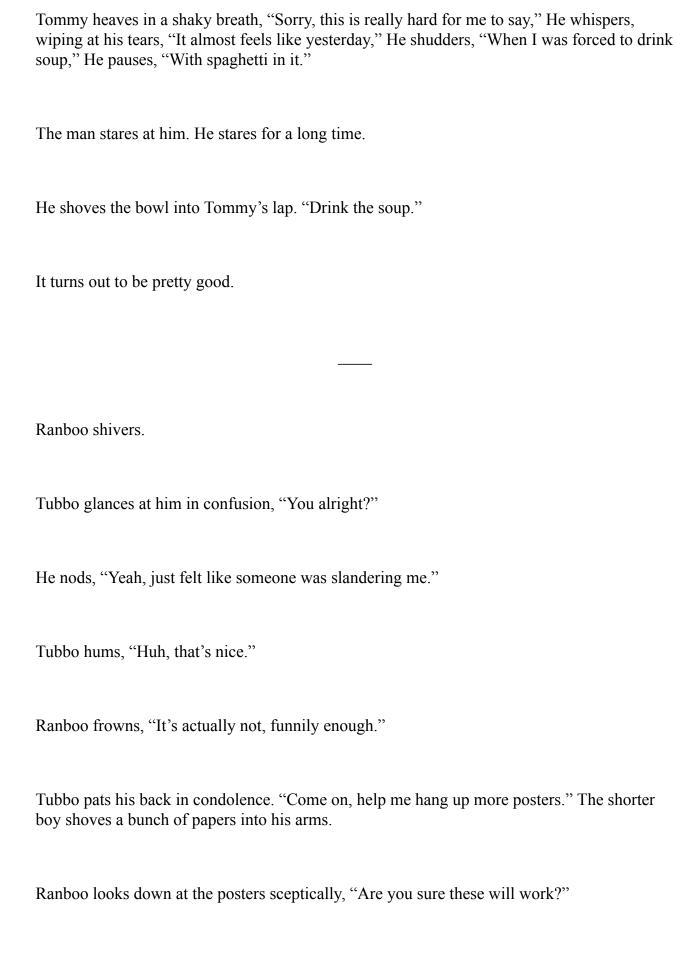












Tubbo stares at him, "Yeah, why not?"

Ranboo squints, lifting a poster to read it, "I dunno, something about it saying 'I lost my bitchass roommate again. He's annoying as fuck and keeps running away but I still love him. Plus, I already bought him shit and I don't want to return stuff. Please bring him back, his name is TommyInnit. He probably won't respond to it cuz' he's a little shit though.' Is a bit... "Ranboo trails off, not sure how to word it. "Unprofessional?" He tries.

Tubbo shrugs, "I think it's appropriate for him, now start sticking them to those trees over there."

"Wilby I'm bored."

Wilby grunts from his position beside him.

"Wilby."

"What?"

"I'm bored."

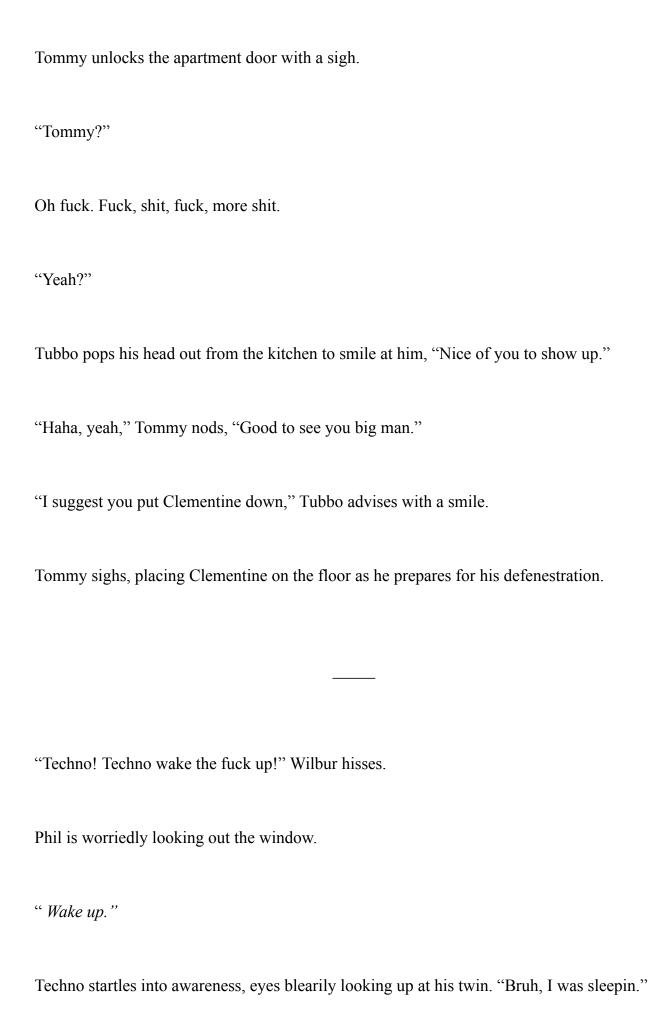
The hero groans, "Go to sleep."

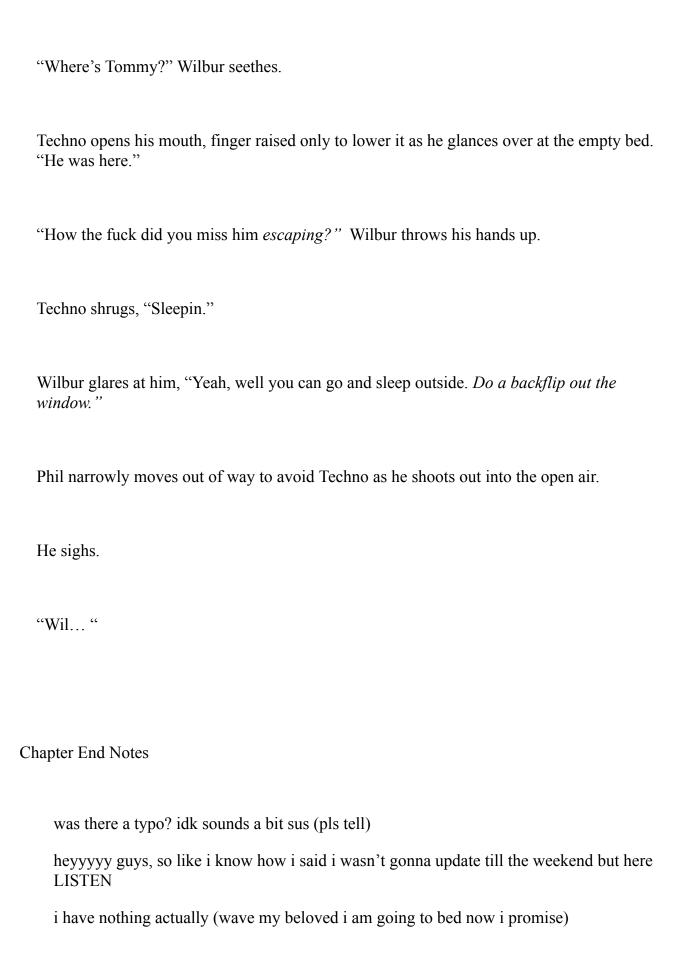
"Let's play a game."

"No."



This guy has serious issues.
"I dunno what you're talkin' about, but there are five stages to grief and they don't always happen in order," Tommy soothes, patting the man's back. "You're going to be okay Wilby."
"What the <i>fuck</i> ."
Tommy wakes up with a mild headache and severe embarrassment.
"Oh <i>fuck</i> ," He whispers to himself. Technoblade is resting at the end of the bed, sleeping.
This is terrible. Truly.
He looks down at Clementine. "We never speak of this. I did <i>not</i> call the Willow, <i>Wilby</i> . I also never said <i>Techie</i> or <i>Birdza</i> ," He shudders.
Truly a humiliating day for TommyInnit.
"Now <i>Clementine</i> , we were never here," He tells her, stealthily escaping the bed and diving out the window.





this fic keeps reaching new milestones and it's crazy, we're at 1100 comments, you guys are amazing. almost 47000 hits and 900 bookmarks. i love you guys.

also hello to those from twitter :D it feels so cool to see u guys talking about this fic on there

anyways yh idk what else to say, it's like 4am and my brain is slowly dying

haha lets all get married /j

unless??

ok i'm sorry

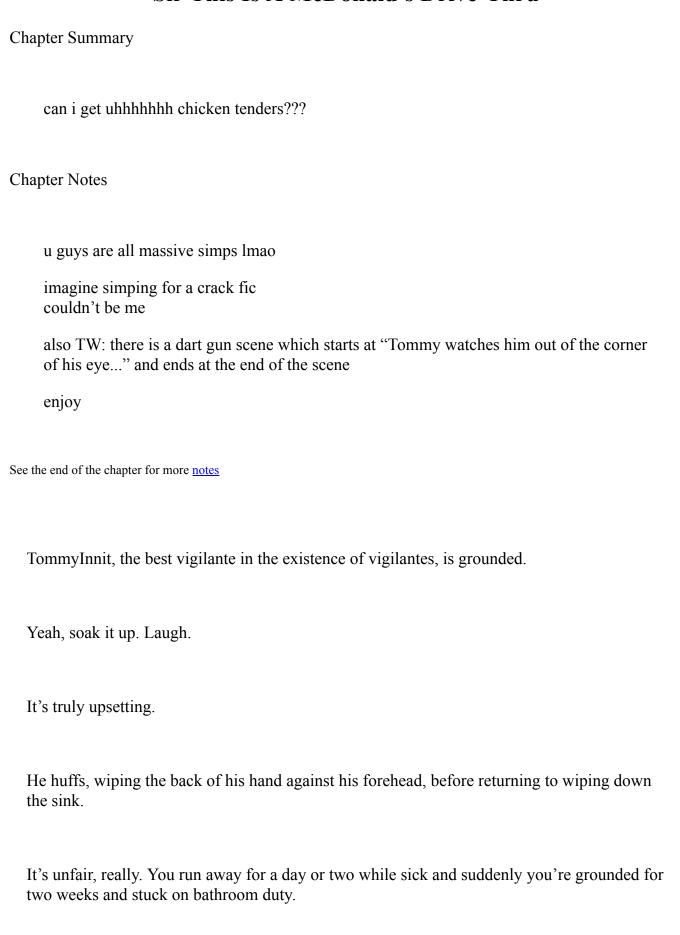
cult pog <3

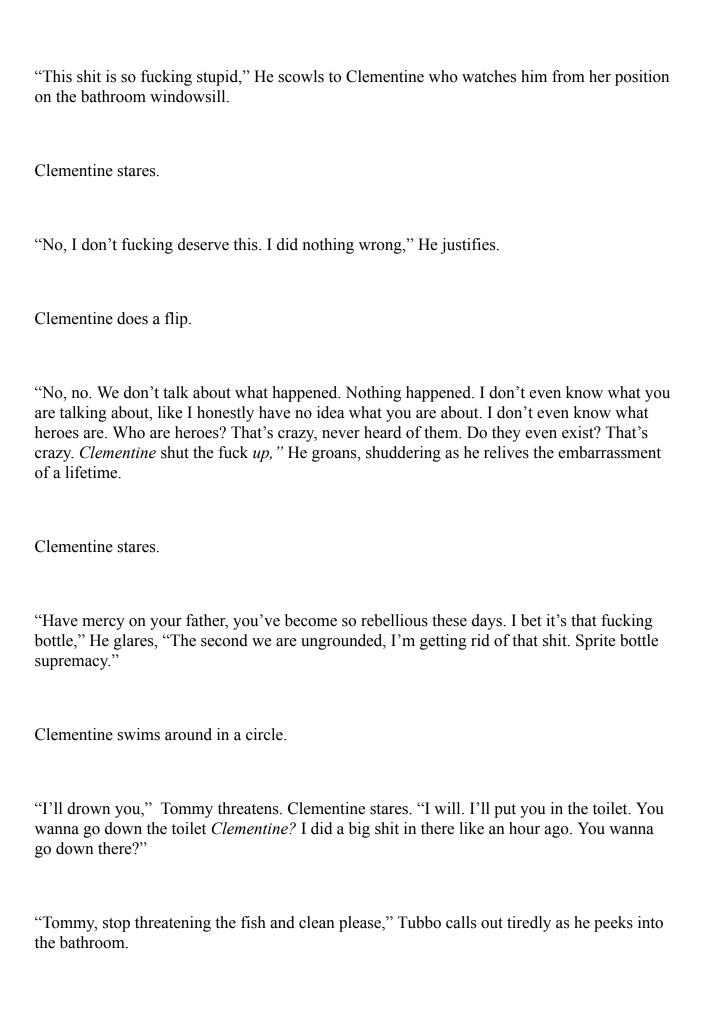
okay here's some amazing fanart

if u want to send in fanart or just talk about the fic u can use the hashtag #vigilantetommy or just tag me @bigbrainsimp :)))) feel free to dm about anything <333

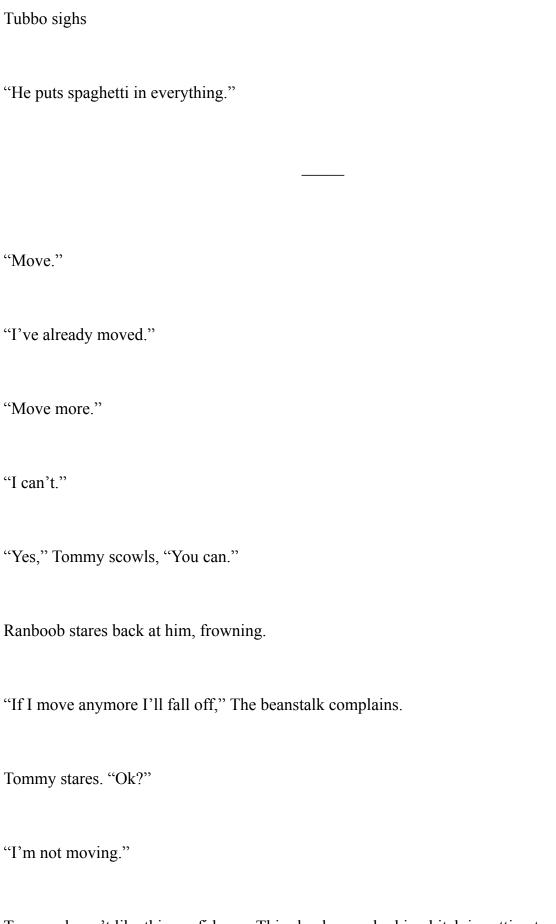
techno and tommy fanart that's so pog

Sir This Is A McDonald's Drive-Thru

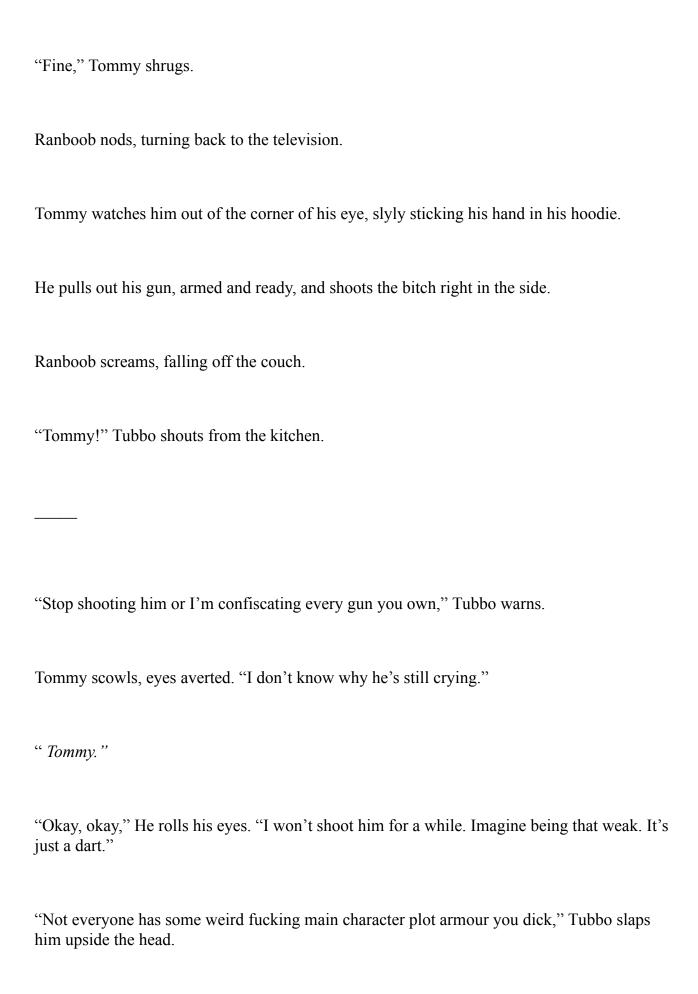




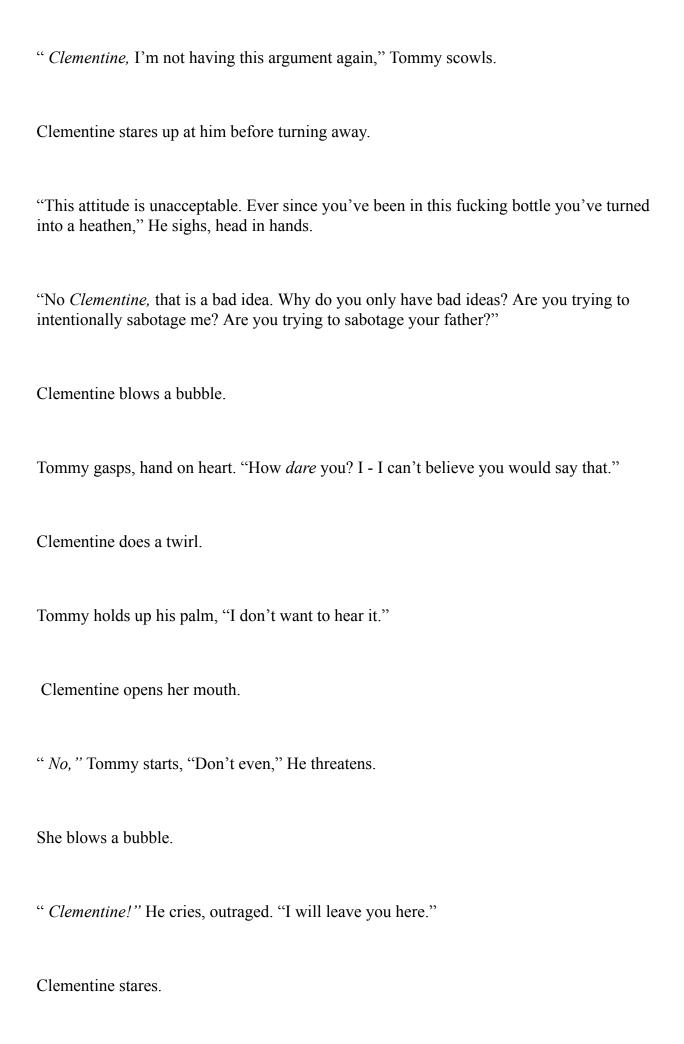


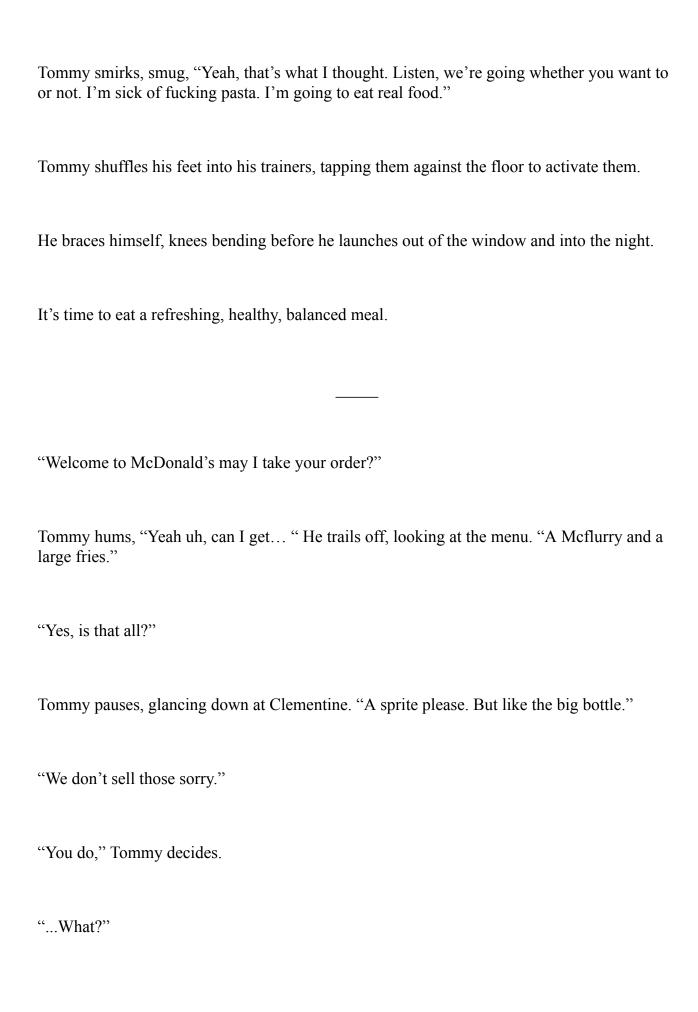


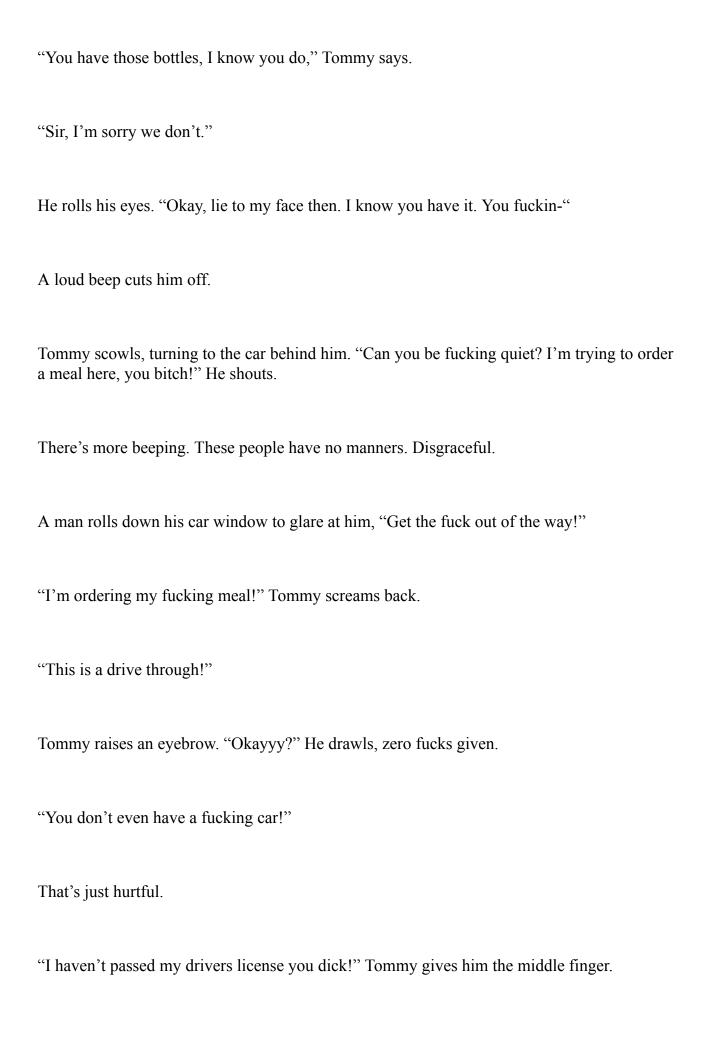
Tommy doesn't like this confidence. This slenderman looking bitch is getting too comfortable in his house.

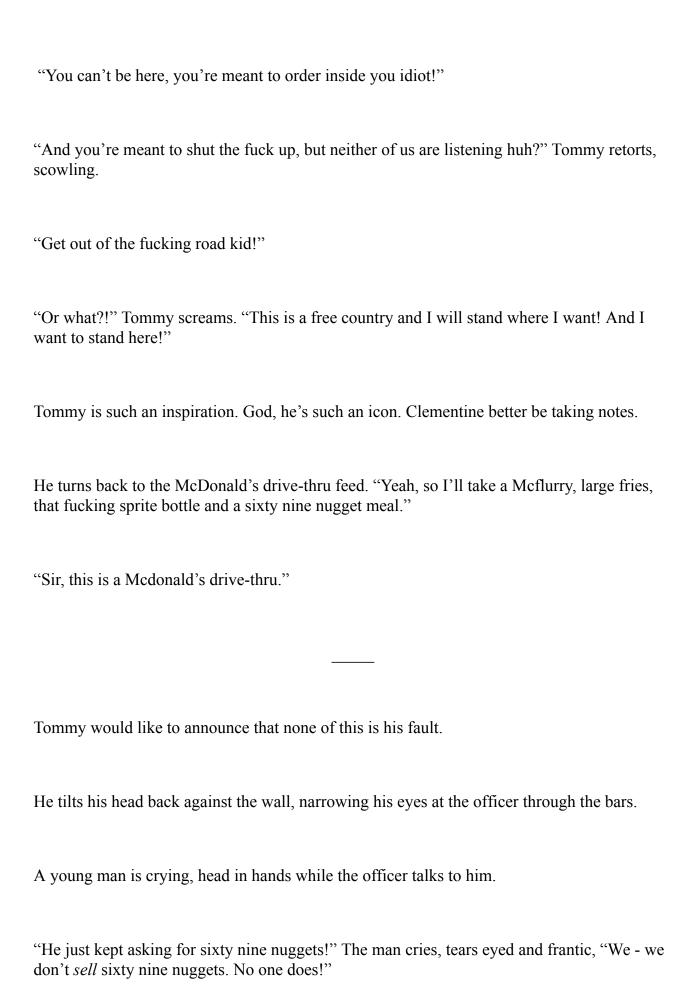








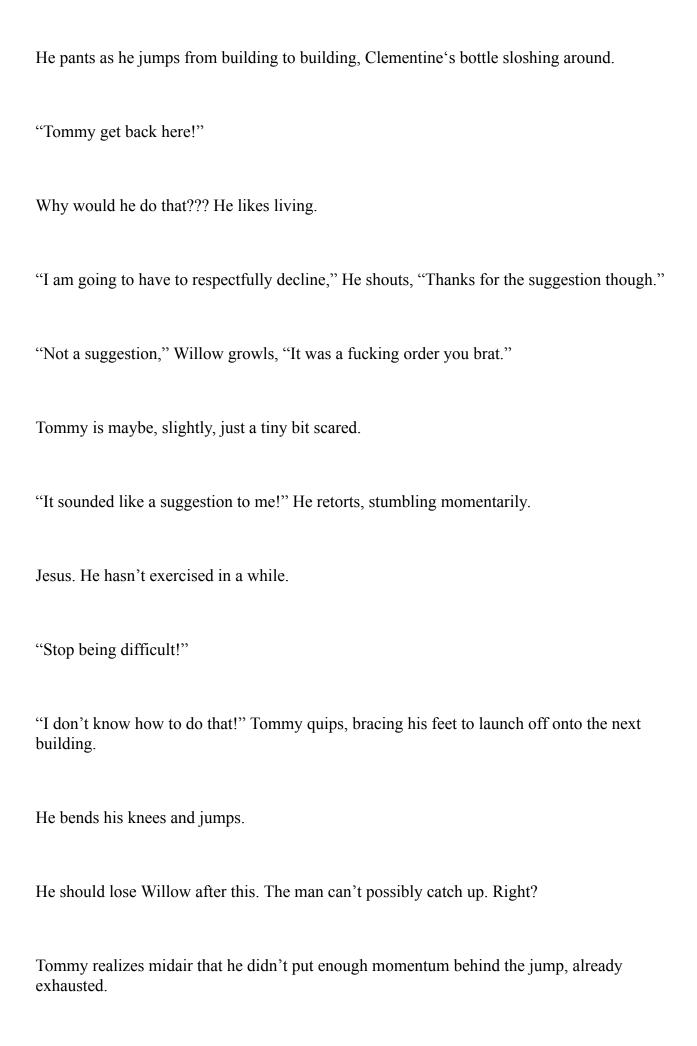


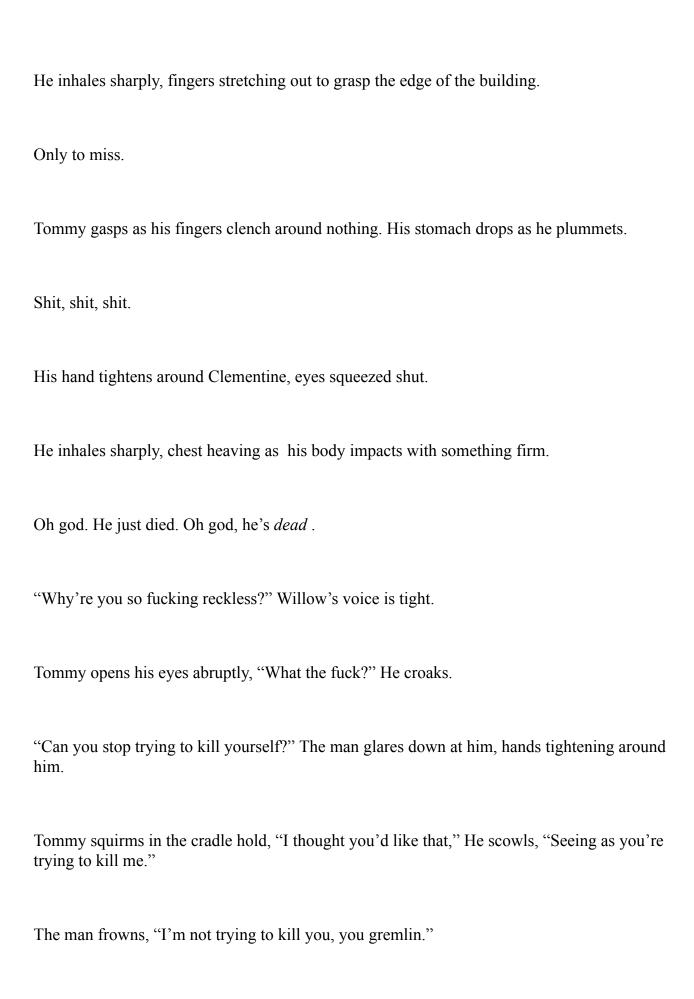




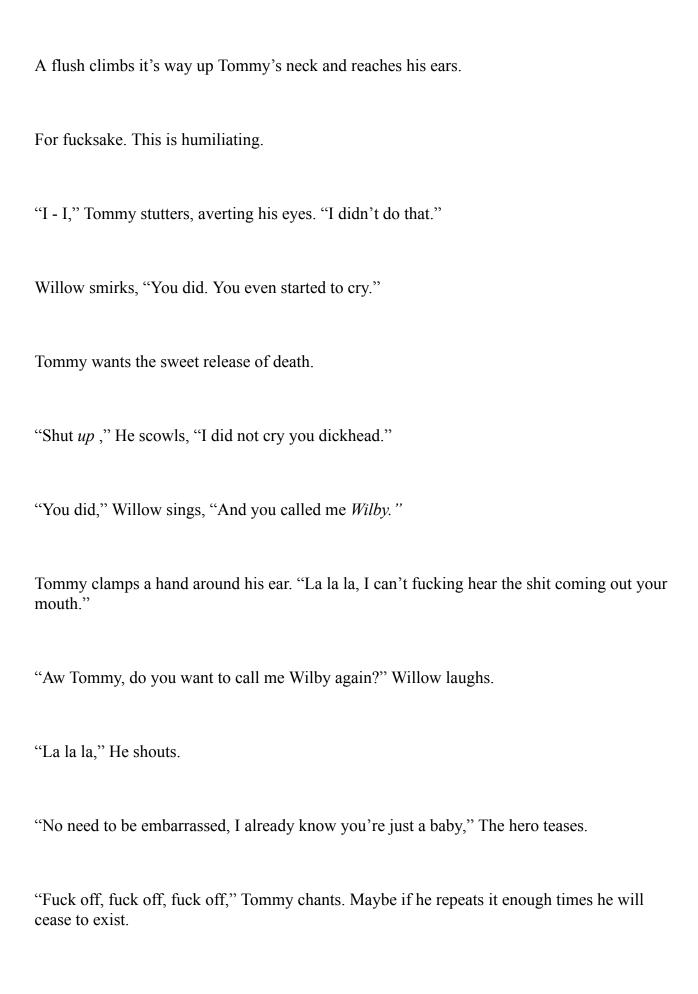


Tommy salutes, "Loud and clear."
The officer unlocks the chain around the bars. "Go on kid, get outta here."
"You're cool for a person who listens to the government," Tommy tells him as he leaves.
"You're just letting him go?!" The McDonald's worker sobs.
Tommy stares at the guy.
The man freezes in fear.
Tommy grins, "Yep, he's just letting me go."
Well that was easy.
Nothing is easy.
Tommy is on the run. From the <i>Willow</i> .
This is not poggers.

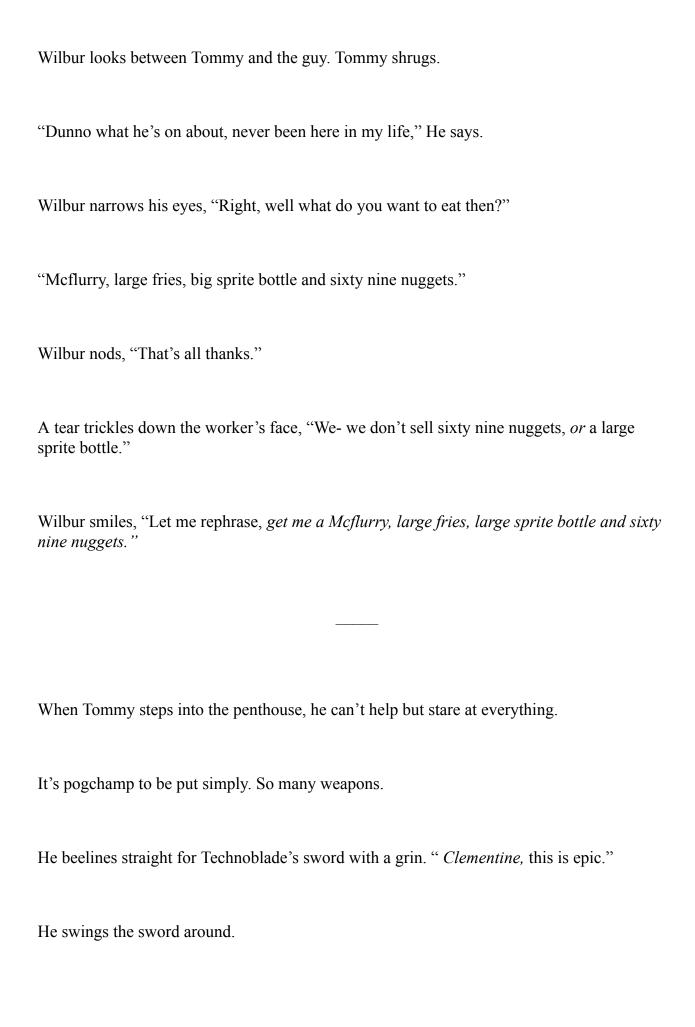








He preferred it when the guy was trying to kill him.
"You're a dick Willow, did you know that?" He glares.
Willow just smiles, "Call me Wilbur, gremlin."
"Not a gremlin," He scowls.
"Uh huh, sure," Wilbur hums. "Anyways, I'm taking you with me."
"You're kidnapping me?"
Wilbur shrugs, "I guess."
"That's illegal."
"You're illegal."
Touché.
"Can I at least get something to eat?"
"He's not allowed here!" The worker cries, traumatised, "He's not allowed here!"









thank you so much for all the comments and bookmarks and subscriptions and hits. you guys are so pog we are on like 65000 hits and 1300 comments, that's insane. thank you so much, i love you guys.

i've made so many new friends through this fic, you are all so swag.

cult pog <3

my twitter is @bigbrainsimp - this is where u can send fanart or just talk with me:)

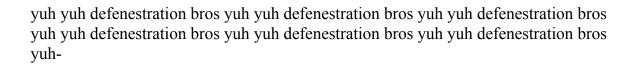
now fanart!

you can use the hashtag #vigilantetommy or just @ me if u do any fanart for me, i've received so many wonderful pieces of art in the past week. i love doing shoutouts because there are so many amazing artists who are so underrated :D

really pog fanart

Defenestration BrosTM

Chapter Summary



Chapter Notes

hello simps

i wrote half of this at 1am and the rest in school instead of doing my eng hw so i think that explains me as a person

no TWs i think

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

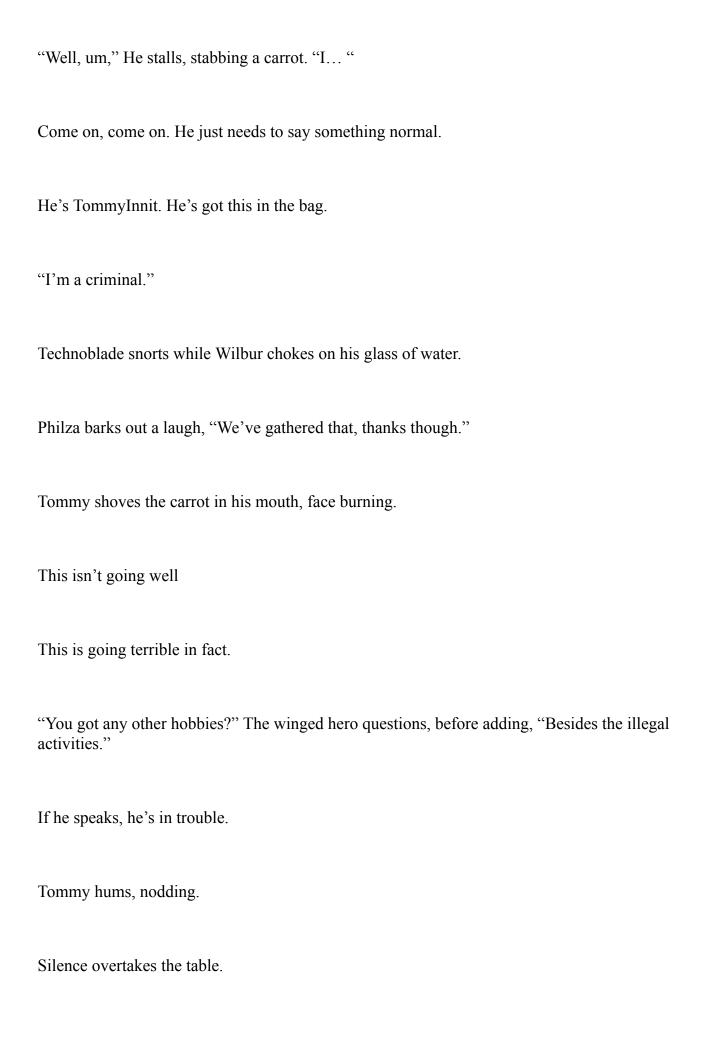
"So, Tommy, tell us about you," Philza smiles from across the dinner table.

Oh god. Tommy sweats. This is not good.

"Well," He starts with a nervous laugh.

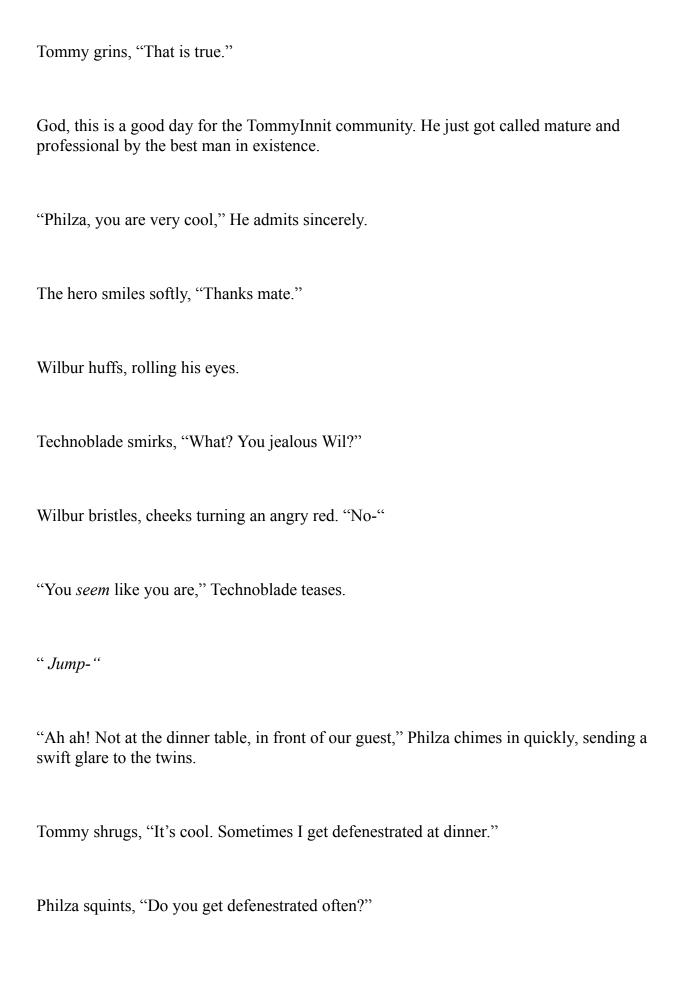
He needs to come across as professional, mature and intellectual.

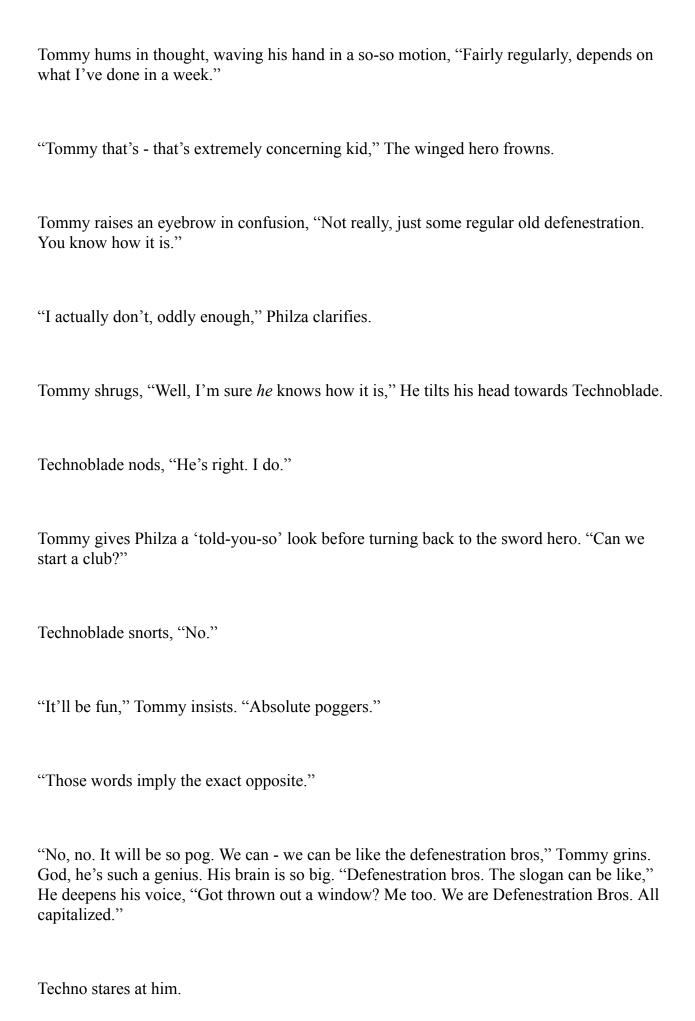
Tommy slyly averts his eyes to Clementine for help. She stares at him.











In fact, everyone is staring at him.
"What?" Tommy frowns, "Come on, that was such a good fucking slogan. Defenestration Bros, here to save the day after falling from tall heights. We could - we could have like, a movie made about us Technoblade."
Wilbur snickers, sending an amused look to the teenager, "Technoblade?"
Tommy crosses his arms, "Yes? That's his name?"
"His name is Techno."
"Blade," Tommy corrects.
"No, Techno."
"Blade. Technoblade," Tommy insists.
"God, I'm having déjà vu," Philza laughs.
"Technoblade is his legal name," Tommy decides.
"What the fuck? That's so incredibly false," Wilbur whispers in bewilderment.
"His name can't be Techno. That's weird. Not poggers," He justifies.

"I still don't like the way you use that word," Techno chimes in.
"And Technoblade is not the weirdest fucking name? Who has blade in their name? Do you know how much he would have been bullied in school?" Wilbur throws his hands up.
"Techno is so much weirder. Because like, it could be short for Technology and that's just weirdchamp. Technoblade is a beautiful name, badass and terrifying."
Wilbur stares at him. "Yeah, I'm done with this conversation."
"So you've given up and admitted defeat," Tommy nods.
"That's not at all what I said."
"You did."
"Hi, uh, Tubbo?" Ranboo bites his lip, holding the phone to his ear.
"Yes dear?"
Ranboo huffs a laugh before remembering why he called, "So, um, basically, basically, you know Tommy?"
"No. I don't actually."



Philza walks into the living room, carrying a tray of milkshakes, Wilbur in tow. "Hey boys, we're ba-Tommy why do you have Techno's sword?"

Tommy grins, brandishing the weapon and doing an epic spin with the handle. "I am glock wielder supreme."

Philza turns to Technoblade, disappoint clear in his expression, "Tech, we left for *ten* minutes. You couldn't keep a fucking murder weapon away from him?"

Technoblade looks up tiredly at him from his position on the couch, "Never make me babysit again," He glares.

Wilbur smirks, "What? Were you no match for a child Techie?"

"Not a fucking child!" Tommy screeches.

"You don't know what happened," Technoblade stares, eyes full of despair. "He is not someone who can be tamed."

"Pog beam!" Tommy shouts, thrusting the sword into the air. " *Clementine* did you see that? That was poggers."

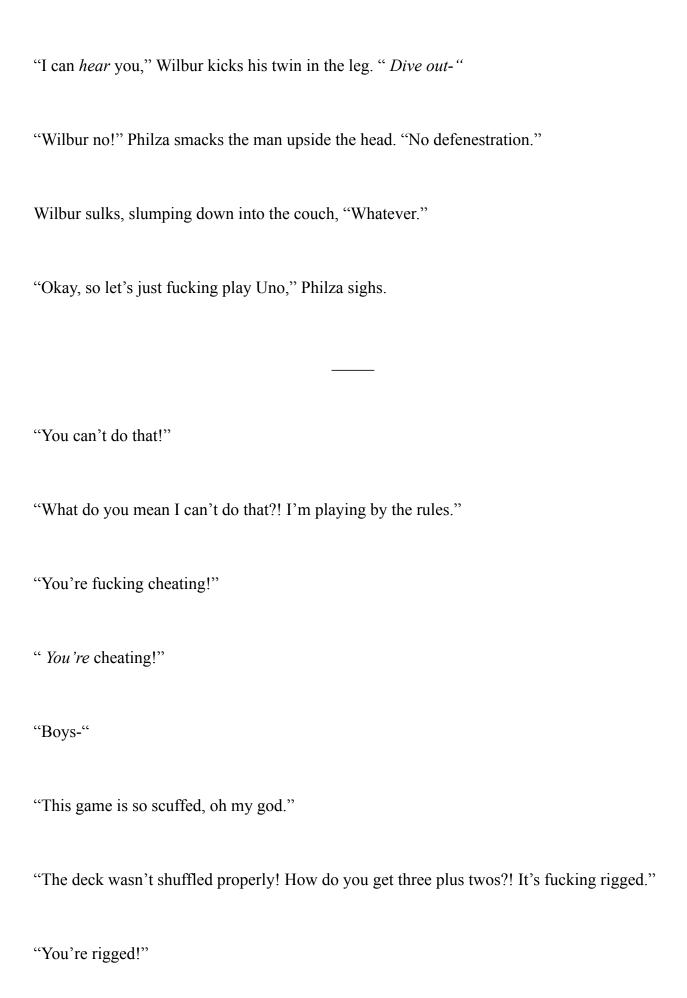
This is such a fucking epic day for the TommyInnit community. He's totally stealing this.

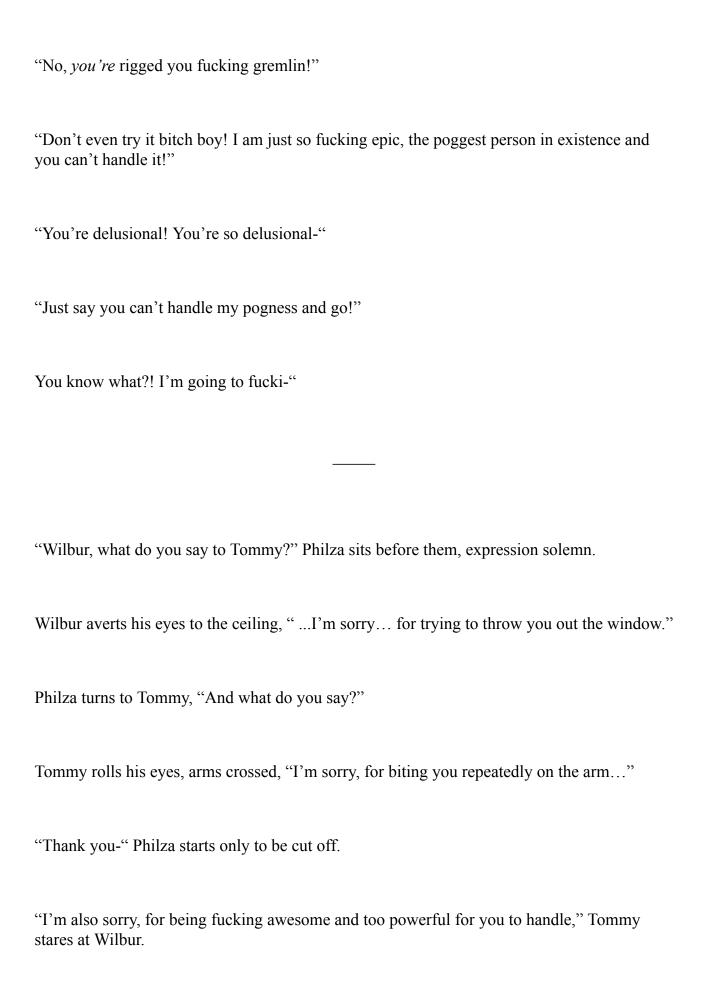
Tommy sips his milkshake. Cookies and cream. So pog.
He glances over at Wilbur. He's got mint chocolate chip. Tommy needs to try it. He won't be able to live a complete life without trying it. He will actually die.
He stares at the man.
Then he stares some more.
Wilbur finally glances over at him, eyes immediately narrowing. "No."
"What?" Tommy widens his eyes, "I didn't say anything big man."
"You're not having any."
"Any of what?" Tommy tilts his head.
"My milkshake," Wilbur glares at him.
"You wanna give me your milkshake?" Tommy grins.
"That's not what I said."
"I mean, if you insist," Tommy shrugs, reaching over to grab the drink.





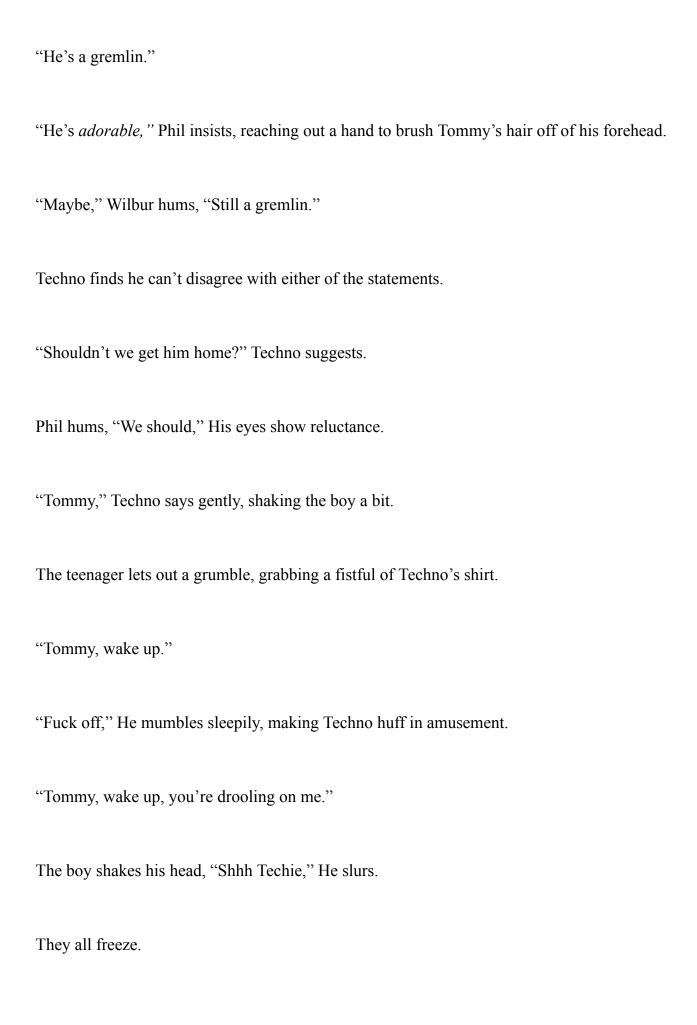


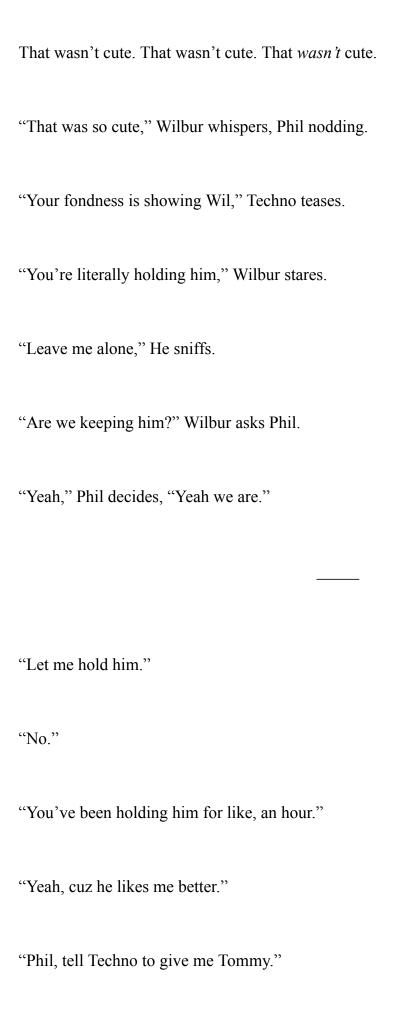


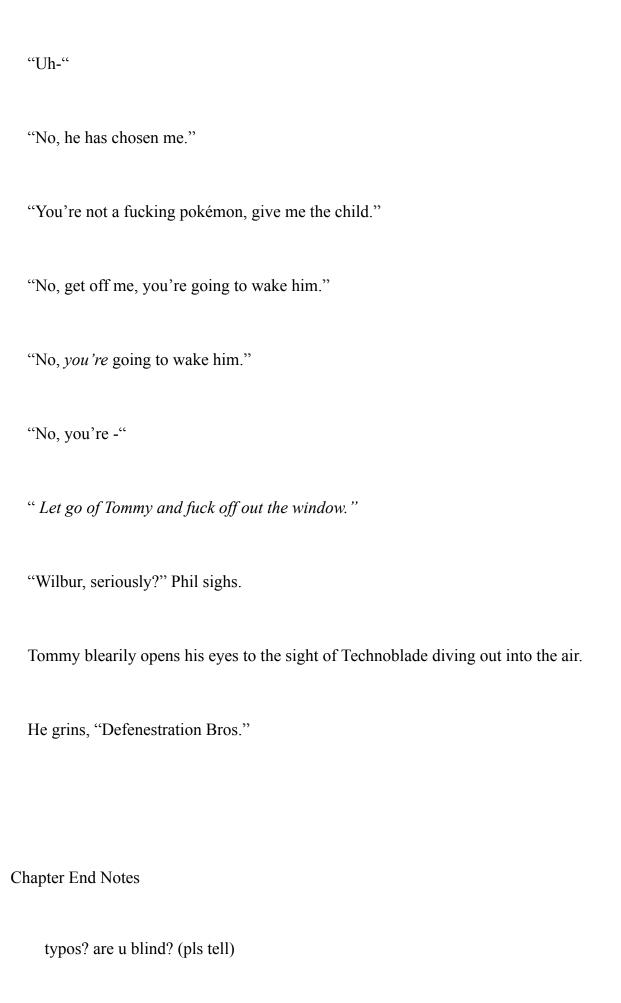












hello cult. how are u cult. hope u are well cult. sorry for the shortish chapter. BUT holy shit this fic is doing numbers thank you so much. we're at like 80000 hits which is so crazy to me. thank you all so much.

when i made this fic, it was immediately after reading one of sircantus's fics (pls check them out, they are so pog. and i thought wow, i want a fic that's as popular as that and as funny. i never thought too much about whether i'd actually get popular but here we are.

thank you thank you thank you. you guys are so pog. i have like 800 twitter moots and that's crazy.

ALSO kind of important. i've given up on having an update schedule. i knew i said i'd update once a week but i'm just going to do what i want. sorry haha but it will just be spontaneous. i might update twice in two days or not for two weeks and thats ok because this is my comfort fic that i write when i want to. it's kinda scary now that's it's blown up because some of u guys have high expectations and detailed theories. let me just say this. i am child. i'm literally 16 and this is a crack fic, pls don't expect much. i don't think this fic out like my others because that's not what this one is about, it's literally just a way to relax when i'm feeling stressed (which is very often it seems lmao). so yh.

```
anyways

cult pog <3

here's some amazing fanart :)))

you can send fanart or just talk to me on twitter @bigbrainsimp
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big pog tommy fanart

That's What I Like

Chapter Summary

Chapter Notes

AYUP SIMPS

here is new chapter that i wrote at 1am in the morning. it is now 2am don't think there's any TW but pls tell enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

Ranboo watches as Tubbo zips up his hoodie, expression fierce, stance tense.

"Are you sure we should do this?" He questions nervously, scratching the back of his neck beneath his own hoodie.

Tubbo turns to him, eyes hard, "This is the only option Ranboo."

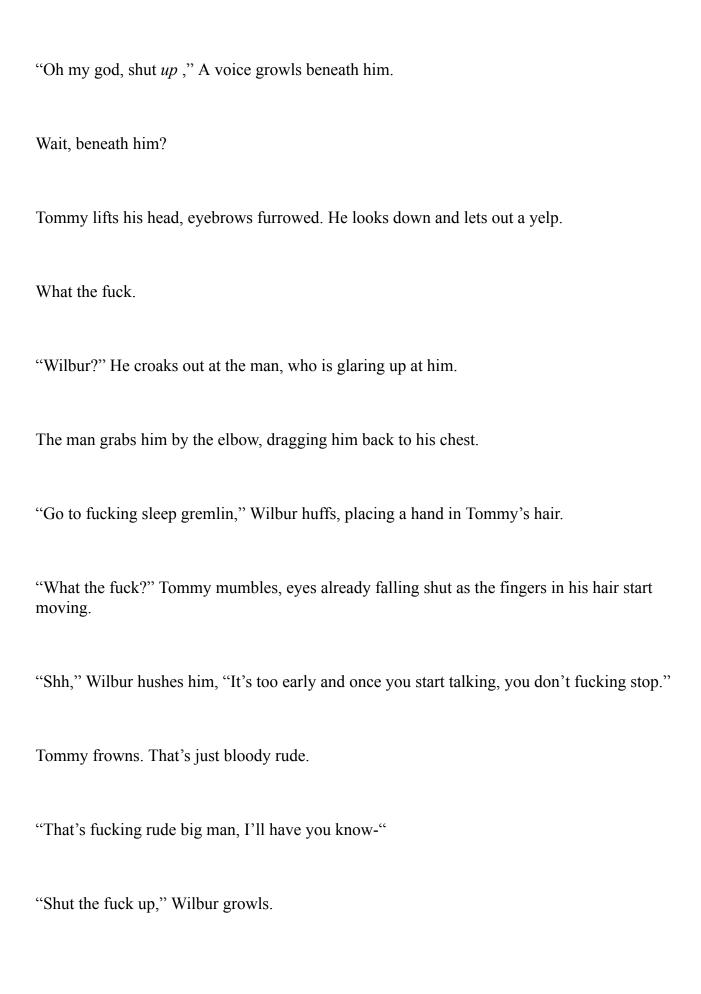
"Um, no," Ranboo shifts, "I feel like, there are many, many, other ways to go about this."

"This is *my* only option," Tubbo corrects, crossing his arms before adding, "So, it's your only option."

Ranboo looks down at him, raising an eyebrow, unconvinced.



Tubbo grins up at him, teeth showing, "You love me for it."
As Ranboo stares down at the boy - decked out in a green dinosaur hoodie which <i>should</i> be adorable and yet is somehow intimidating - he thinks that maybe he regrets befriending the physical version of the devil on his shoulder.
But maybe he likes it a little too much.
Either way, he doesn't think he really had a choice in the matter.
Tubbo gets what Tubbo wants.
Tommy wakes up suspiciously comfortable.
There is no foot in his face.
He blinks his eyes open in confusion, scrunching up his nose as he yawns.
Blinking blearily at his surroundings, the world blurs for a moment before becoming clear.
He stiffens.
This isn't his house. What the fuck. What the fuck. What the-

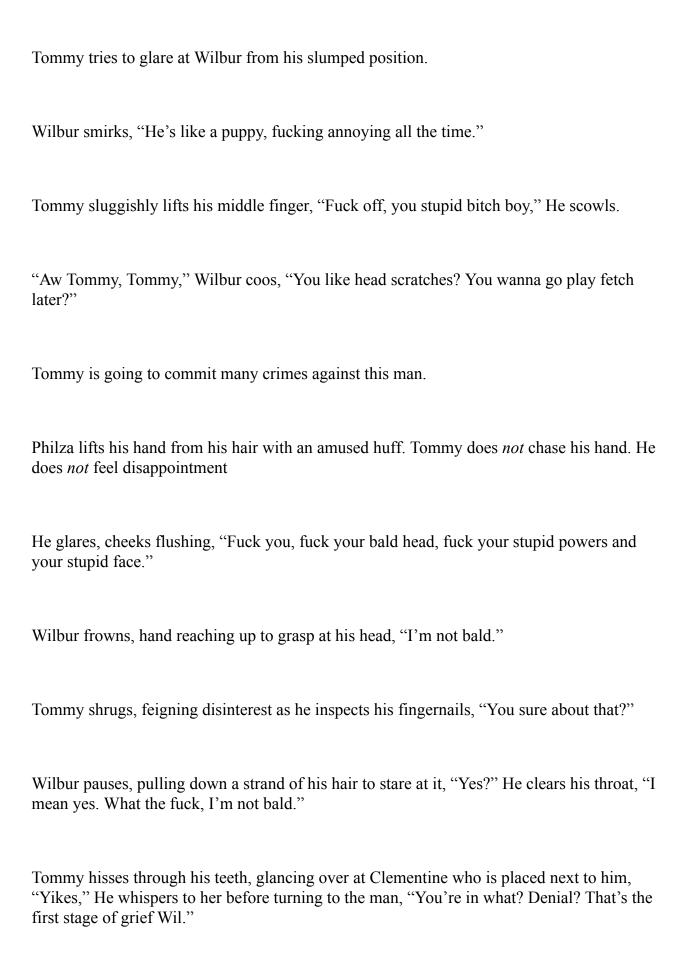


Tommy clamps his mouth shut. Listen, Wilbur isn't scary or anything, Tommy could probably, totally, maybe, take the guy in a fight. Anyways, Tommy isn't listening to the guy cause' he's scary, that'd - that'd be stupid. He's just - he's just tired okay? He's not intimidated by the hero or anything. He's fucking TommyInnit, the *courageous* and *athletic* and *handsome* and *charismatic* vigil-The fingers running through his hair make his mind buffer for a second, a yawn escaping. He's - he's TommyInnit, the courageous and athletic and-Wilbur hums lightly, chest rumbling beneath Tommy's head. He's - he's TommyInnit, the - the... "You drugged me!" Tommy accuses over the dining table. Wilbur raises a tired eyebrow at him. Philza isn't even listening, scrolling through Twitter or something. Technoblade is drowning in his bowl of cereal. "I what?" The man yawns. "Drugged me," Tommy hisses. He turns to Philza, "Philza, Philza, he drugged me."

Philza hums, glancing over at him, momentarily turning his attention from his phone, "He did

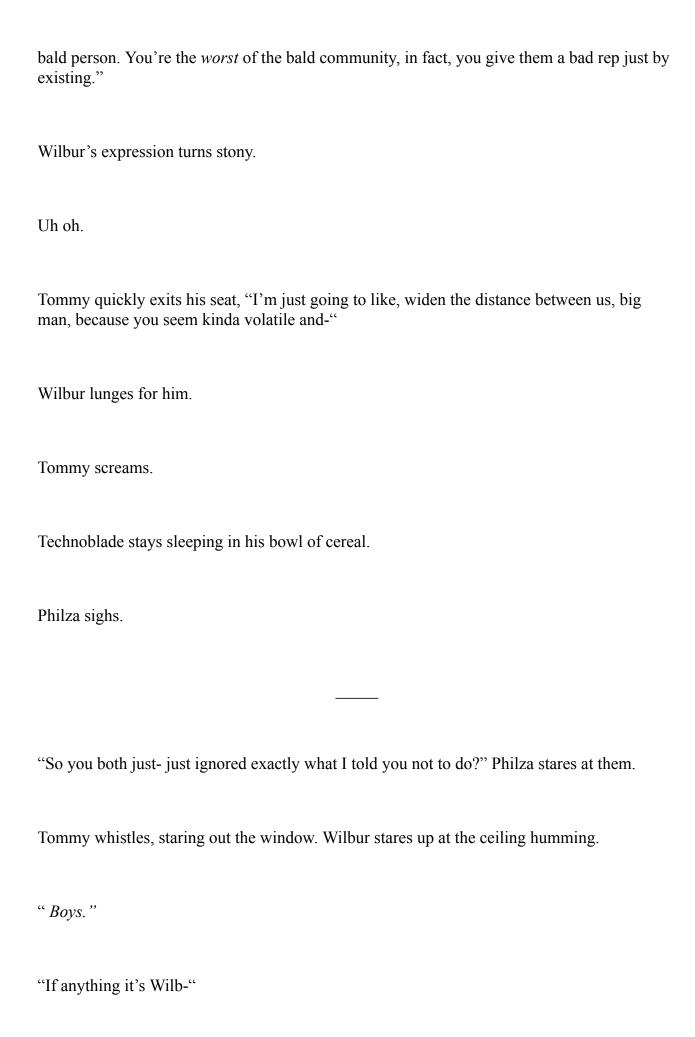
what mate?"



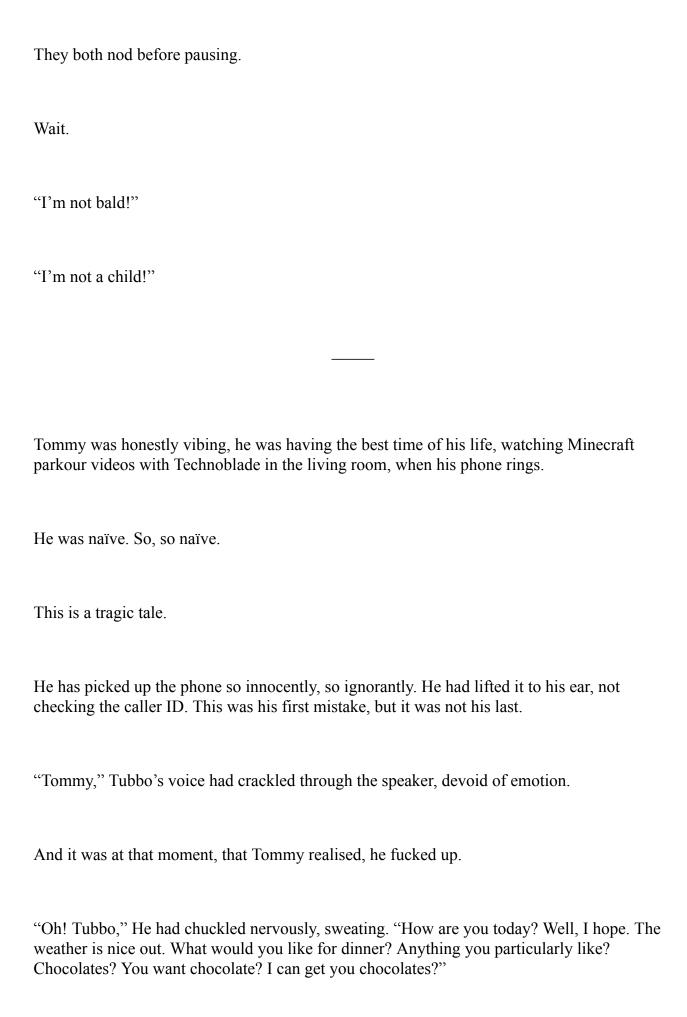


"I'm?" Wilbur stares at him in disbelief, "I'm not grieving?" "Woah, you're *deep* in denial," Tommy pulls a face. "I'm not fucking grieving. There's nothing to grieve, I'm not bald." "Listen, don't displace your anger on me," Tommy placates, raising his palms in soothing motion, "I know this is a hard time for you, being bald is a tough realization. I can help you through this, I can support you through this, but I am *not* your therapist. Seek professional help before taking out your problems on *innocent* individuals such as myself." Wilbur throws up his hands in frustration, "Fuck you, fuck your mind games, I hate you." "Mind games? Jeez, I think you're beyond help at this point," Tommy sighs, "I retract my previous statement, seek um, seek an exorcism." "What the fuck," Wilbur stares before turning to Philza, desperate, "Phil, Phil, tell him to stop fucking bullshitting." "Uh what?" Philza glances up from his phone, "Sorry kids, wasn't listening. Don't think I really want to listen. Tommy stop doing whatever you're doing, Wil, don't kill him or something." "Tell me I'm not bald!" Wilbur screams. Tommy snorts, sending a knowing look to Clementine. What can you do, really, when someone's in denial of baldness? "Listen, Wilbur, big guy, there's loads of amazing people who are bald. Like The Rock, um, John Cena, Caillou, Saitama," He lists off of his fingers, "They are all pretty cool people.

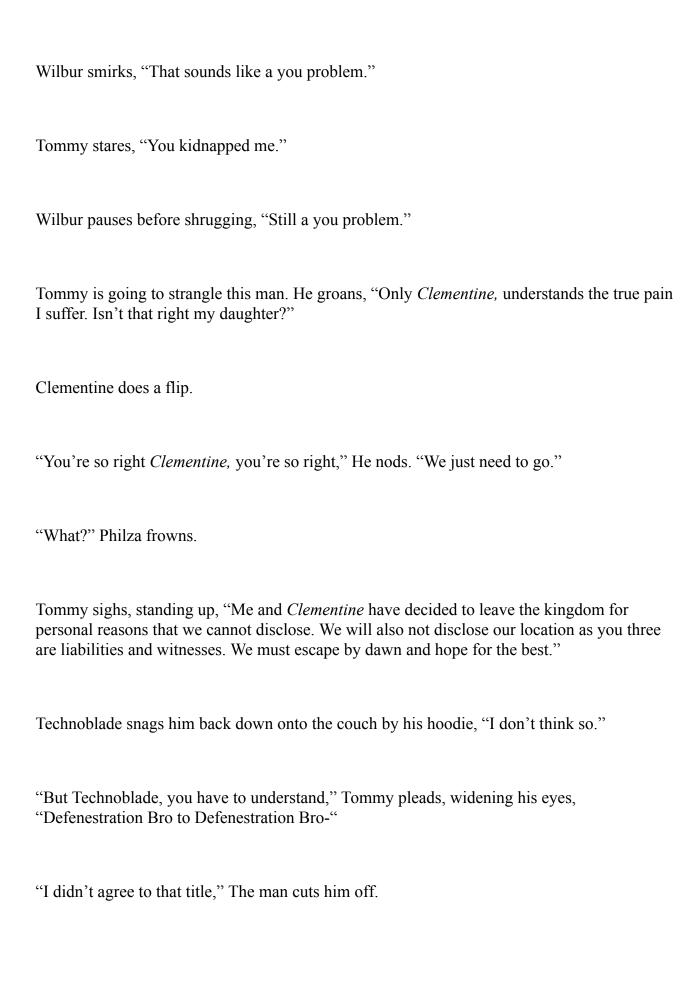
You're not one of them, of course. You're not a cool bald person. You're not even an alright

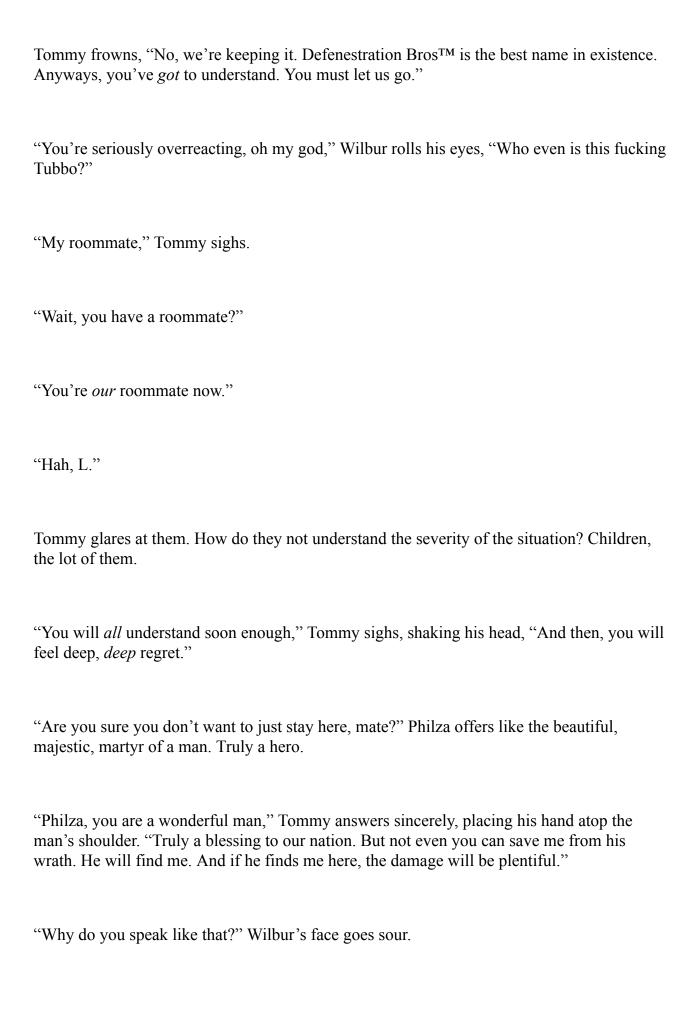


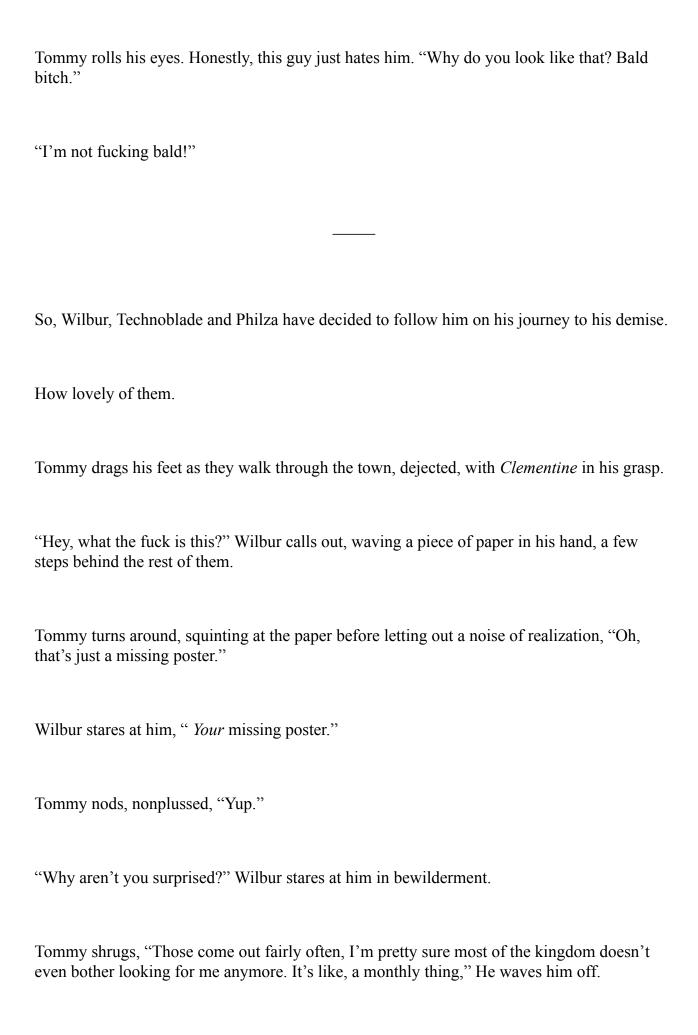


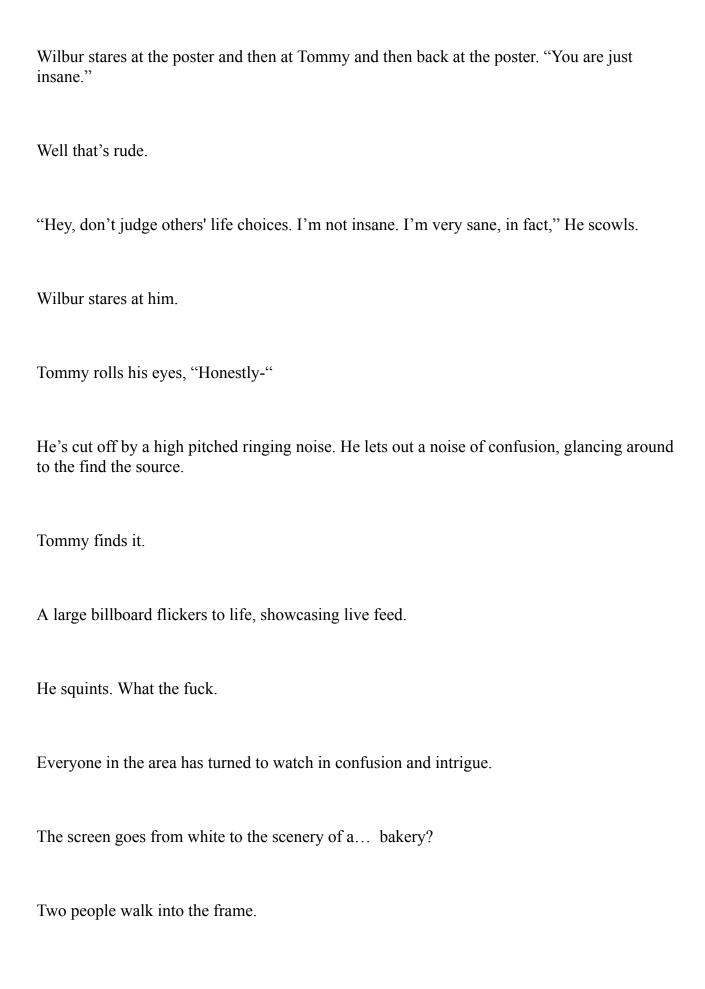




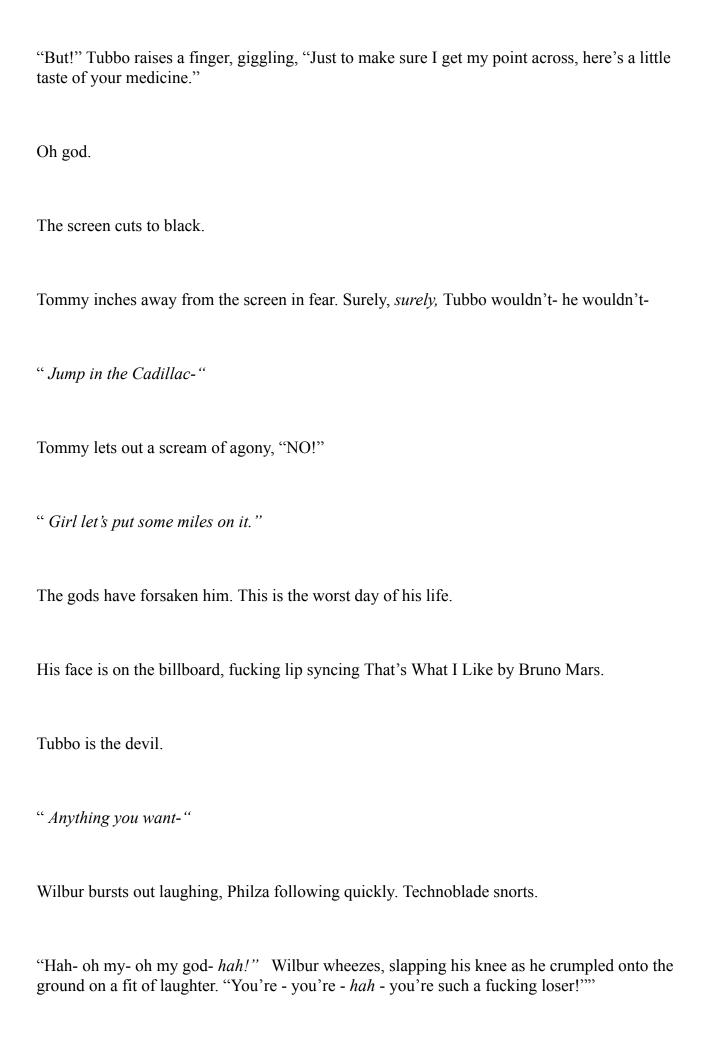


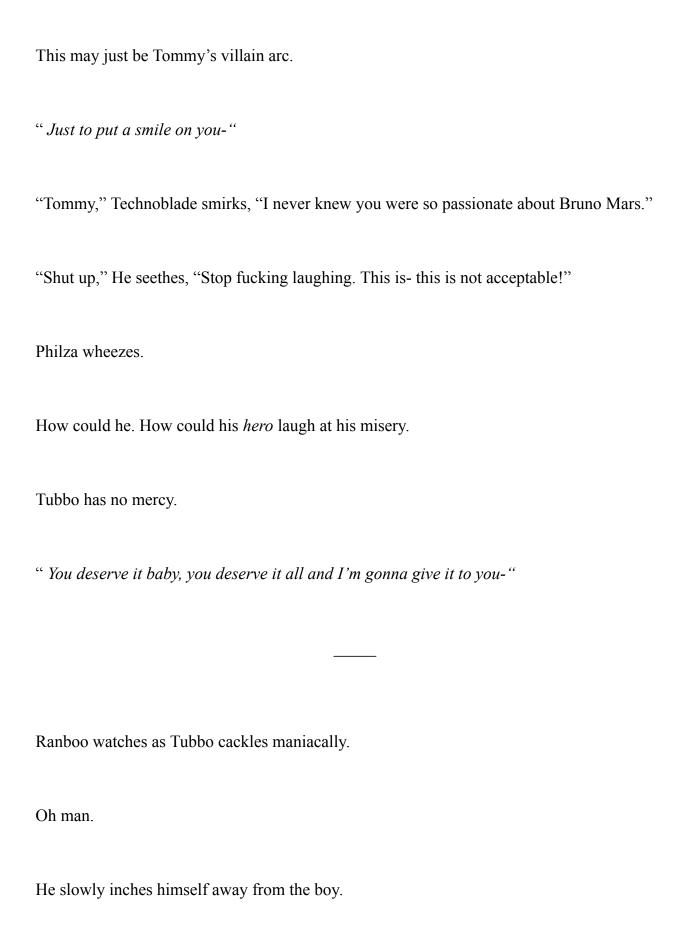
















hello cult, your cult leader is back. how are u guys? what was ur fave quote this chap? i love hearing what u guys think <3

you guys are so pog omg, i am in love with all of you. you guys are just amazing. i've got like so much fanart it's crazy, you guys are so talented. plus all of the vigilante tommy stories inspired by this one are so cool and well written with amazing plots, it's insane. we are at like 100,000 hits i think and i'm just,,, wow,,, in shock. i've got like a 1000 moots on twitter and it's amazing. thank you so, so much!

(also just a little reminder, you guys can write whatever you want for vigilante tommy - that's a free tag for everyone to use obviously. but um, pls if u use specific things like clementine the fish, or wilbur's hero name or just like things that are specific to my ficjust pls give me credit tysm <3)

um what else?? oh! i've written a bunch of fluff one shots :D go check them out if u want some fluff hehe. there's 'Ikanaide' — cute benchtrio fluff. 'I'm not clingy' — some clingytwt fluff <3 and 'Karma' — puffy and tommy fluff :)))

cult pog <3

here's some amazing fanart:))

if u want to send in fanart, or just talk to me, follow me on twt @bigbrainsimp or use the hashtag #vigilantetommy to tag ur fanart <3

really cute wilbur and clementine fanart <33333

Subway Sandwich But The Sandwich Is Optional



According to all known laws of aviation,

there is no way a bee should be able to fly.

Its wings are too small to get its fat little body off the ground-

Chapter Notes

hello simps it is i

back with another chapter

what is wrong with me? idk

TW: mentions of stabbing with a fork at the start of this scene -

"I just don't understand why we can't a meal..." - ends at the end of the scene enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

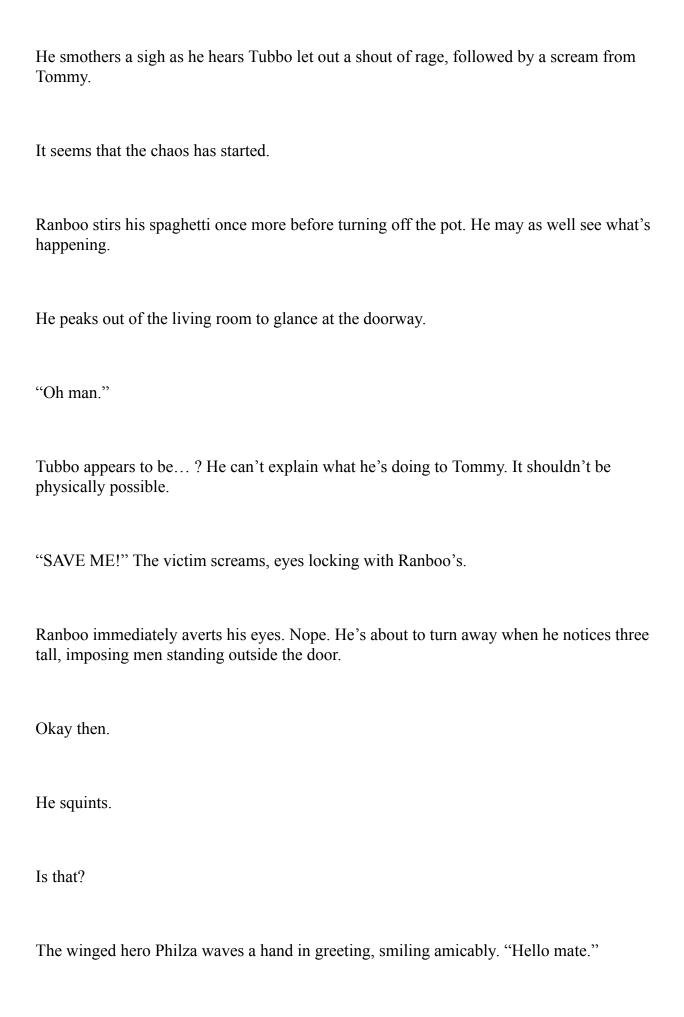
Tommy inhaled deeply as he stares at the front door, Clementine held tightly in his clenched fingers.

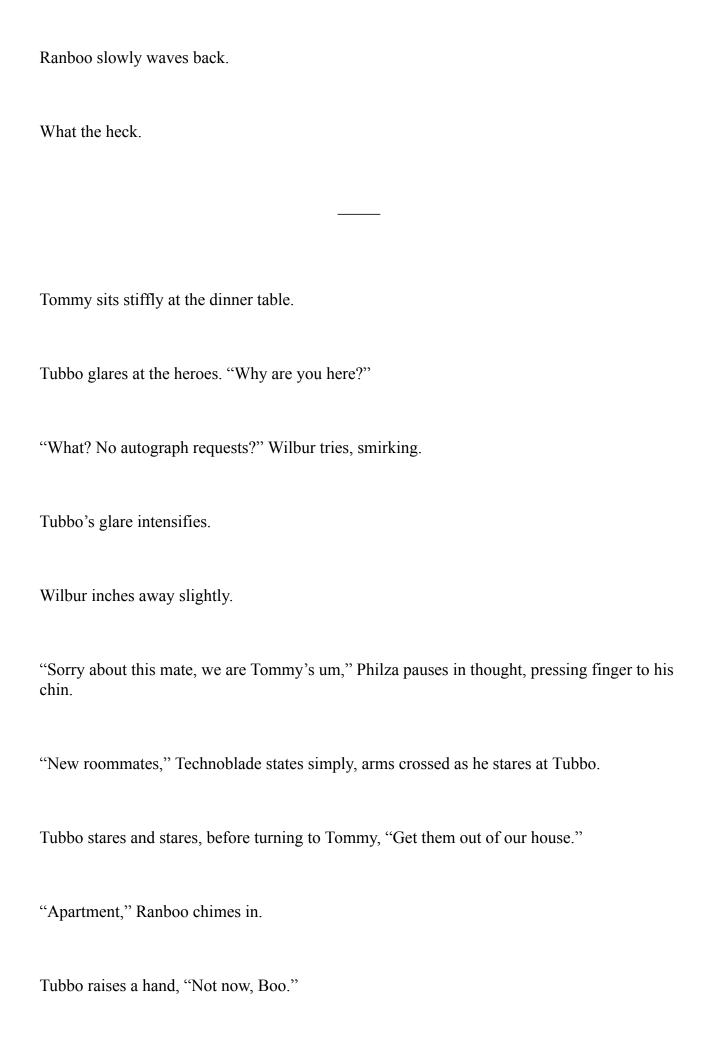
"Are you... going to open the door?" Technoblade drawls from behind him.



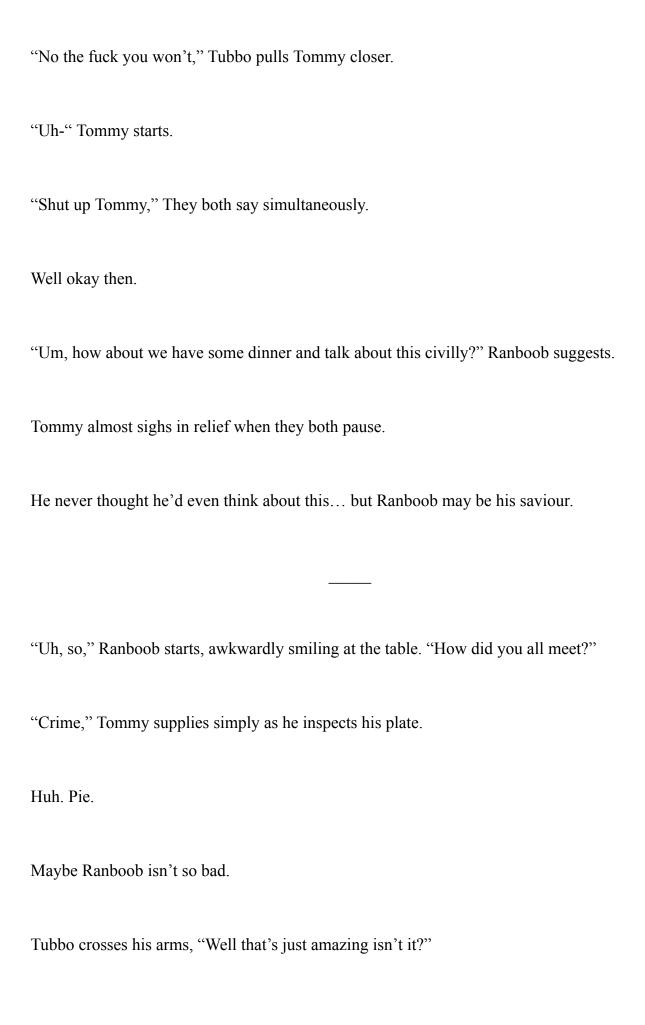


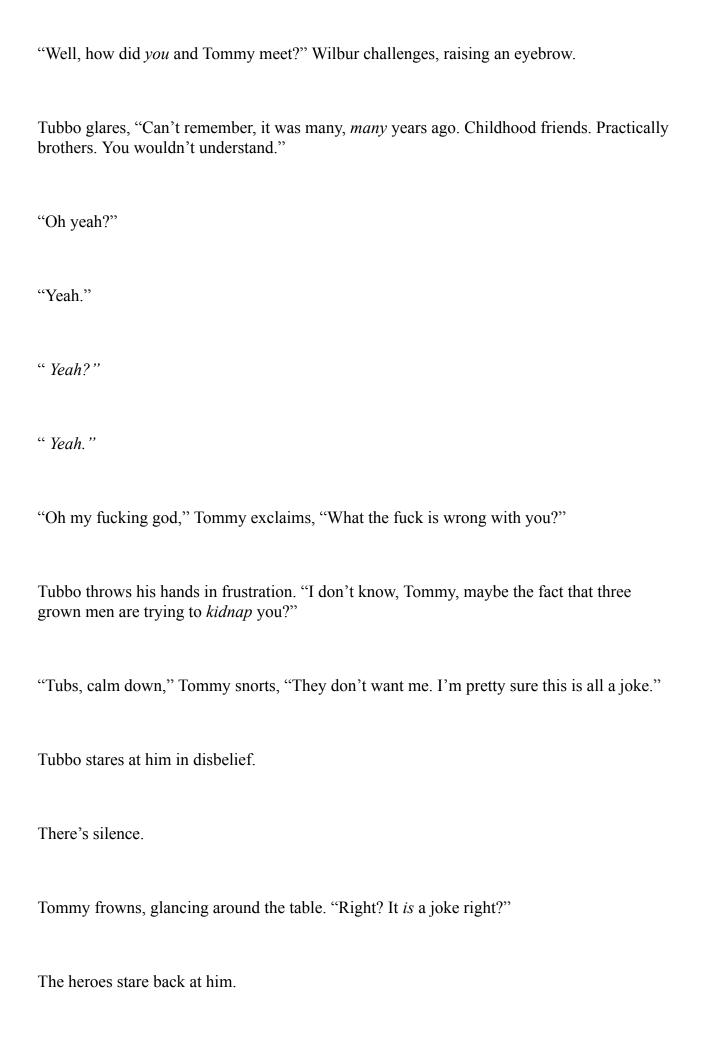
"I don't think that will work this time my daughter," Tommy sighs.
He takes a deep breath, standing to his full height as he turns back towards the three heroes.
"Soldiers, the greatest of mankind, and Wilbur," Tommy addresses, "This may be the end of me. You may have to carry on my legacy, carry on the pillar that I have built in this land, forage the fields for the fruits of my labour and <i>conquer</i> , in my name," He presses a fist to his chest.
The heroes stare at him.
"It was great knowing all of you," He sighs, "Except you Wilbur," He ignores the middle finger sent his way. "May you remember my legacy, my amazing quotes, my badass vigilantism and most of all my name-"
"TommyInnit!"
Oh fuck.
He didn't even manage to finish the final stage. ———
Ranboo does not want to be a part of this.
He very much does <i>not</i> want to be a part of this. He wants you all to know this.

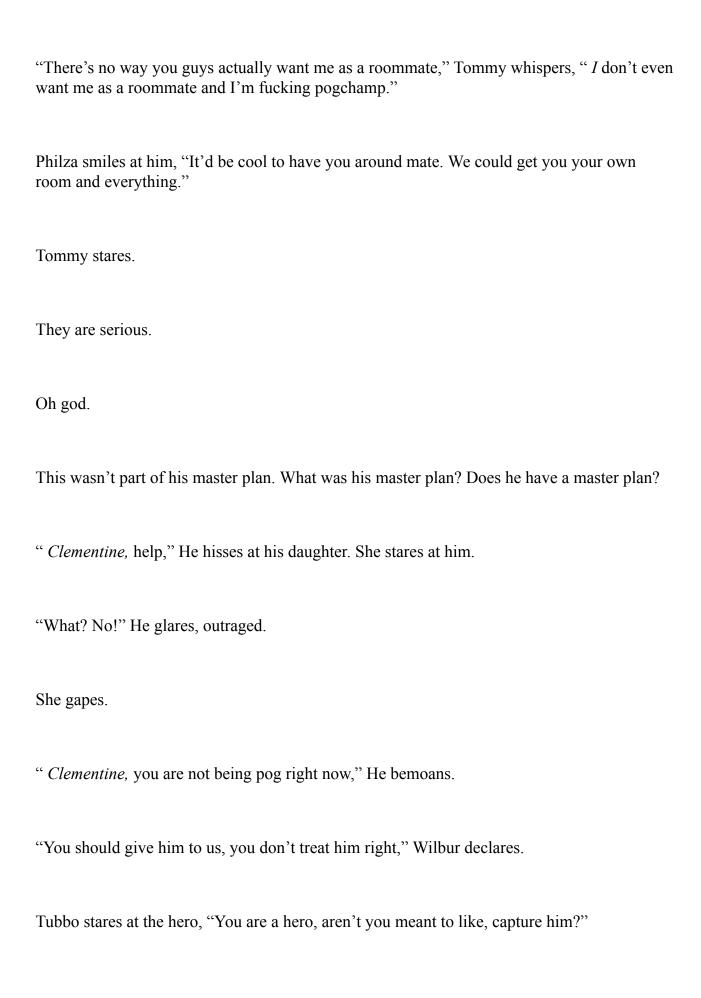














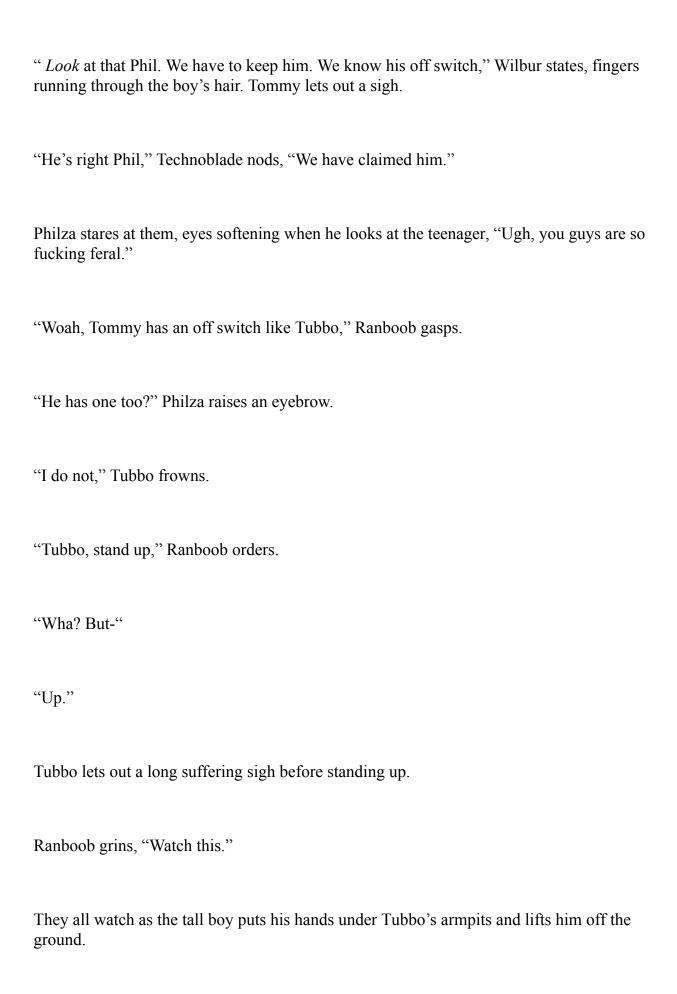


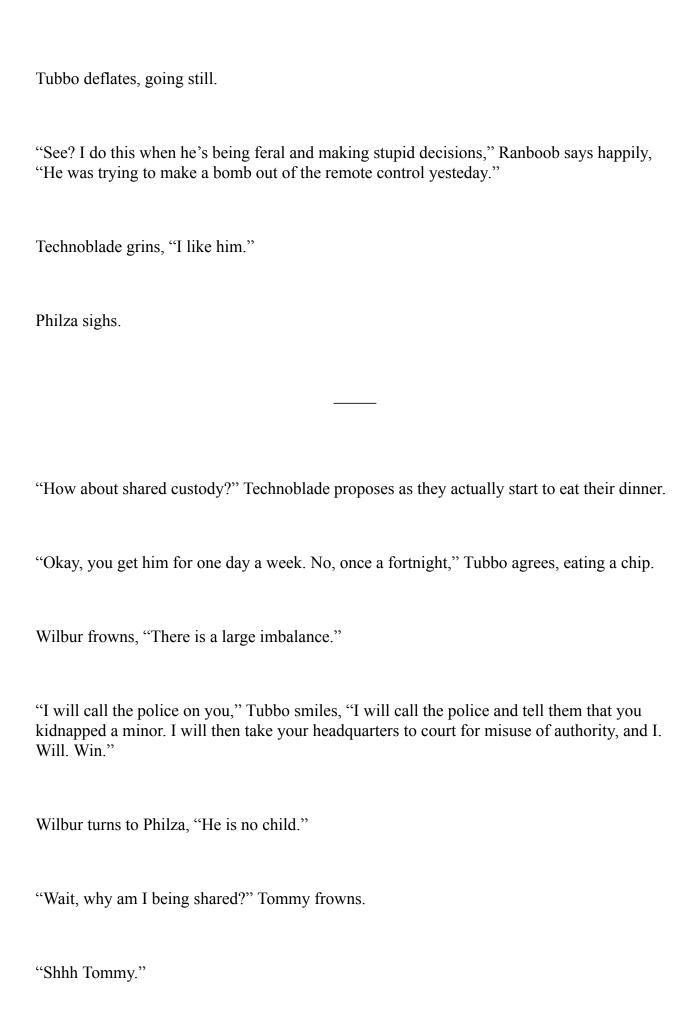




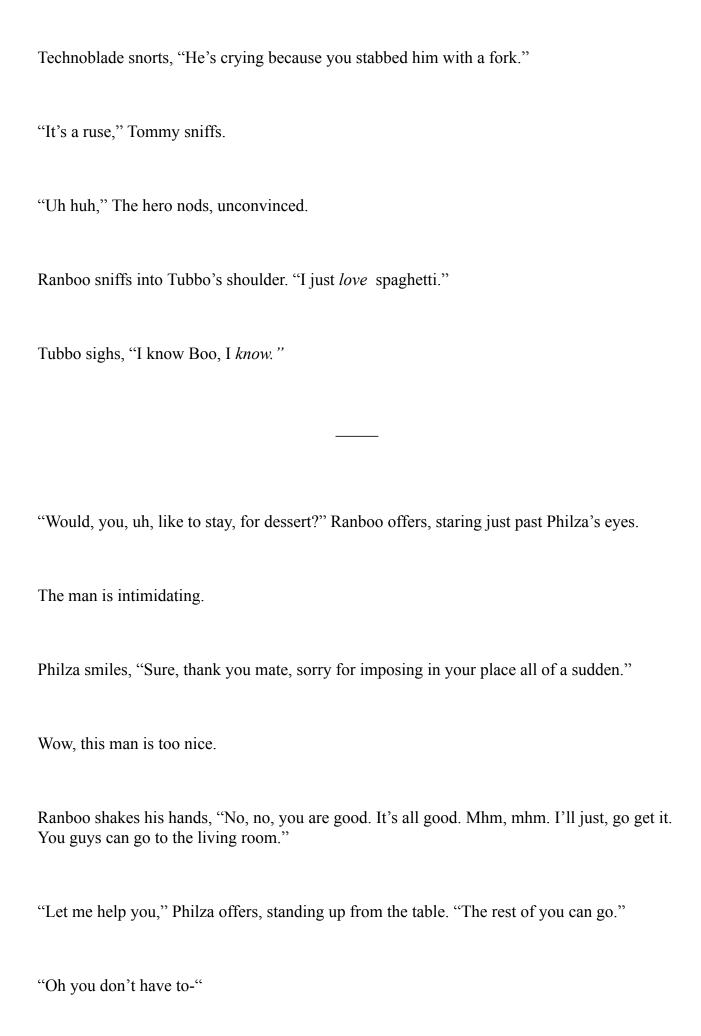


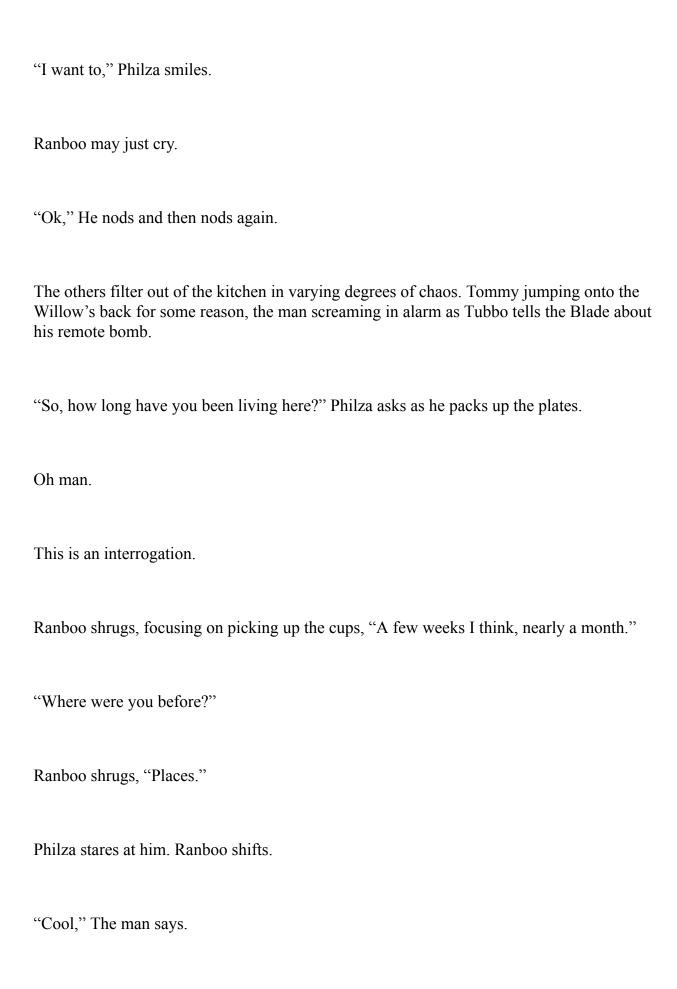




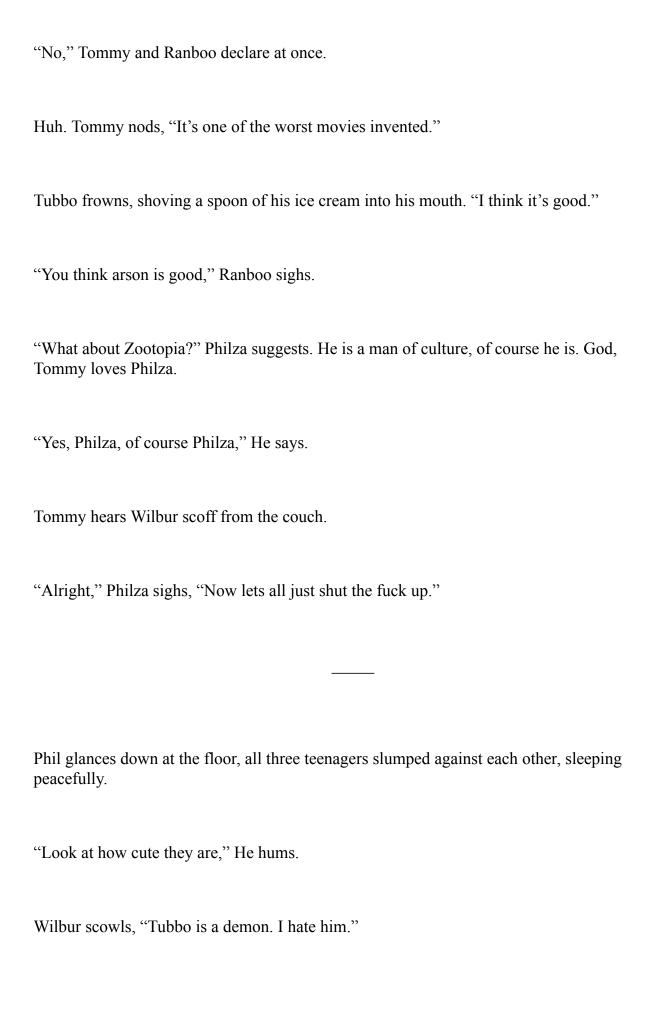




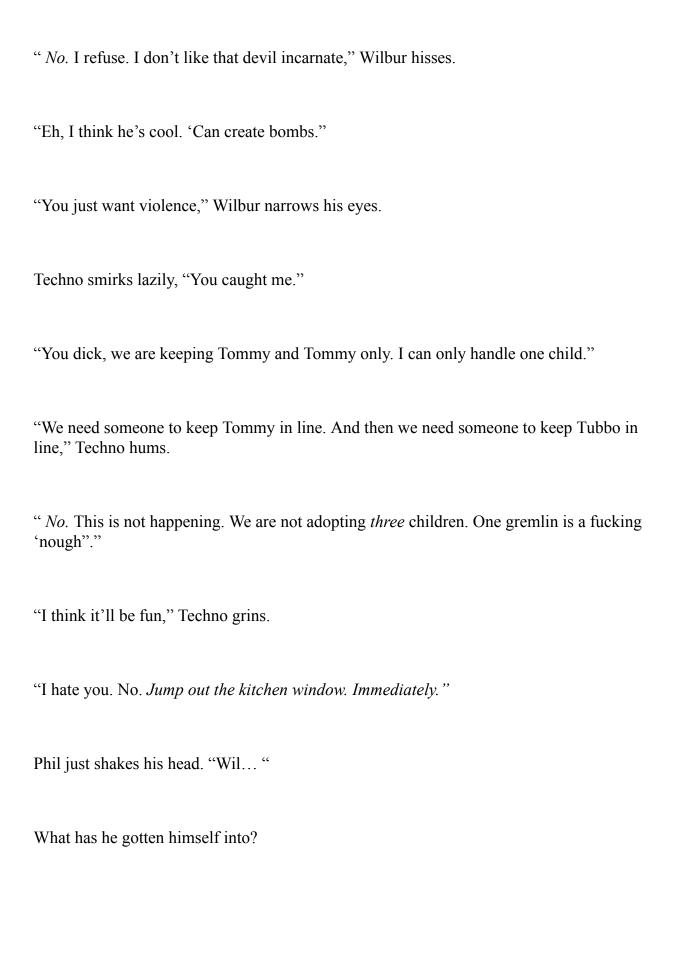












typos? in my spaghetti filled pie? absolutely not (pls tell)

ayup. how are u cult? i hope u are well. thank you for everything as always, i love you guys very much.

today was not pog so i wrote this to feel better. i've been not great haha. idk i'm just,,, eh. i'm finding it harder and harder to be emotionally available, especially irl. like, i find it exhausting to talk to people. i just feel very fragile atm,,, if that's even an emotion??? i just feel like overwhelmed and underwhelmed at the same time? like i could cry at any moment. idk. this is a bad authors note i am sorry.

anyways, how did u like benchtrio? benchtrio my beloved. i love them and i love their dynamic,,, sorry if this chapter wasn't as good, i am tired lmao

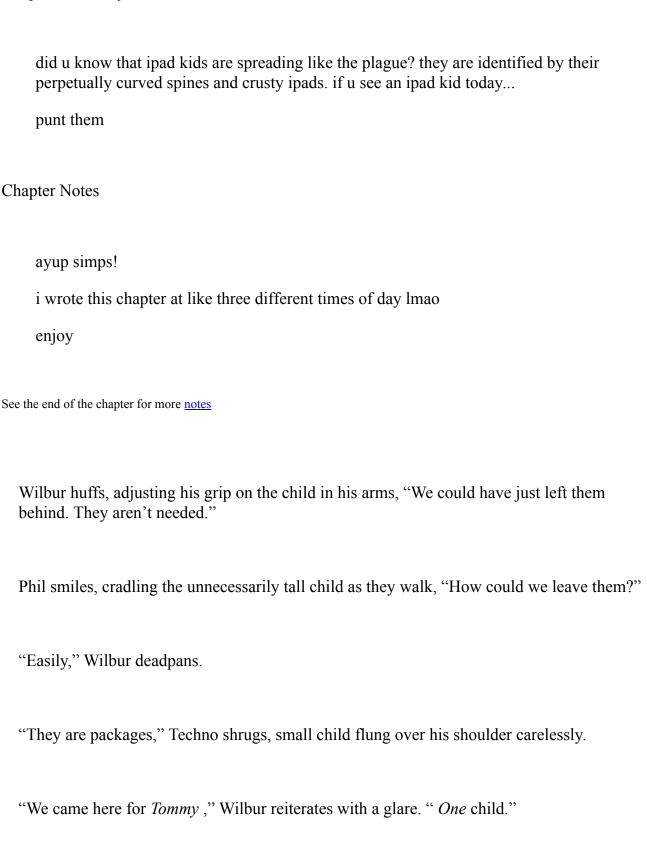
cult pog <3

here's some amazing fanart. as always, contact me on twt at @bigbrainsimp where u can send me fanart or just talk:)

very cute beeduo in dino hoodies <33

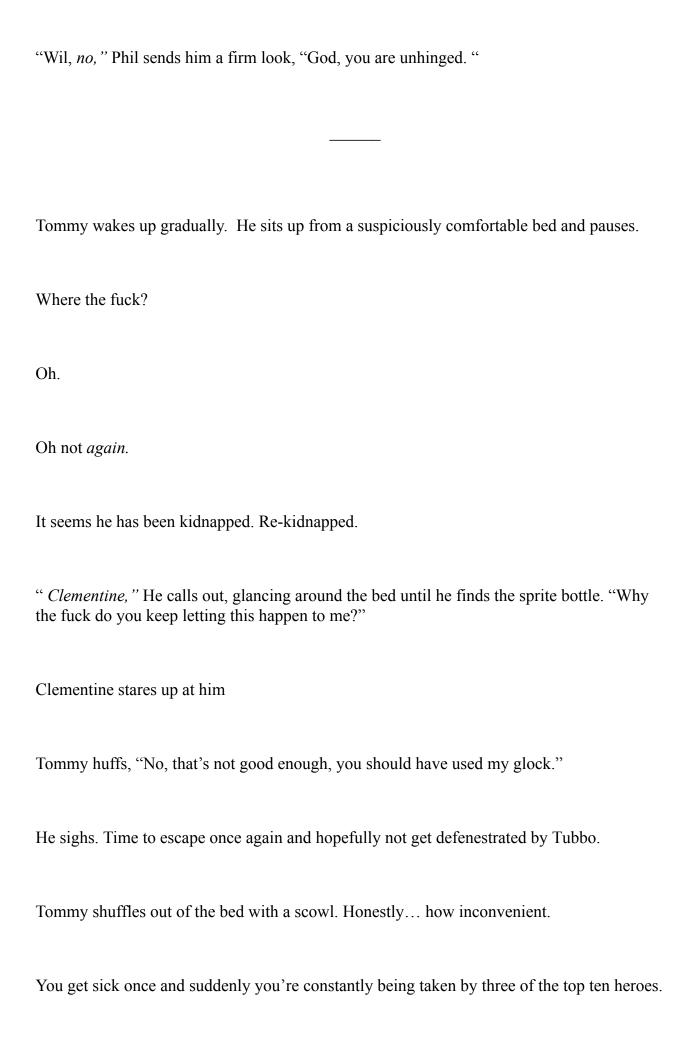
You Got Games On Your Phone?

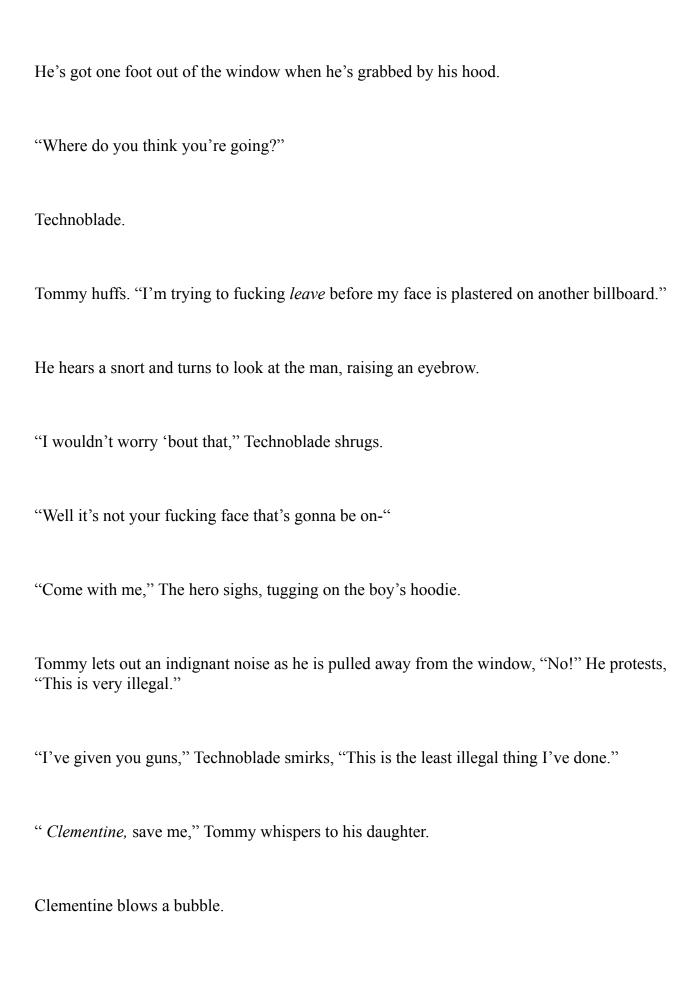
Chapter Summary



"And we got two for free," Phil chirps happily, wings fluttering.



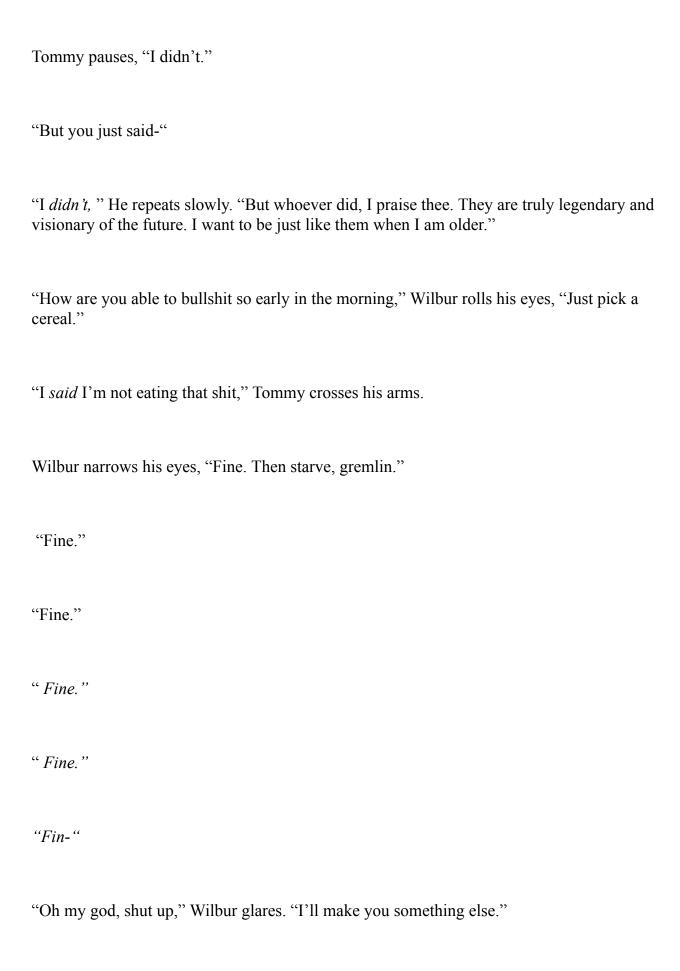




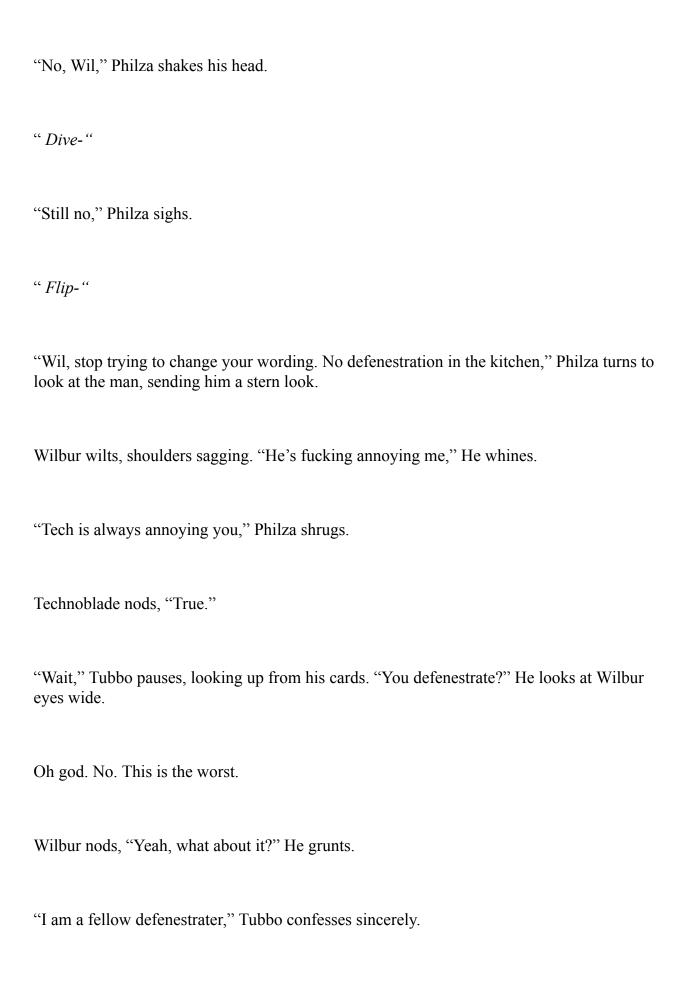




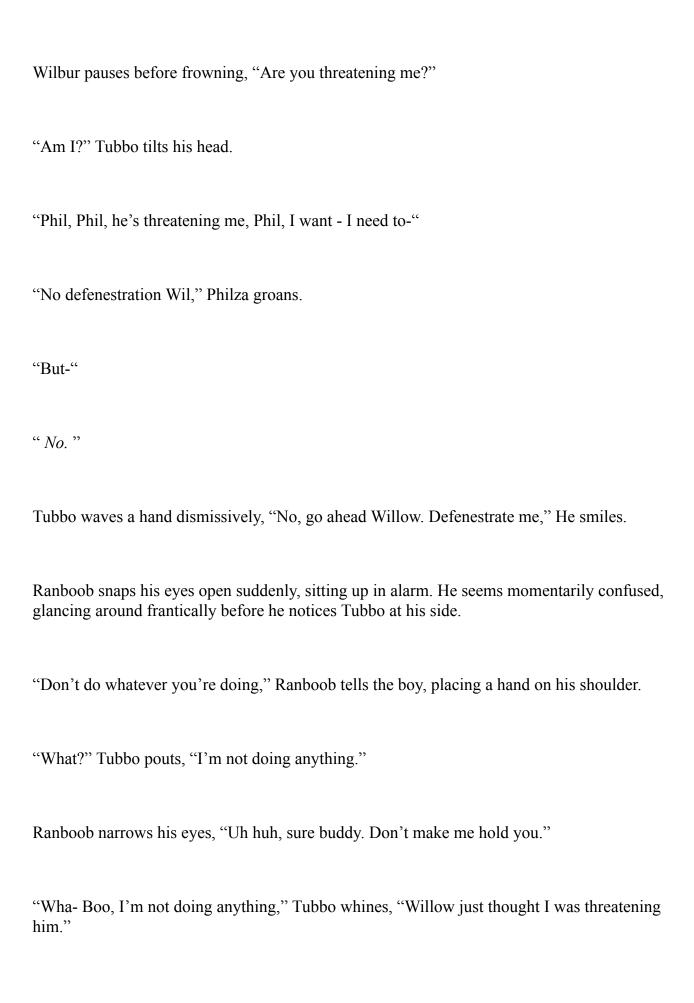








Wilbur crosses his arms, "You're not on my level."
"You sure about that?" Tubbo smirks, crossing his arms as well.
"Yes," Wilbur huffs, "I have defenestrated Techno over a hundred and fifty times, ever since we were children."
Technoblade nods, "He's right, it's true. He started when we were three," He explains before his eyes dull in exhaustion and deep agony, "And he's never stopped."
Tommy raises a hand to his forehead, chest puffed out. "A true soldier. An inspiration. You are pog."
"Stop using that word."
"The poggest," Tommy continues.
"Yeah? Well I defenestrate Tommy almost every week. Have been doing so for years now," Tubbo retorts.
"Not as long as I've been," Wilbur glares.
"Well I'm not as old as you, am I? I have many more years for defenestration," Tubbo justifies.
"You'll never be as good as me. Your defenestration skills are lacking."
"Why don't I let you experience it firsthand?" Tubbo smiles.



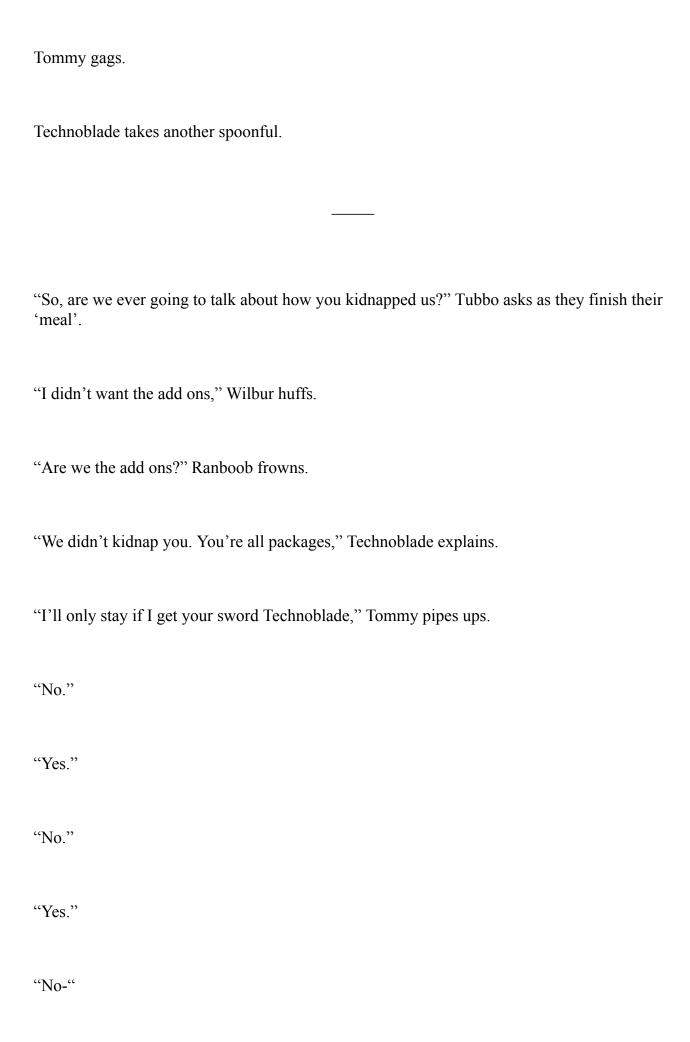


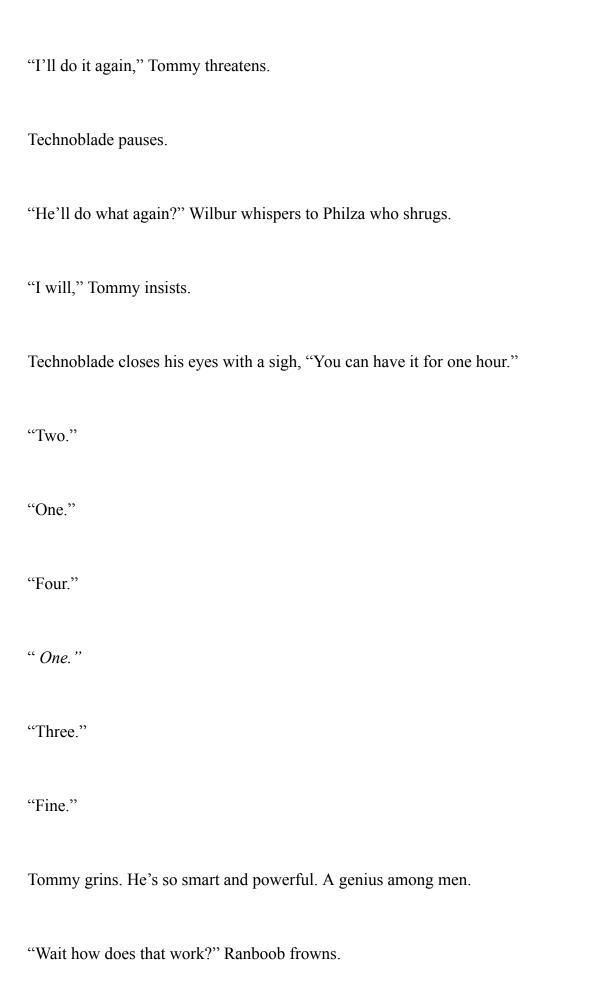
"I can make breakfast," Ranboob pipes up with a smile, "I make it for Tubbo all the time."
Tubbo's eyes widen and he chuckles nervously, "Yeah, haha, you do. But maybe, today someone else should do it."
"No, Ranboo you can do it," Philza nods with a smile, "I'm sure it'll be lovely."
Tommy watched as Tubbo frantically shakes his head, trying to make some sort of cutting motion, then a throwing up motion which ends with him dying.
Oh god.
"Philza, I don't think Ranboob should make it," Tommy tries to advise like the saint he is. Being a good samaritan.
"It's Ranboo, actually," Ranboob sighs.
"Shut up, Ranboob."
"I want Ranboo's cereal," Technoblade raises his hand.
Ranboob waves his hands dismissively, smiling sadly, "No it's fine, it's fine, you don't have to eat my food. I was only offering haha. Don't - don't worry guys, I don't want to pressure you into anything."
They all stare at the abnormally tall child before sighing.
Fuck.



Wilbur stares down at his own bowl, eyes unseeing. "I wish I did," He whispers.

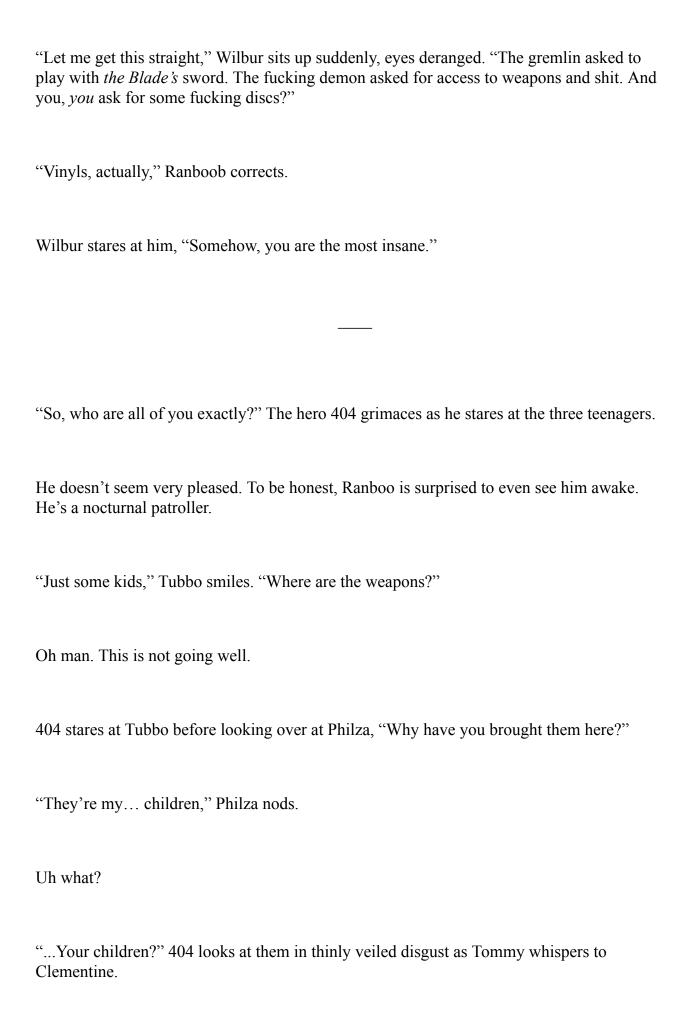


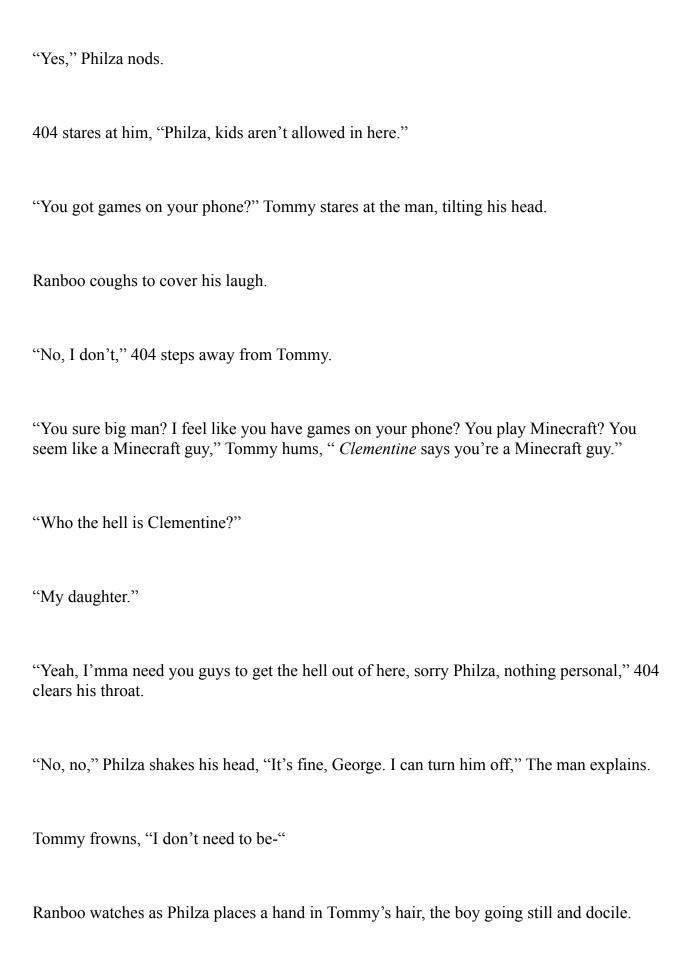




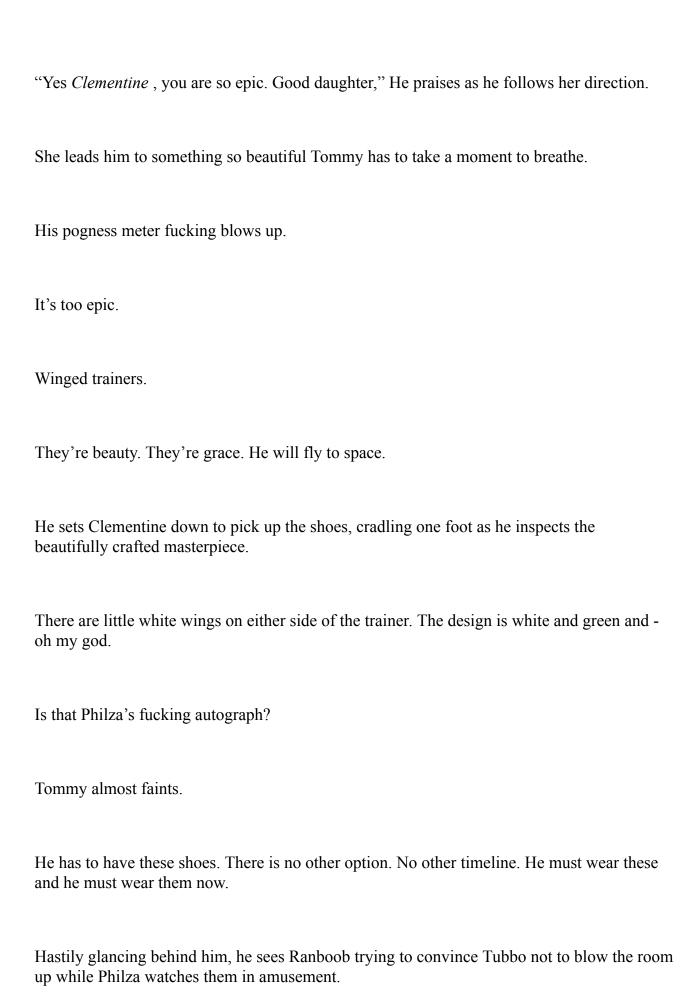


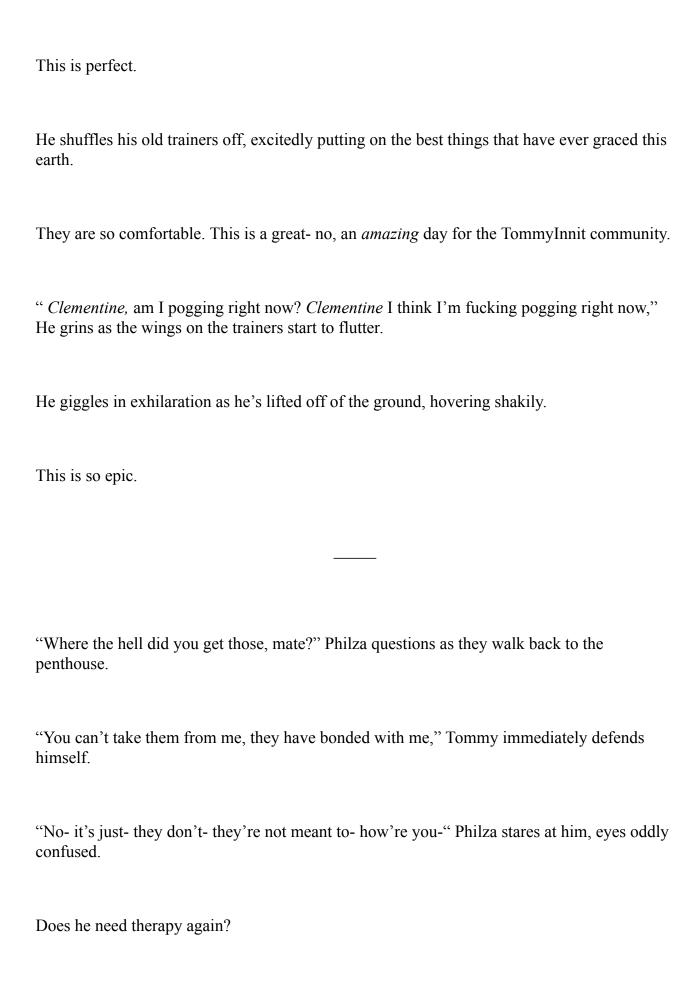
Ranboob frowns.
"I mean," Philza considers with a hum, wings fluttering lightly, "I guess I could give you access to some of our stuff. Okay," He decides, "How about you get access to <i>most</i> of our tech?"
Tubbo stares for a moment, deep in thought before he grins widely, "Okay, deal."
"You- you just! Did you-?! Did you actually just agree to give a psychopathic sixteen year old access to <i>weapons?</i> " Wilbur rages, an expression of pure bewilderment.
Philza pauses before nodding, "Yep."
Wilbur lets out a scream of frustration, head in hands.
"Anyways," Philza averts his eyes from the man who is having a mental breakdown. "What do you want Ranboo?"
Ranboob shifts nervously, "Oh uh, um, I don't - I don't actually know, I funnily enough, never thought I'd be kidnapped by three heroes."
"So he's sarcastic," Technoblade snorts, eyes amused.
"You can have anything you want Ranboo," Philza smiles.
Ranboob hums, brows furrowing, "Uh. Vinyls? I like music. Y'know songs and stuff. So uh yeah, that."



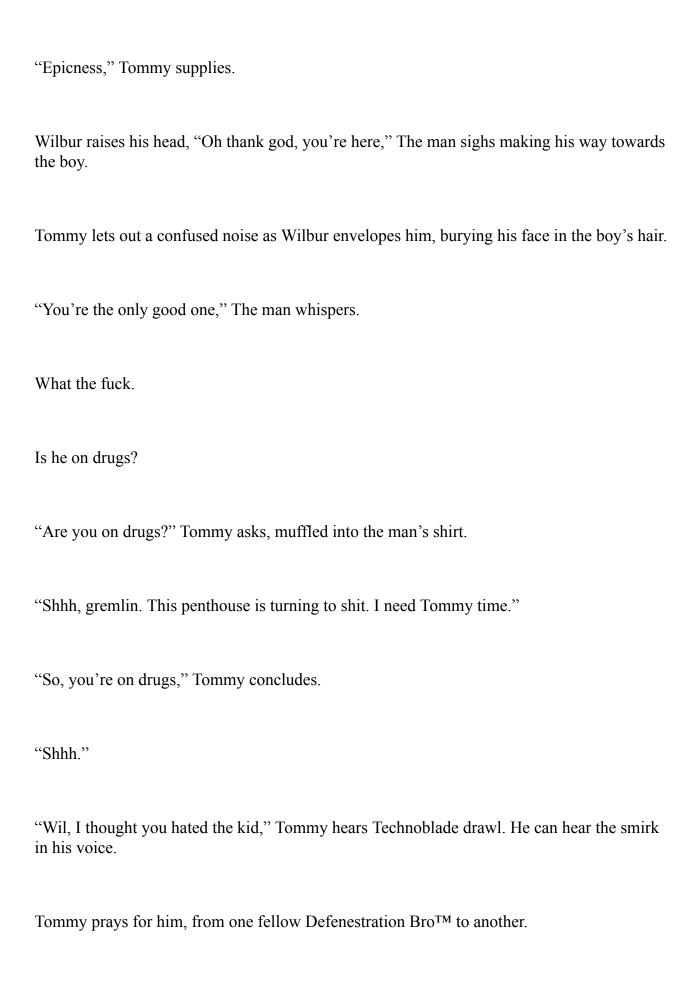


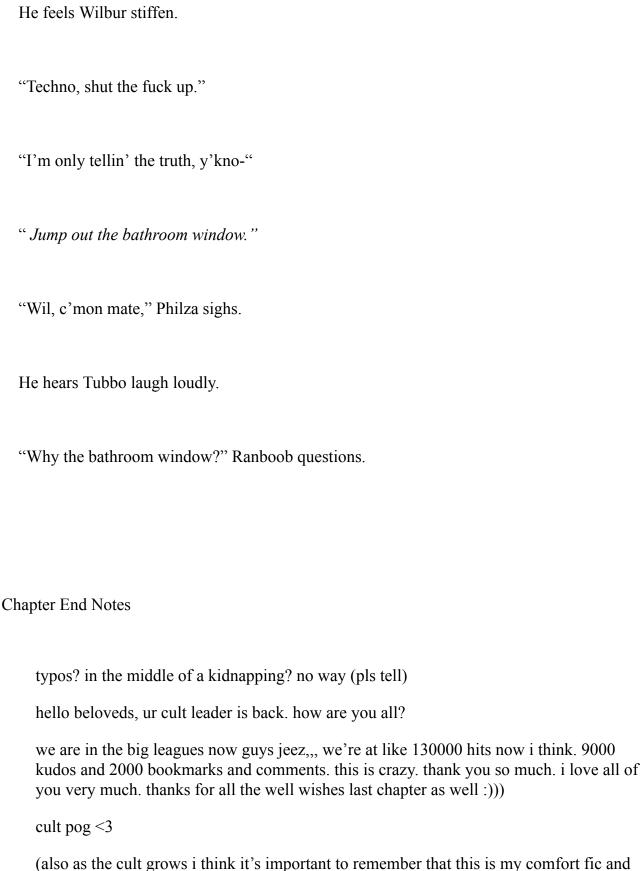












i'll do what i want with it. so pls don't request that i change the story to fit ur preferences. i'm writing this for myself and i'm glad you guys are enjoying it too, i love making you all happy but just a little reminder that is it /my/ story and my time that i spend writing this for free)

anyways, here is some amazing fanart. honestly u guys r crazy i get so many amazing fanarts from so many amazing artists. artists i love you all <33

to send fanart or just talk, you can find me on twitter @bigbrainsimp :D i have actually created a mini benchtrio cult on there, pls join our revolution hehe

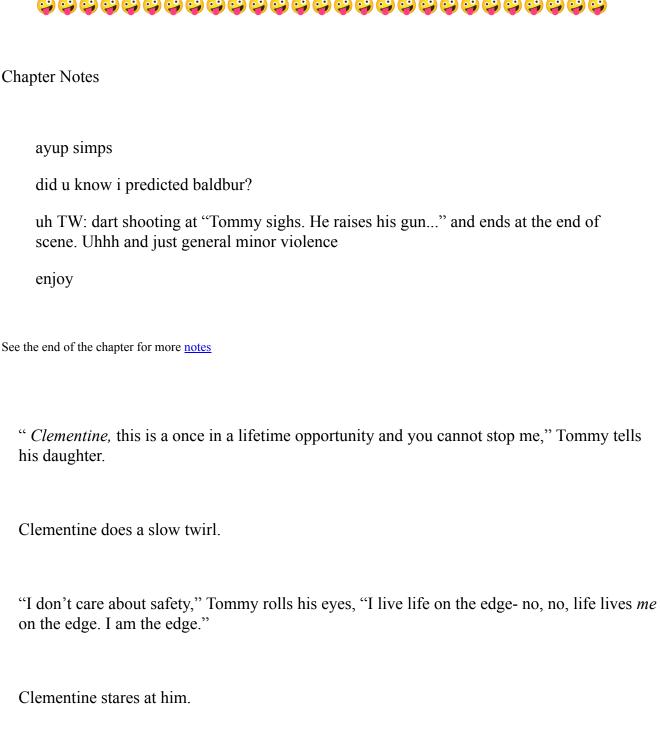
also i need new moots because i'm getting bullied for being 8'9

really cute clementine and tommy moana pog

Crazy Night Out With Technoblade

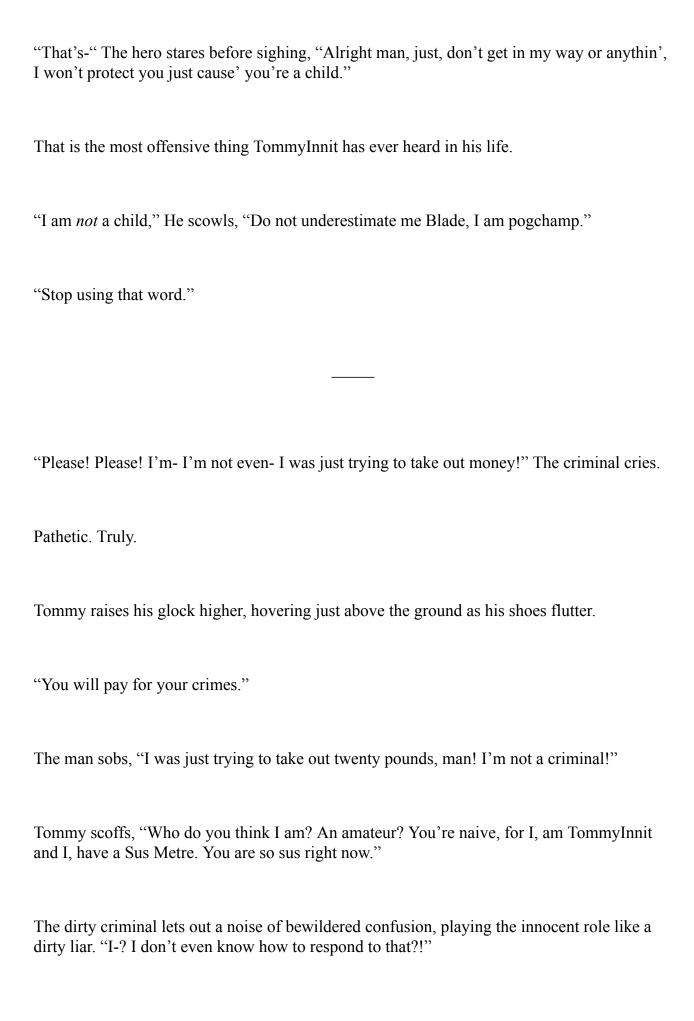
Chapter Summary



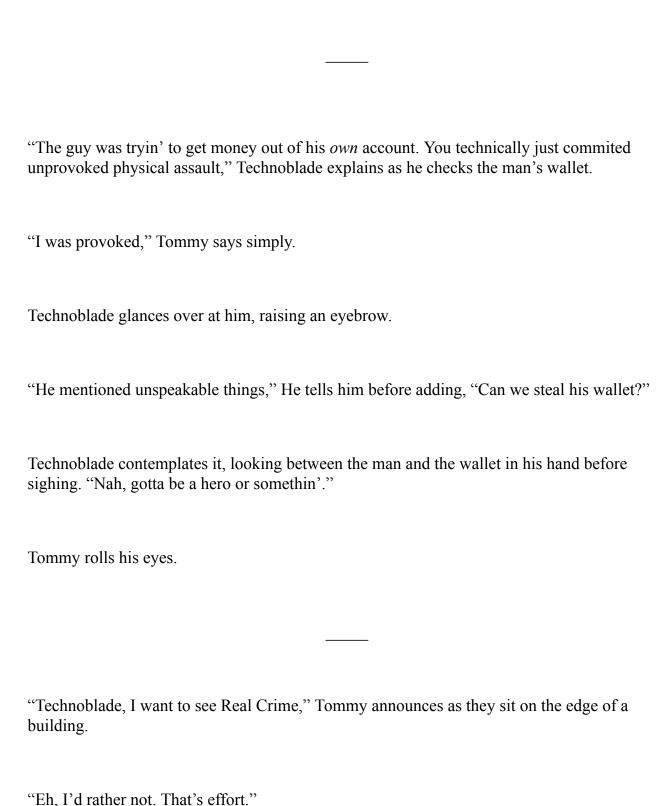


"I don't like the judgement in your eyes, Clementine," He scowls.

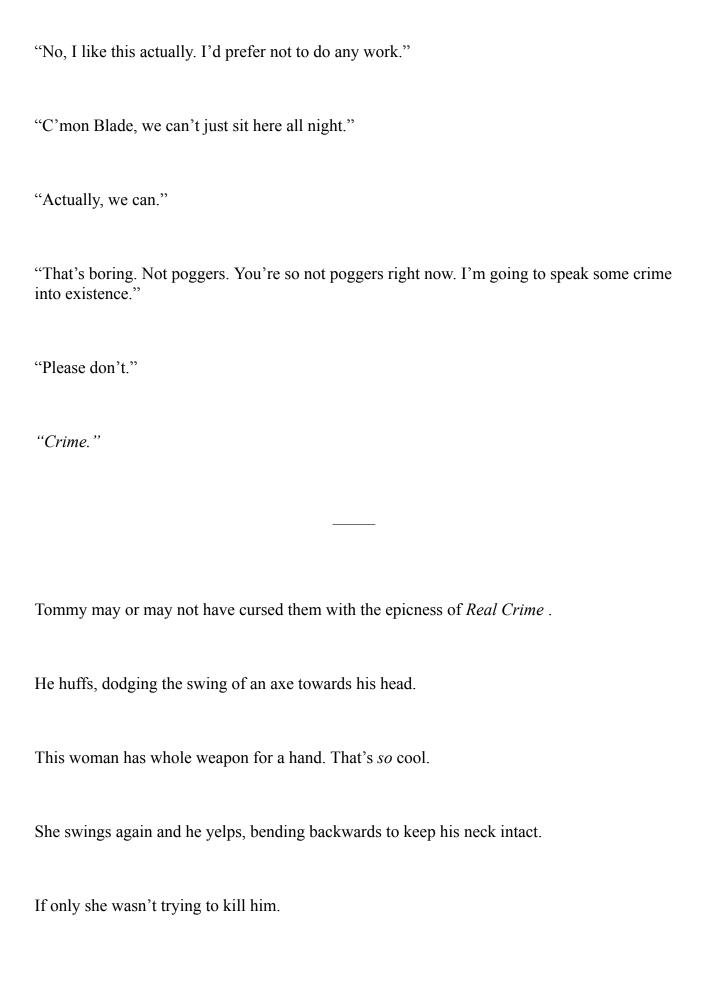
Tommy opens the window, cold, breezy air blowing out. He shivers. This is going to be epic.
"Clementine, are you ready for epicness?" He grins as he grabs the Sprite bottle, wings on his trainers fluttering incessantly.
Clementine blows a bubble.
"I actually do not care what you think," He sniffs before jumping out into the open air.
"Tommy, why're you here?" Technoblade sighs as stares at the teenager, stabbing his opponent absentmindedly. He's such a badass.
Tommy grins, "It's Defenestration Bros TM time."
"I do not want to be a part of that. At all. I'm literally patrollin', go home," The hero grunts.
Tommy smirks, twirling his baton, "This is going to be the best night of your life, Technoblade. We are going to do so many things."
"I feel like you ain't listenin' to me," Technoblade sheaths his sword back into the holster, criminal lying prone on the pavement. "You need' ta go home before Wil pulls a fit or somethin'."
"No way, I'm patrolling with you today Technoblade. I want to see your epicness in action," Tommy crosses his arms, "I even brought my glock."



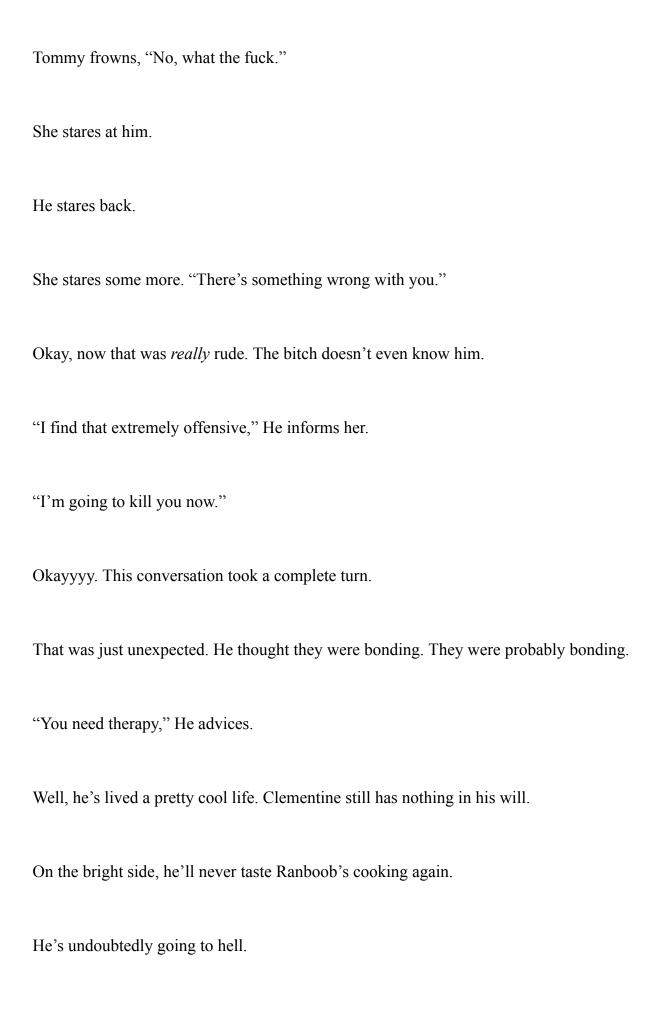




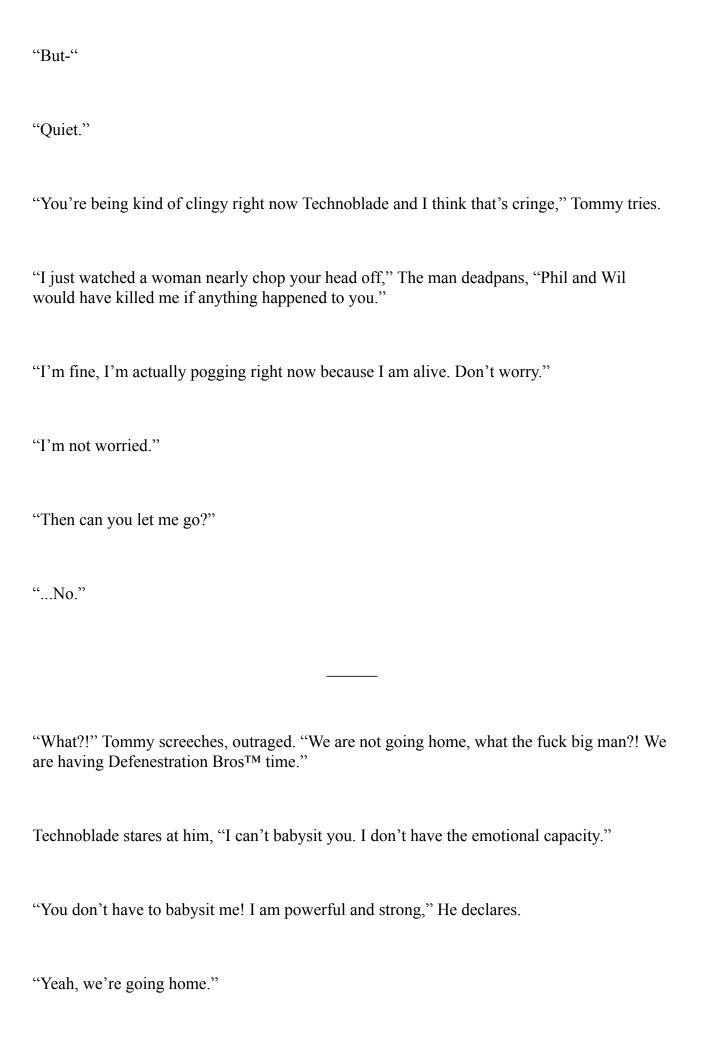
[&]quot;Real Crime. This is boring. We need adventure."

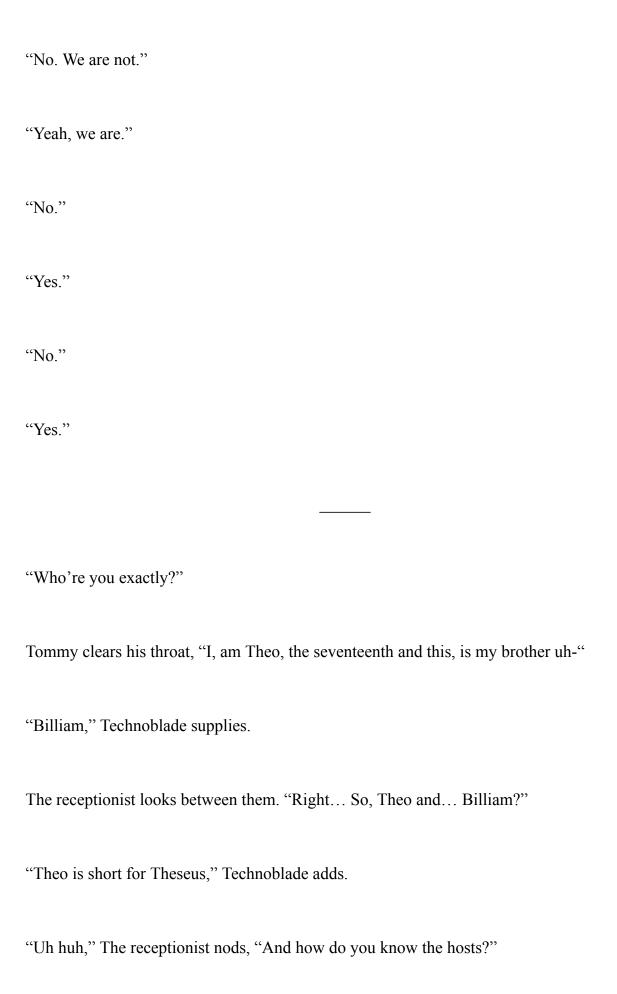




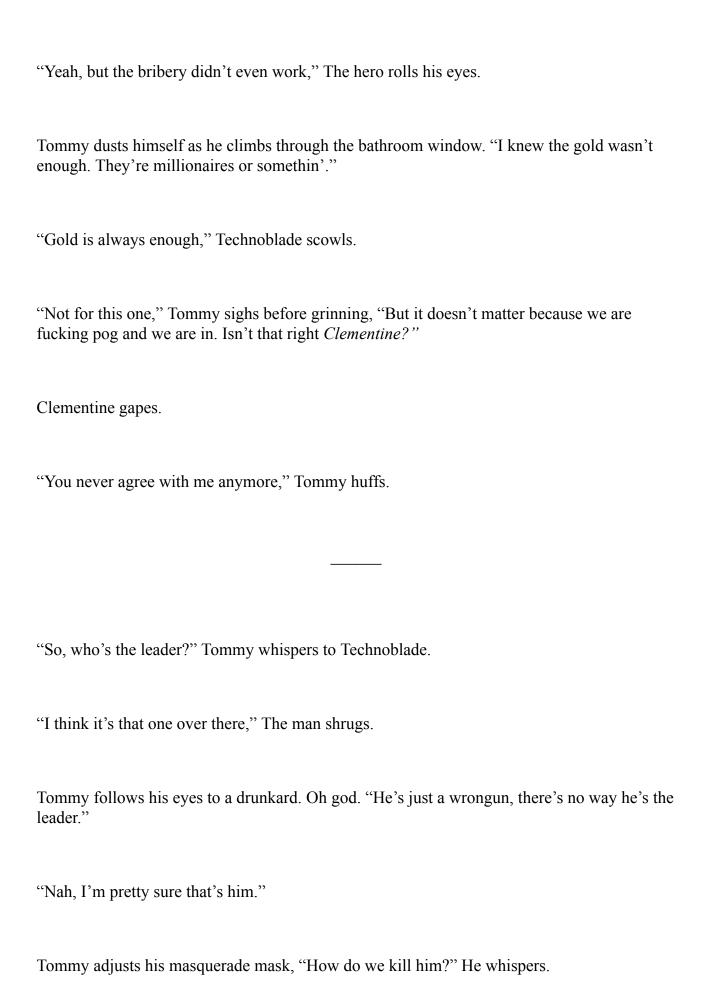


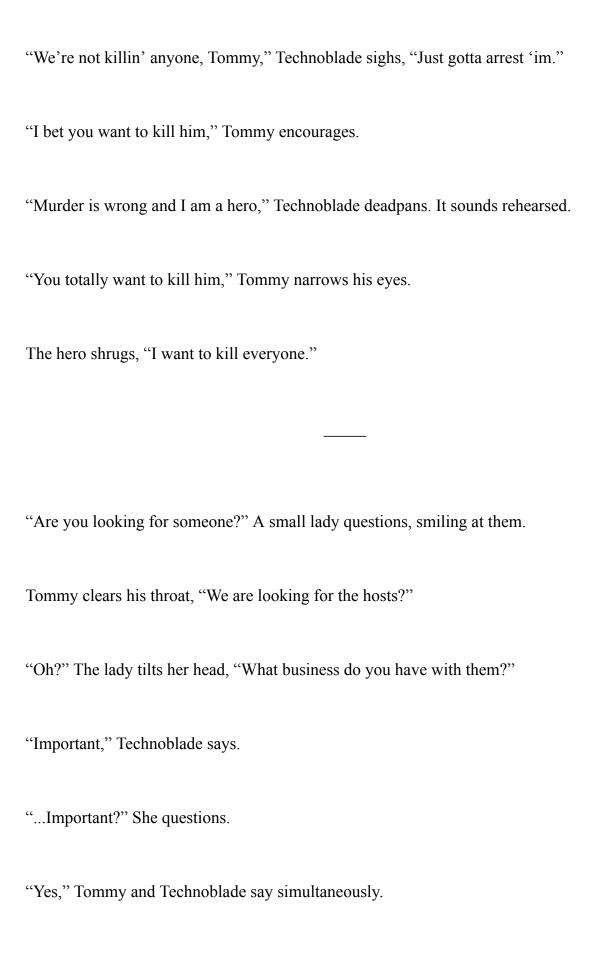


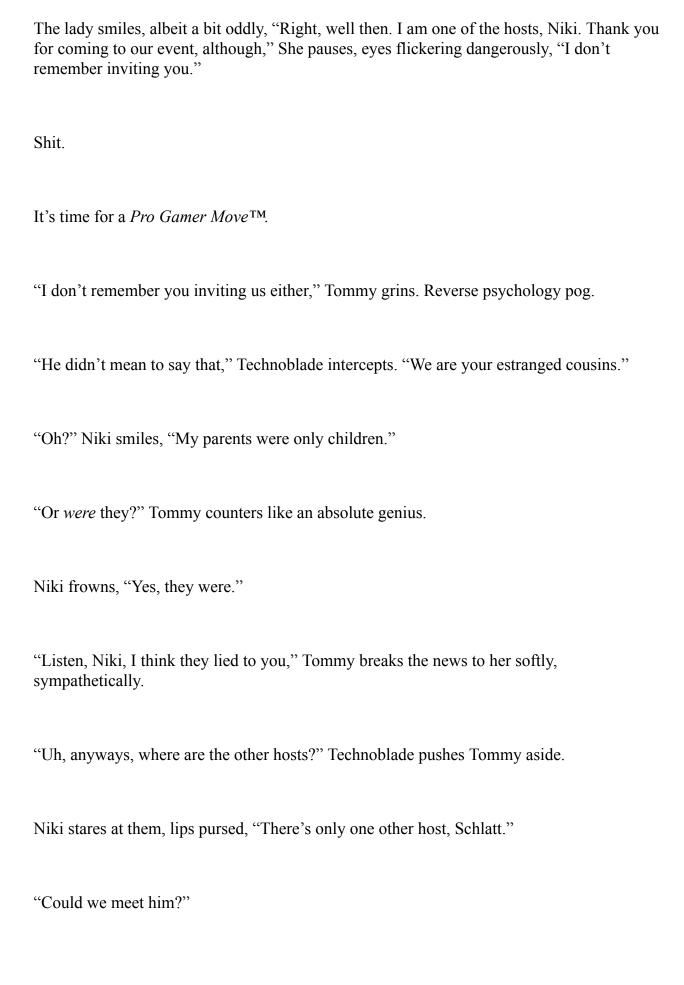








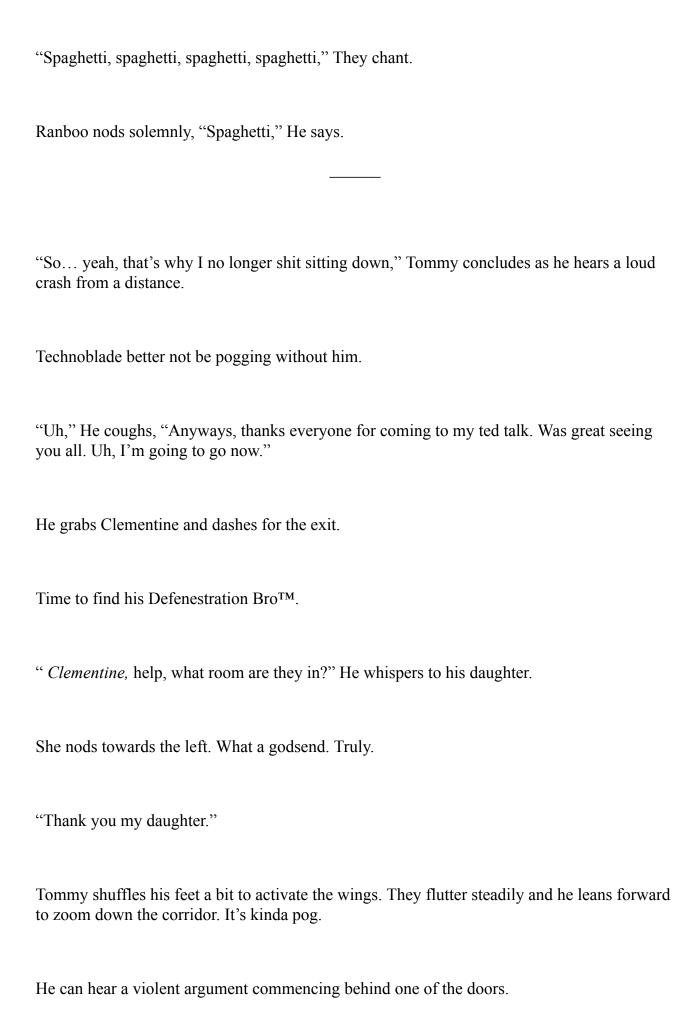


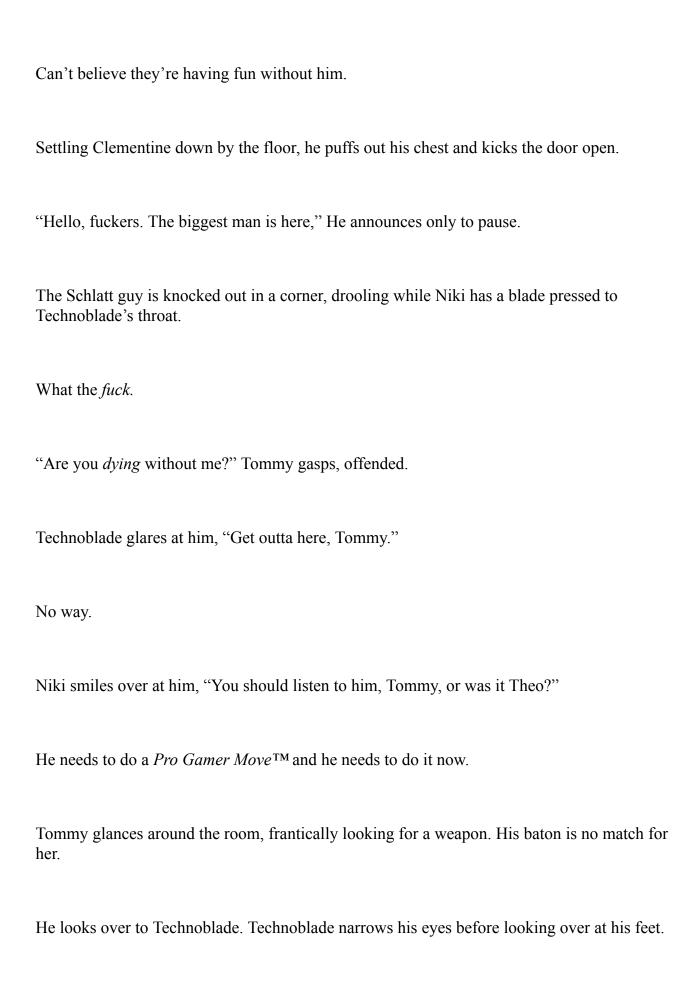




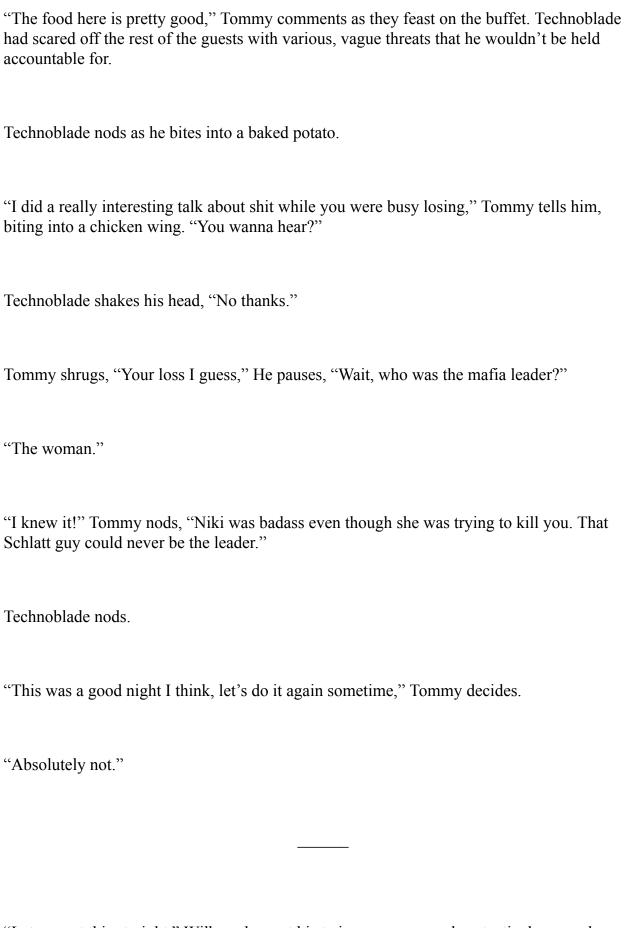
"So, shit huh?" Tommy starts, standing on the raised platform. The guests all stare at him.
"Isn't it crazy that we all take shits? Like, it's such a universal topic. There are so many ways to take a shit," He explains, "In fact, years ago, my best friend and I, created a shit tier list. There are tiers to how good a shit can be y'know?"
Someone coughs.
"Like, uhhhh, you!" He points to a random man in a dark suit, "You look like the type to have runny shits, like, I bet you have diarrhea or something."
He vaguely hears someone gag.
"Not that there's anything wrong with diarrhea," He amends, "Diarrhea pogchamp. It's just lower on the tier scale, I'd say about a D. But y'know what my favourite shit is?" He grins, "It's them ones where you only need to wipe once. Those are S tier. Like especially when-"
Someone throws up.
Ranboo hums under his breath as he enters an alleyway.
"Well, well, we were wondering when you were going to pay us a visit," A voice echoes.
Ranboo walks deeper into the alleyway, meeting the glowing eyes of feral beings. "You know what I'm here for."











"Let me get this straight," Wilbur glares at his twin, arms wrapped protectively around Tommy. He has no idea why they are all so clingy.

"You, let him, go on an undercover mission to take down a mafia leader," Wilbur concludes. Technoblade nods from his position on the couch, cushion placed over his face. "Yup," He answers, voice muffled. "Wilbur, Wilbur," Tommy grins, "I used his sword." "You what?" Wilbur tenses. "It was so pog." "Techno-" "I just finished patrol dude, I'm tryna sleep," The man groans. "Dive out the balcony." Tommy salutes the hero as he falls. What a legend.

Chapter End Notes

typos? on techno's crazy night out??? no way 🔪 🤪 (pls tell)

hello cult. how are u cult? i am tired but i'm also pretty good :D cult we are at 160k hits,,,, that's insane. we also reached 10k kudos which,,,, wow just wow. as always thank you guys so much for all of your support. you guys are amazing and i love you all very much

also,,, u do not know how long it took me to write this chap lmaoo i kept getting distracted and tbh half way through i was like i hate this but then tommy used the sword and i was like this chap ain't so bad.

also also there are so many inspired fics now wow,,,, maybe i am a trendsetter

cult pog <3

don't forget to follow my twt @bigbrainsimp for more shitposts and stuff. or to just send fanart :D we have amazing artists in this community.

also if u were a bit confused on the ranboo bit. you should be. hehe. only spaghetti cult know.

anyways,,, here's some amazing fanart

really really cute benchtrio designs that i love a lot omg

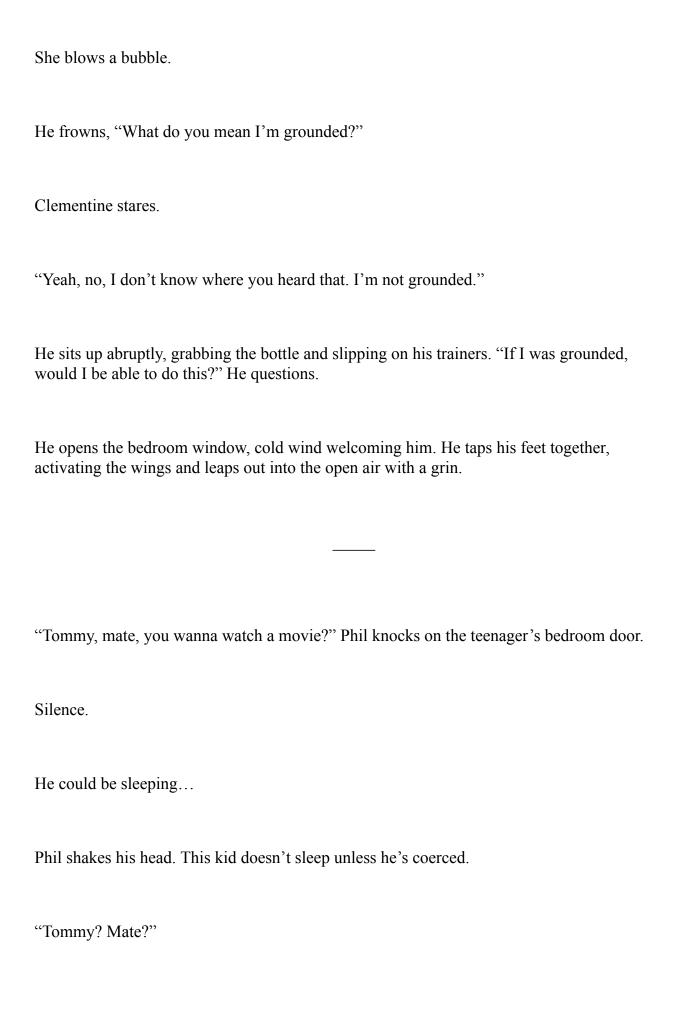
We Interrupt This Programme-

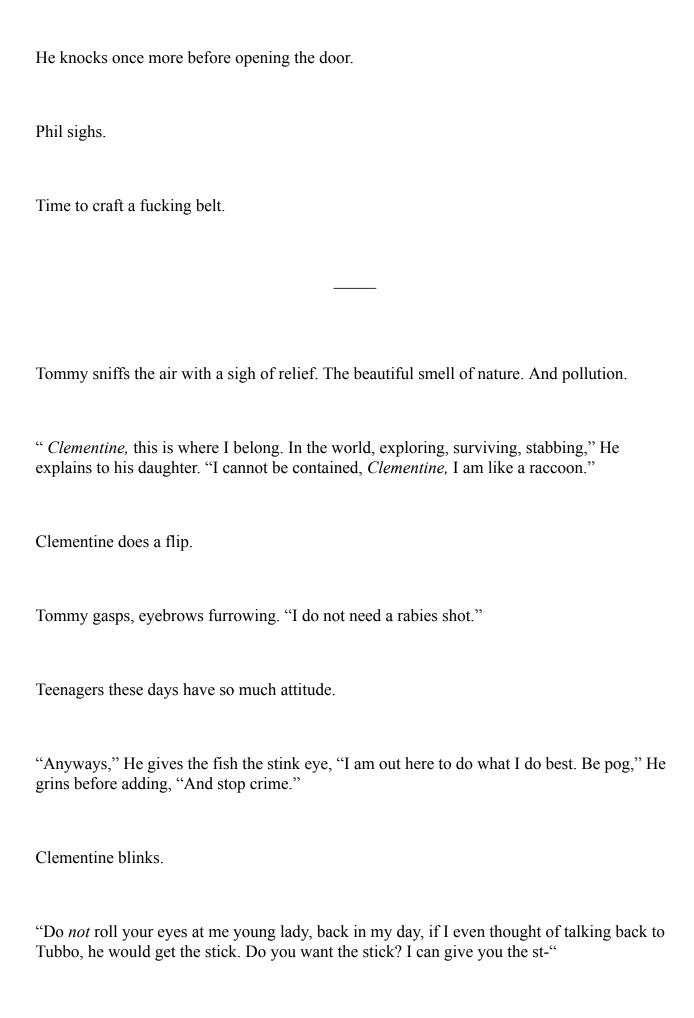
Chapter Summary
We bring you a short break-
Chapter Notes
tw: derealisation. maybe. i'm not sure. just in case.
See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>
"Tommy, wake up. Wake up Tommy."
"No."
"Tommy you need to wake up."
"No. I don't want to. Leave me here."
"You know I can't do that. You know why I'm here."
"Leave me here."
"Tommy-"

"No, no just leave me. I want to stay here. I don't have to fucking leave. I'm fine. This i fine."
"You're not ready yet, I understand. I'll give you more time."
"I'll never be ready."
Chapter End Notes
:)

Philza Minecraft Crafts A Fucking Belt

riniza Minieciait Craits A rucking Deit
Chapter Summary
i kicked that child in self defence
Chapter Notes
ayup simps!
here is an update just for u because i'm so awesome and kind yes i am
this chap is a mess lmao,,, it is 3am
tw: general minor violence. tw: dart gun shooting throughout, starting at "But today," He pauses, pulling out his gun and ending at the end of the scene. also at "Oh shit. This is bad. Tommy pulls out his gun". and ends at the end of the scene.
enjoy
See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>
Tommy sighs, flopping back onto his bed. He's never been this bored in his life.
"Clementine," He starts, turning towards his daughter. "I am feeling not poggers. We need to do something."
Clementine stares at him.
"Clementine, I think we should do more crime."

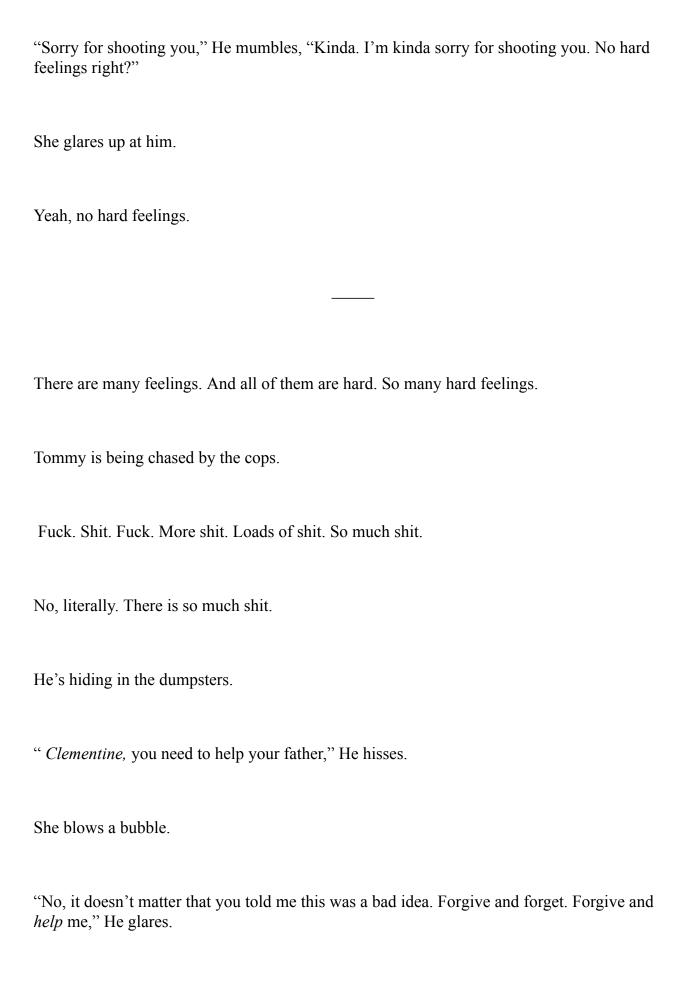




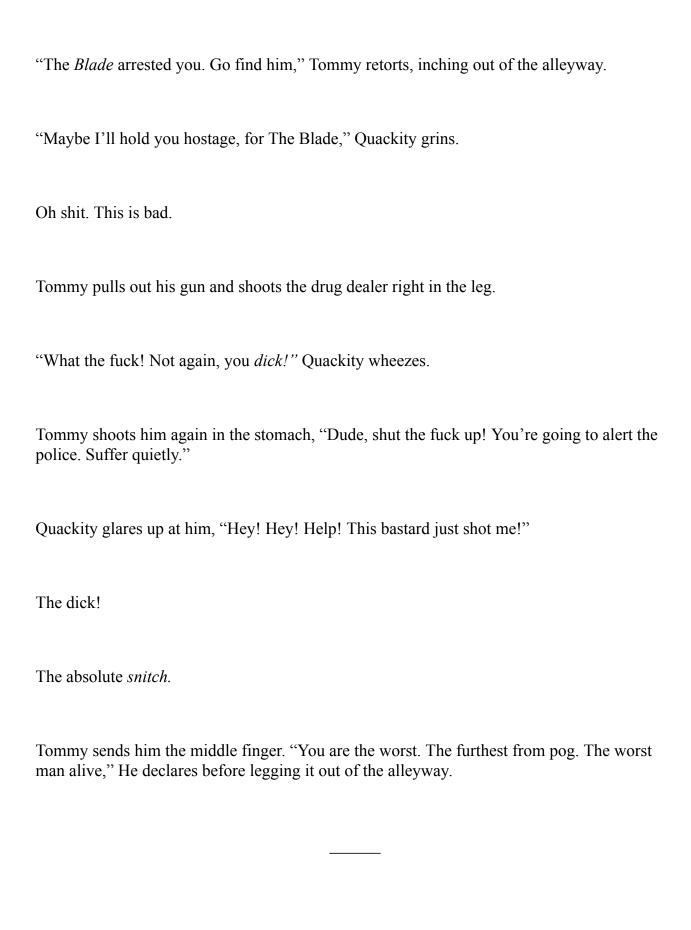




Tommy sighs, pinching his nose in ire. He glares at her, hand releasing his nose to reach behind and into his back pocket.
"On any other day, I'm just a charismatic and handsome young man," He shrugs. "But today," He pauses, pulling out his gun.
"Today, I am Glock Wielder Extraordinaire."
He shoots her right in the side, watching in satisfaction as she crumples to the floor.
"Another day, another evil defeated," He sighs.
A plopping sound sends his eyes to the vending machine. He frowns.
He walks closer, kneeling down to the little shoot flap bit. Inside, sits an untouched Snickers bar.
Huh.
She did have money.
Tommy stands back up. He looks down at the figure writhing on the floor and shrugs.
It was deserved.
Probably.



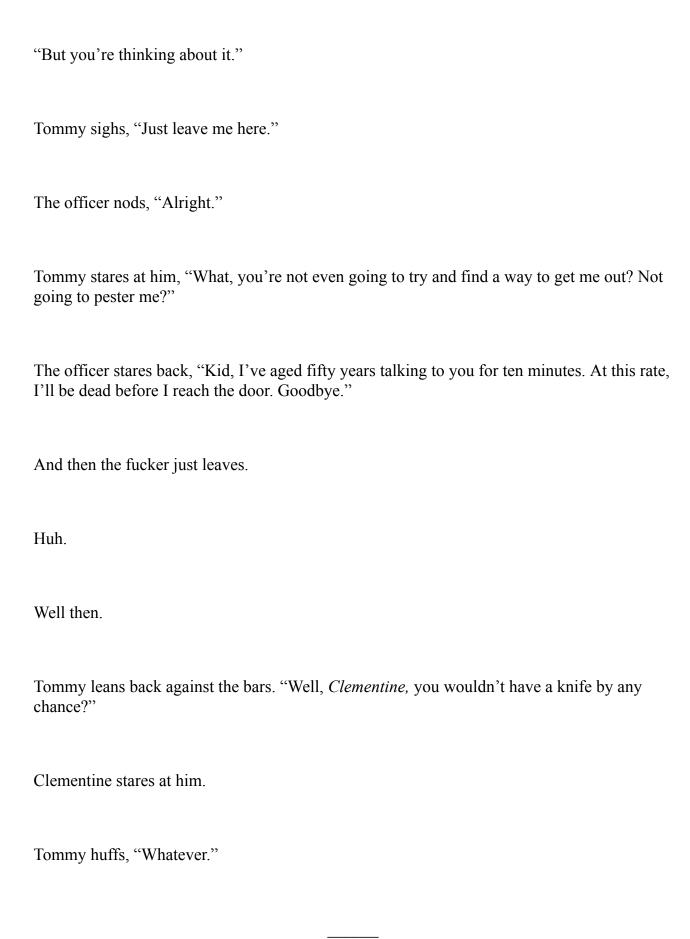




"Son, what are you doing back here?" The officer questions.

Tommy sighs against the cell bars. "Harold, listen-"
"That's not my name," The officer interrupts rudely.
"Harold, listen. I have done nothing wrong. Ever," Tommy explains slowly, "I am incapable of wrongdoings. It's always the other person's fault."
The officer stares at him. "You shot three police officers, a random teenage girl and well- a drug dealer, that one is sort of warranted," The man considers, "But still doesn't negate the fact that you shot five people within an hour."
"You're using all these big words and going <i>meh meh meh</i> ," Tommy rolls his eyes, "They all deserved it one way or another."
"I find that hard to believe."
"Listen, <i>listen</i> . We bonded last time yeah? Remember when you let me go? For free?" Tommy tries to help the man relive the memories. "Remember that?"
"I do. And I'm suddenly regretting the decision."
Tommy scoffs, "C'mon big guy. I'm sorry. Truly I am. For my actions."
"Your crimes," The officer corrects.
"Actions," Tommy repeats. "Please let me go. I have a family. A daughter and a wife who love me. They're waiting at home. If I never come back, what then? Do you want to tear us apart? Are you a home wrecker? Do you wreck families?"



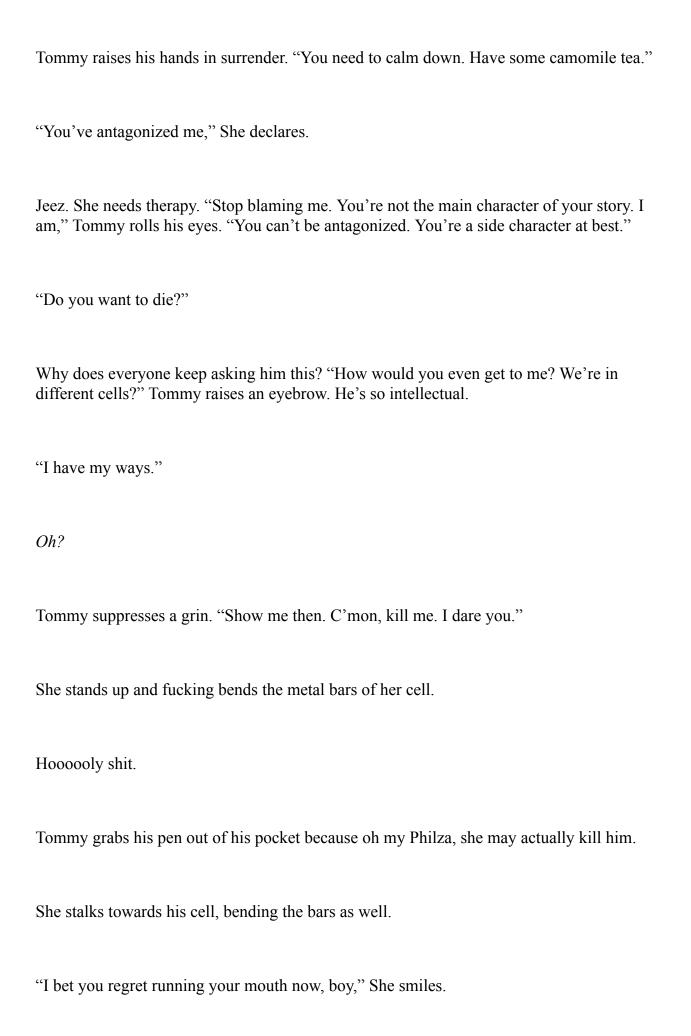


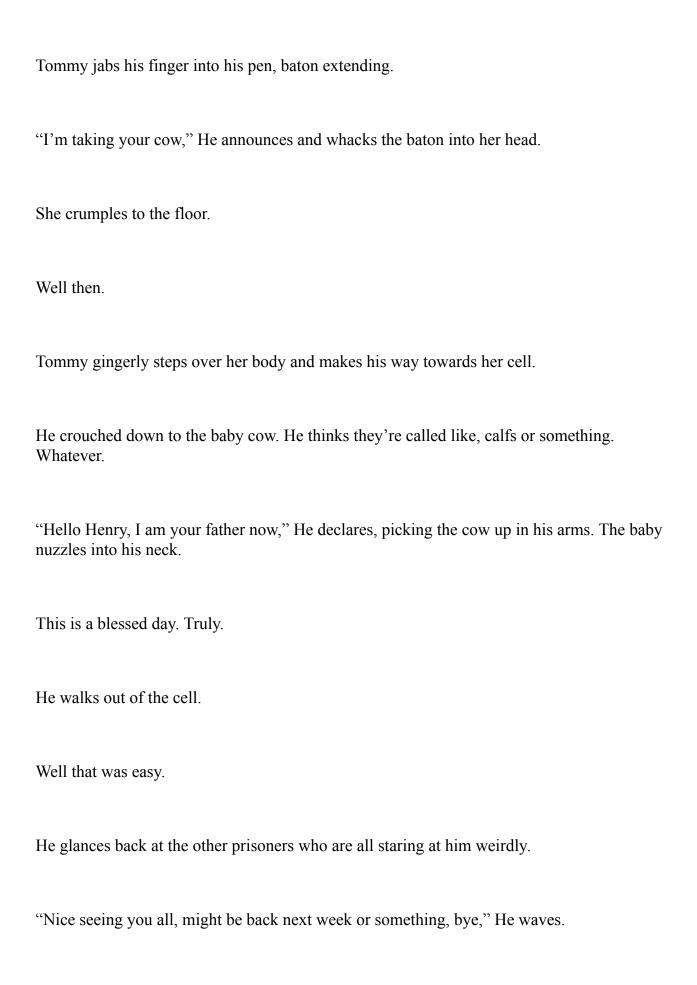
Ranboo flicks on the television, humming to himself as the screen blinks to life. He slurps a forkful of spaghetti as he scrolls through the channels.
He settles on Cartoon Network, Steven Universe. He hasn't watched this show in ages.
Ranboo settles back on the couch, burrowing into his dinosaur hoodie.
Living in a penthouse is pretty cool.
"We interrupt this programme with breaking news!"
The screen turns black before blinking back to life. Ranboo frowns. It shows a news reporter outside some vending machine.
The reporter's face is grim. "A teenage girl was shot by a dart gun in this very spot by an 'insane blond boy with anger issues', it was also reported that this criminal has shot four other people, including the police."
Ranboo pauses. Wait.
Surely not.
"He was described as rabid and feral. Apparently wearing a 'white and red hoodie that needs cleaning' and holding a fish hostage in a bottle. Authorities have alerted everyone in the area to be on high alert, and to run immediately if the suspect is found. He has a dart gun-"
Nope.

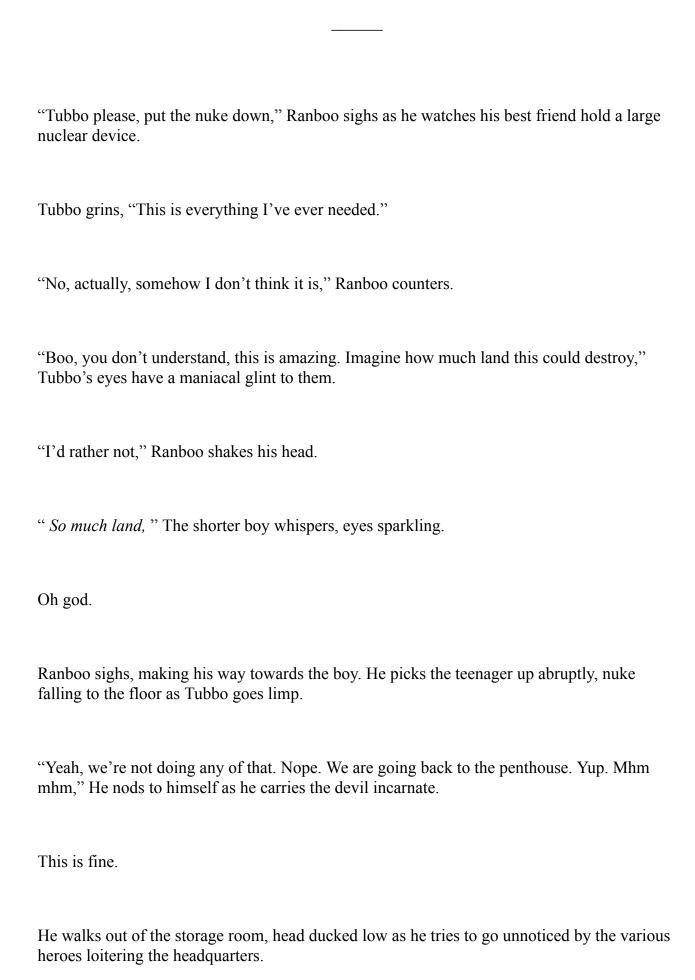


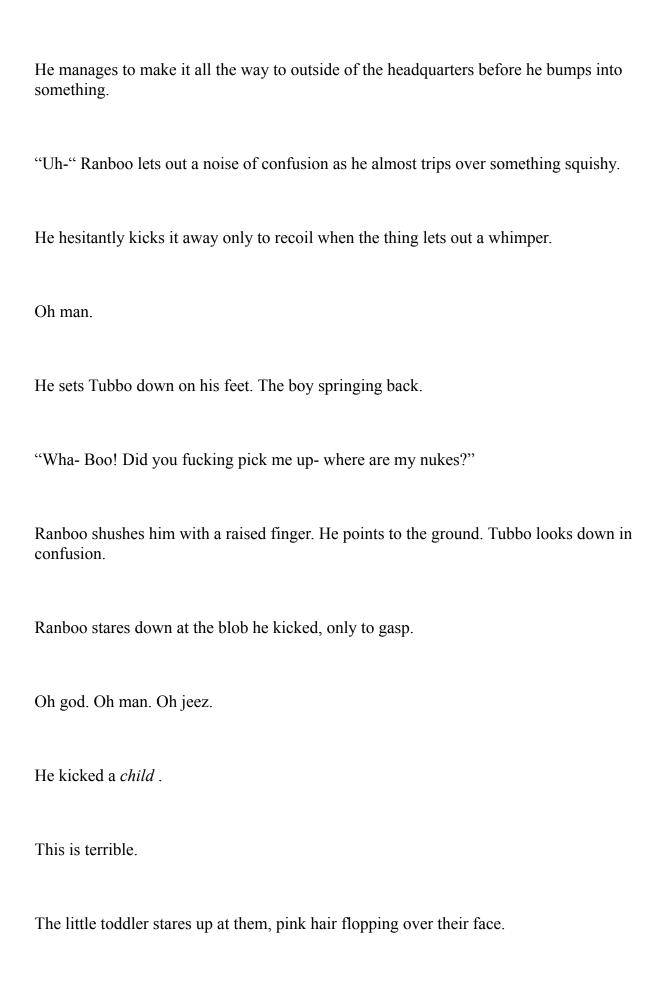


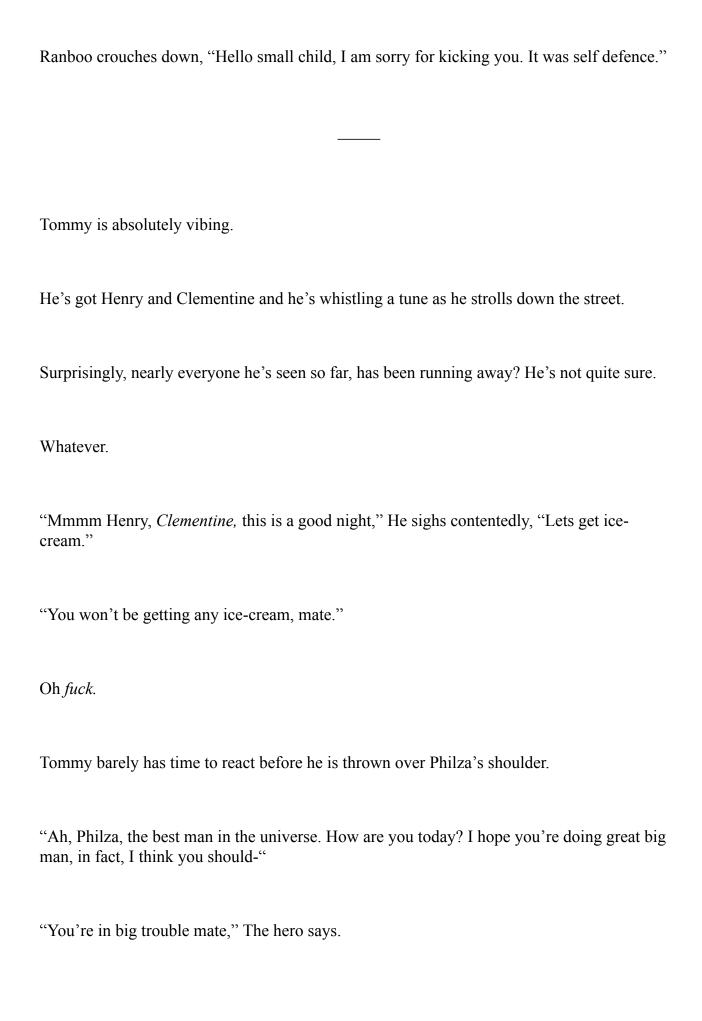






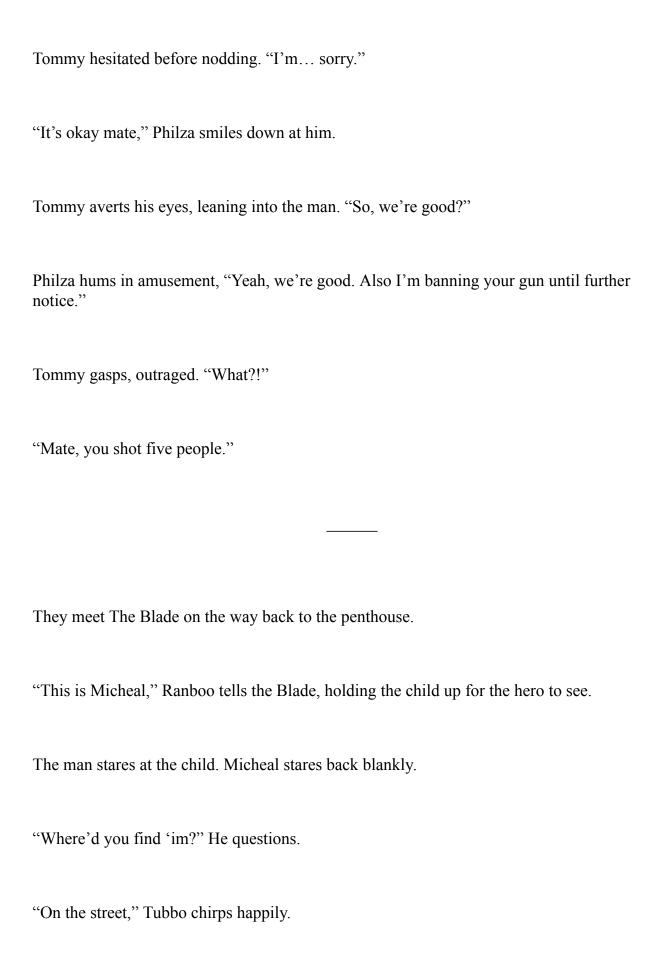






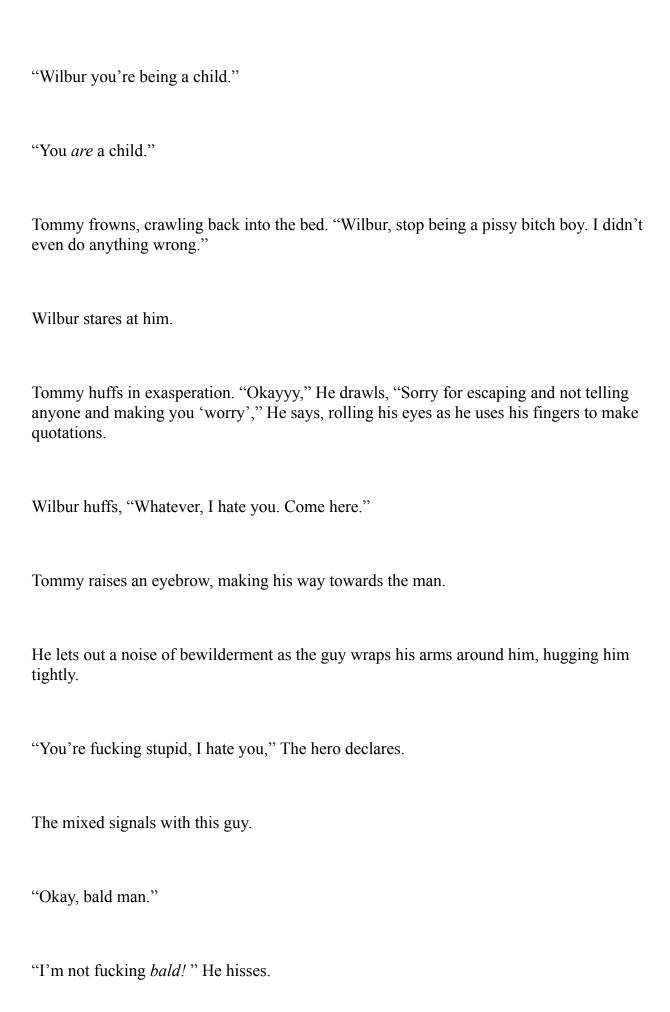


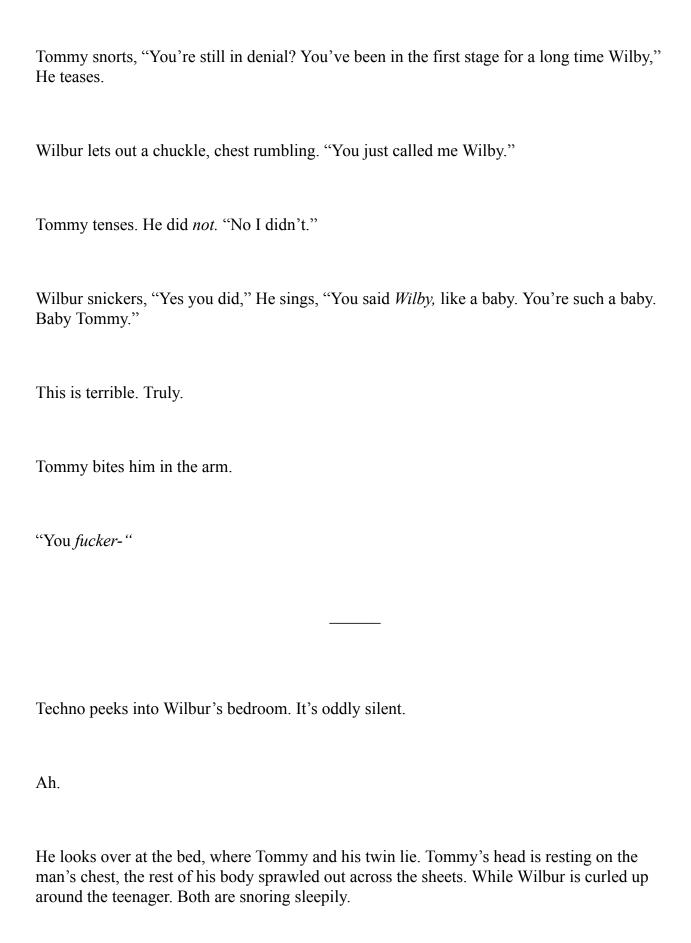












	Techno's mouth quirks upwards.
	Huh.
	"Wilbur, you've gone soft," He whispers in amusement, eyeing the scene a little longer.
	He can't leave Ranboo and Tubbo to their devices for too long, especially with the newest addition.
	He turns to leave.
	" Jump out the window," Wilbur whispers, voice muffled as he peeks an eye open to glare at him.
	Damn it.
Cł	napter End Notes
	typos? in my jail cell? nah (pls tell)
	hello cult. how are you cult? here is an update just for you: D thank you thank you! i can't believe we're at 190k hits, 11k kudos and 3k comments. i never thought i'd ever reach that in a fic and sometimes it doesn't really hit me that my fic has become this famous. the vigilante tommy agenda is spreading lmao. no but i love you guys a lot, you are so pog and awesome.

lmao last chapter's comments made me laugh. you guys were just threatening me. dw guys, there will be much more crack. i love crack and i have so many ideas left.

cult pog <3

(but seriously, i'm sorry if i upset anyone. just a friendly reminder that is my fic and i'm not obligated to do anything that i don't want to do. remember i'm doing this for free and i could turn this story in any direction i want. i'm not getting paid. this is my free time i spend doing this and you guys are just here for the ride:) i'm not mad or anything, but i feel like it's important to reiterate this every now and again. but i also realize that i should probably update the main tags for derealisation and possibilities of angst, because i don't want to unnecessarily trigger anyone. but remember, you are not obligated to read this and you can stop reading at any point. i promise that i'll tag chapters that may be angsty or derealising. but as a heads up, most of this story is gonna be crack. the angst is mostly towards the end so u won't have to worry for a while lmao)

as always, you can find me on twitter @bigbrainsimp where i shitpost a lot, sometimes post sneak peaks and mostly get bullied by my moots /lh. you can also send me your wonderful fanart there :)))

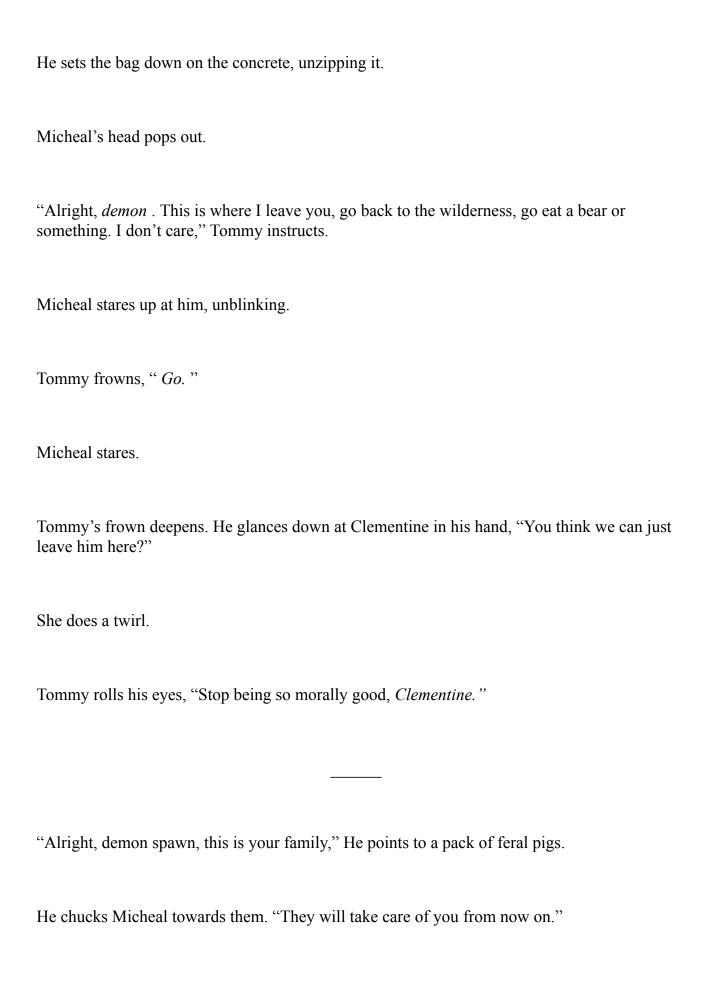
talking about fanart. here is some amazing art!

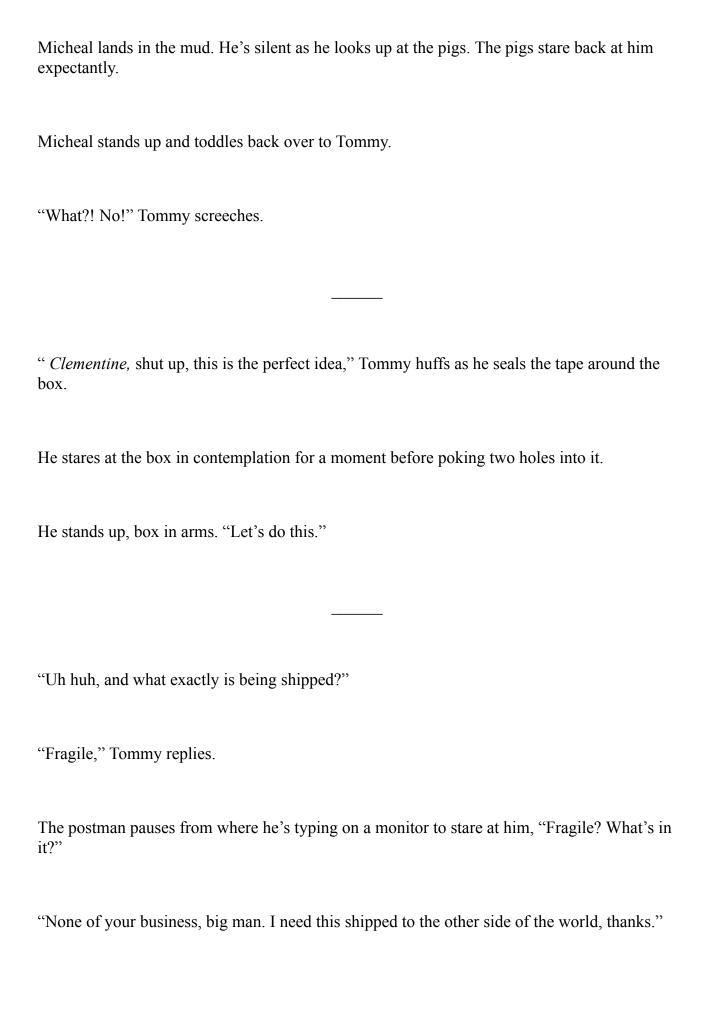
a really cool comic about a tommy and techno scene :)

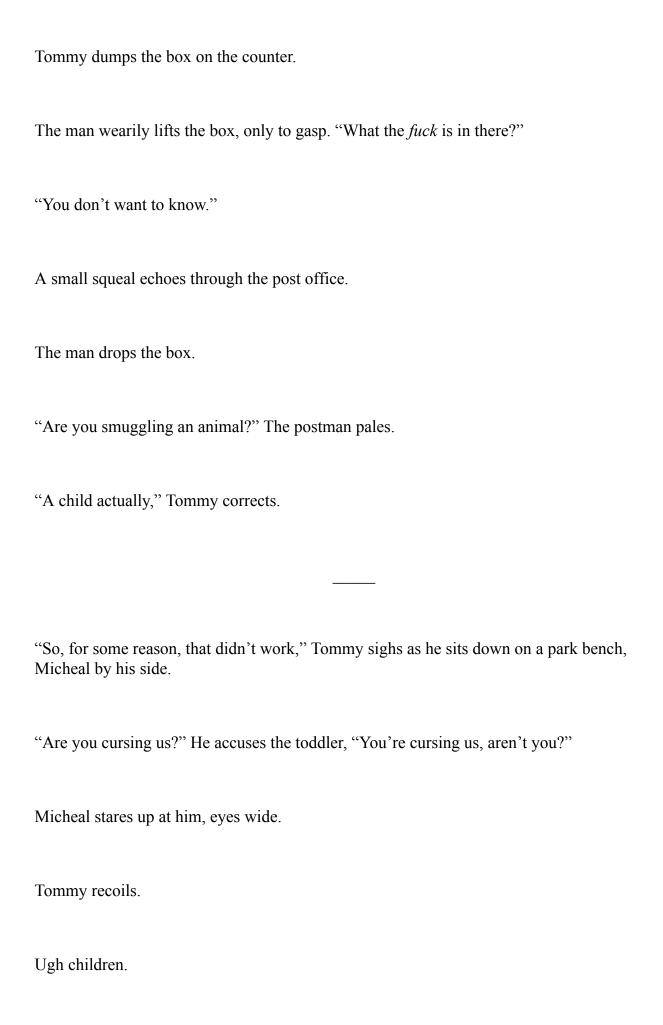
I Am Legally Allowed To Park Here, I Have A Child

Chapter Summary
don't u ever want to steal a car?
Chapter Notes
ayup
it is 4:40am and i have gone past the limit of exhaustion. i am immortal
this chapter is a fever dream pls im sorry
enjoy maybe
See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>
Tommy stares, eyes narrowed.
The child stares back, eyes blank and soulless.
This child is the devil reborn. Tommy is sure of it.
"I don't like 'im," He decides, turning to the 'parents'.
Tubbo raises an eyebrow, unimpressed, "We never asked you to like him, we were just explaining who he is."
Tommy sniffs, "He's a demon child."

"Micheal is <i>not</i> a demon child, he's an angel," Ranboob frowns, holding the toddler in one arm.
"Demon," Tommy insists. He's right of course. The child stares back at him. The thing hasn't blinked in over twenty minutes. "I can't live in the same area as him," The teenager announces, "He'll kill me in my sleep."
"No he wouldn't," Tubbo frowns, turning to the child. "Isn't that right, Micheal?"
Micheal stares, expression blank.
"Right, Micheal?" Ranboo prompts.
Micheal stares.
"He probably won't kill you in your sleep," Tubbo amends solemnly.
Oh god. Tommy's going to die.
There's only one solution to this.
Tommy huffs, pulling the duffel bag up and over the railings.
"Clementine, please. I know what I'm doing," He scowls as he manhandles the bag.



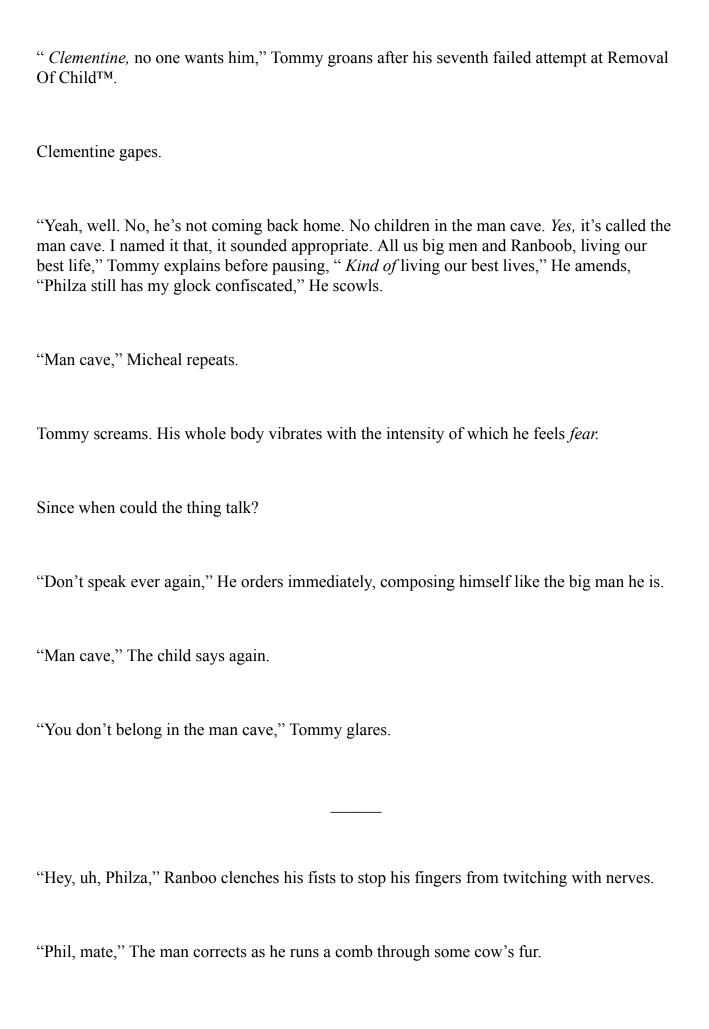


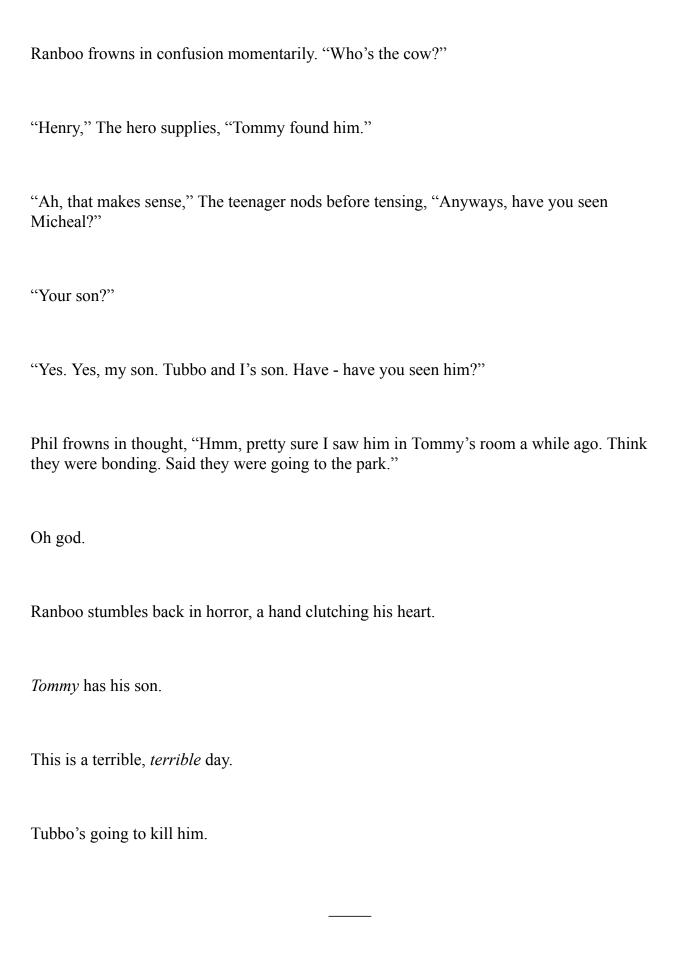


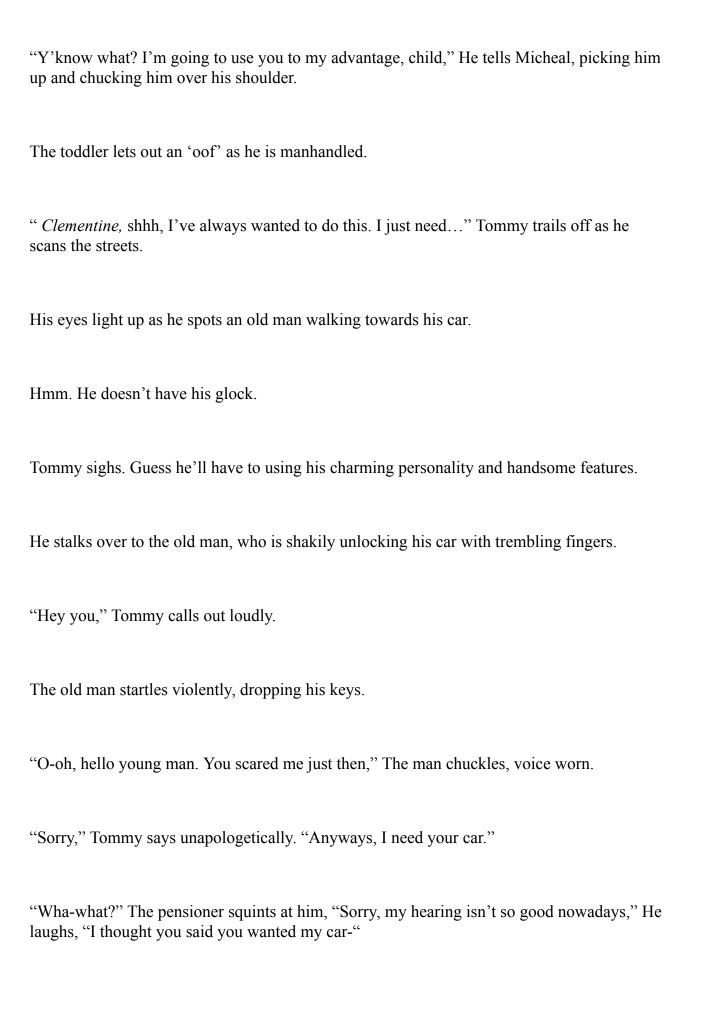




"Uh, Tub?" Ranboo wrings his hands together, peeking into their room as his eyes frantically scan the area.
"Yeah, Boo?" Tubbo hums, bopping his head along to some Barbie movie.
"Have you, uh, have you seen Micheal by any chance?"
Tubbo tenses, turning to the teenager. "No. Ranboo did you lose our son?"
Oh mannnn.
"No!" He hastily raises his hands to soothe the boy, "No, no. He's- he's not lost. He's just uh, I was playing hide and seek with him and I thought - I thought he hid in here. It's fine. It's fine."
Tubbo narrows his eyes, "Are you sure?"
Ranboo sweats, "Mhm, mhm. I'm sure. I just - I just need to find him. He's sure hid well, haha."
Holy cow, he needs to find Micheal.









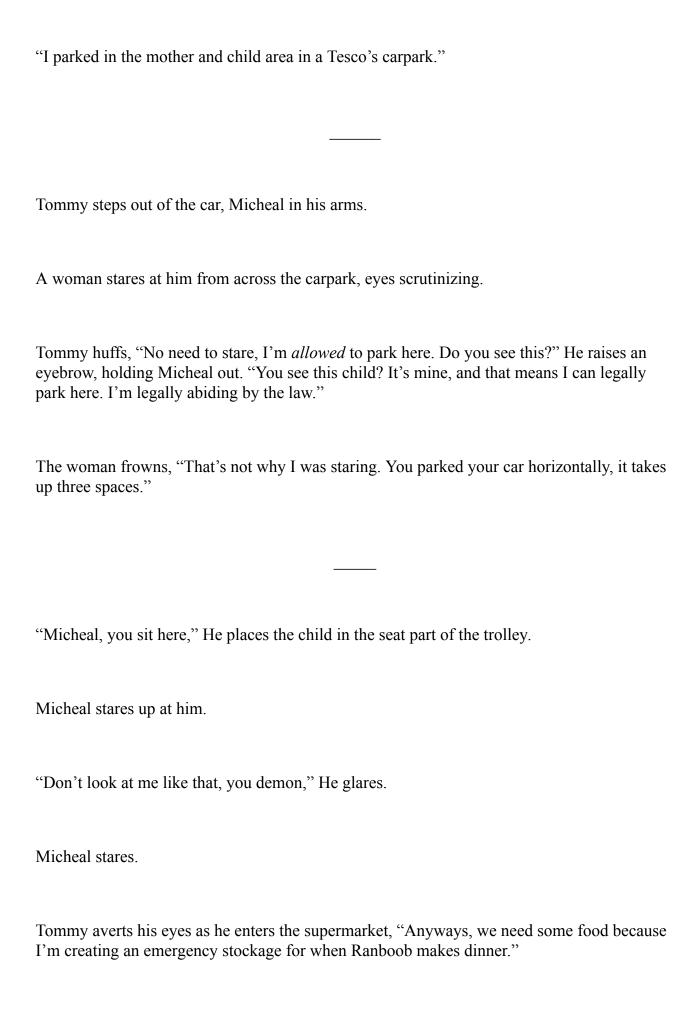
"I- Young man, please, I really should be going, I don't even know what 'pog' is," The man inches closer to his car.
"It's life essence," Tommy explains gravely, "Every second that he is not pog, he is dying. Fortunately, I've been blessed with unlimited pogness, but there are so many individuals who aren't. And that's simply not okay."
"I'm sorry, really I am-"
"Do you not care about this child?" He shoves Micheal towards him, who stares blankly into space. "Look at him. He's so pure and innocent and you want him to <i>die?</i> "
"I-I never said-"
"Hey!" Tommy shouts, "This guy wants children to die!" He alerts the street, people pausing to stare at them.
"Wait- wait, I - I didn't say that-"
"He wants every child dead!"
"Young man, pleas-"
"He probably wants all your children dead!"
"Take my car! Take my car please!"
Tommy grins.

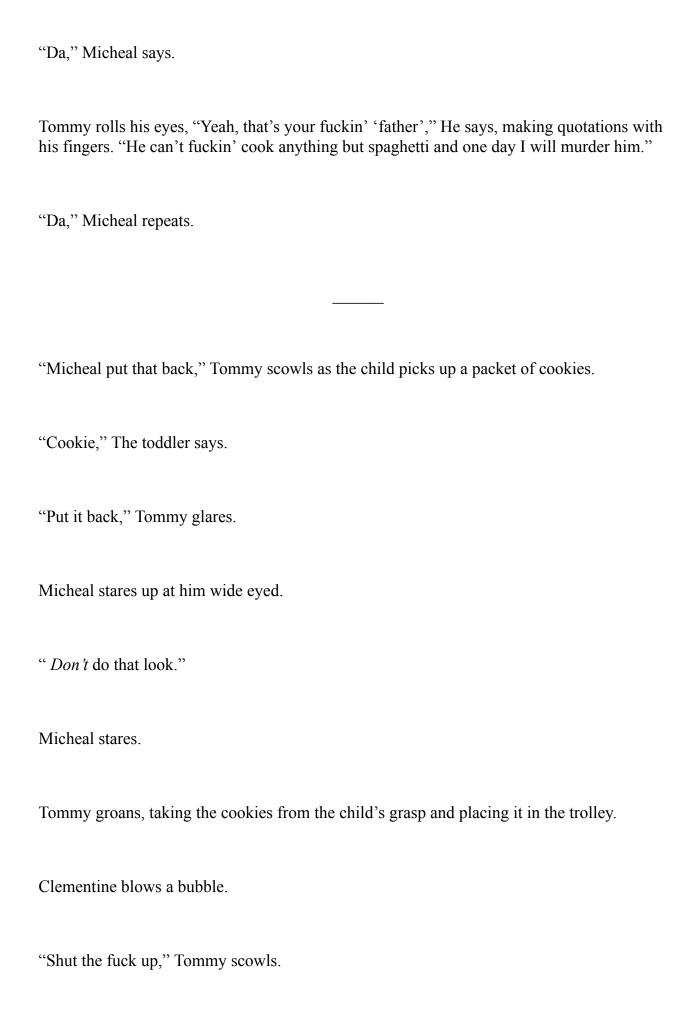


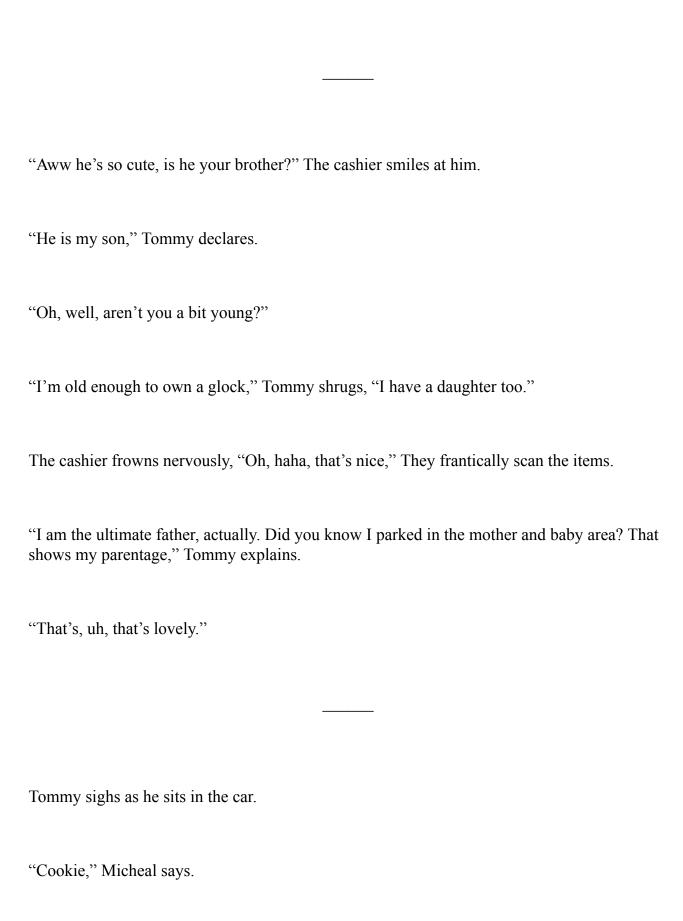
"We are going to do the one thing I've wanted to do all of my life," Tommy says reverently, eyes sparkling.

Micheal stares up at him.

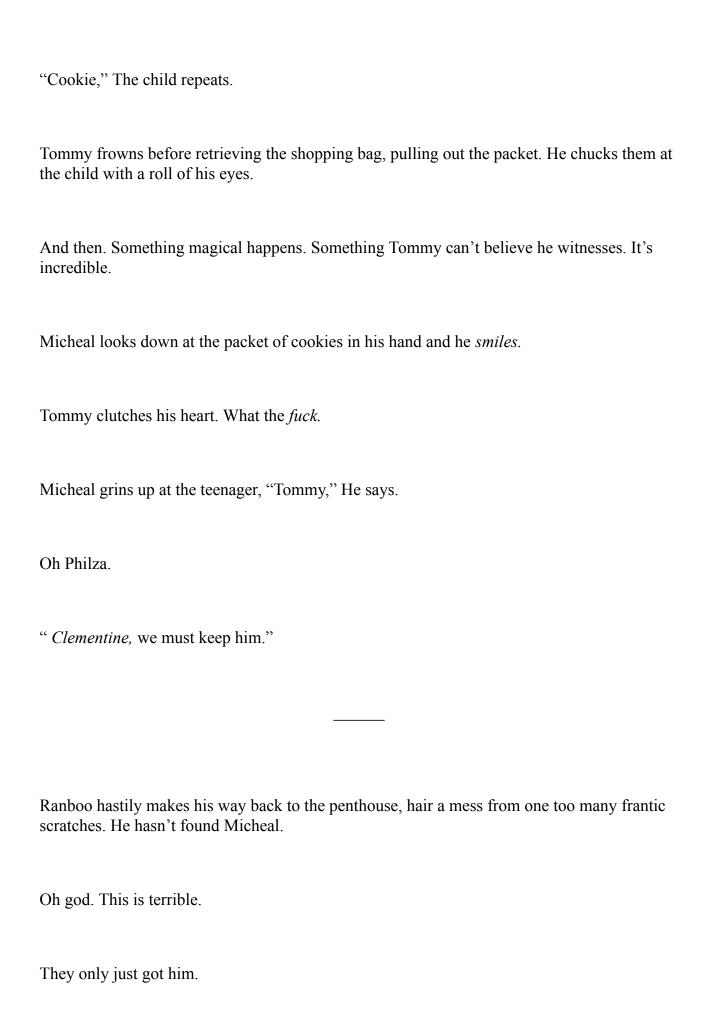
"Don't look at me like that, you will see soon -oops," Tommy whistles as he rams the car into a streetlight.
He hastily backs up, "I'm a good driver, shut the fuck up," He whispers to Clementine. He doesn't have time for her fucking critique.
Clementine stares.
"Licenses are for pussies. I can drive," He insists.
The moment Tommy has waited for all his life.
Finally.
He carefully turns the steering wheel, trying not to shed tears of joy as he reverses into the parking space.
His parallel parking is a beautiful thing to behold. Magnificent even.
He turns off the engine.
This is the best day of his life.
"Clementine, I did it," He declares proudly, raising a hand to his forehead in a salute.

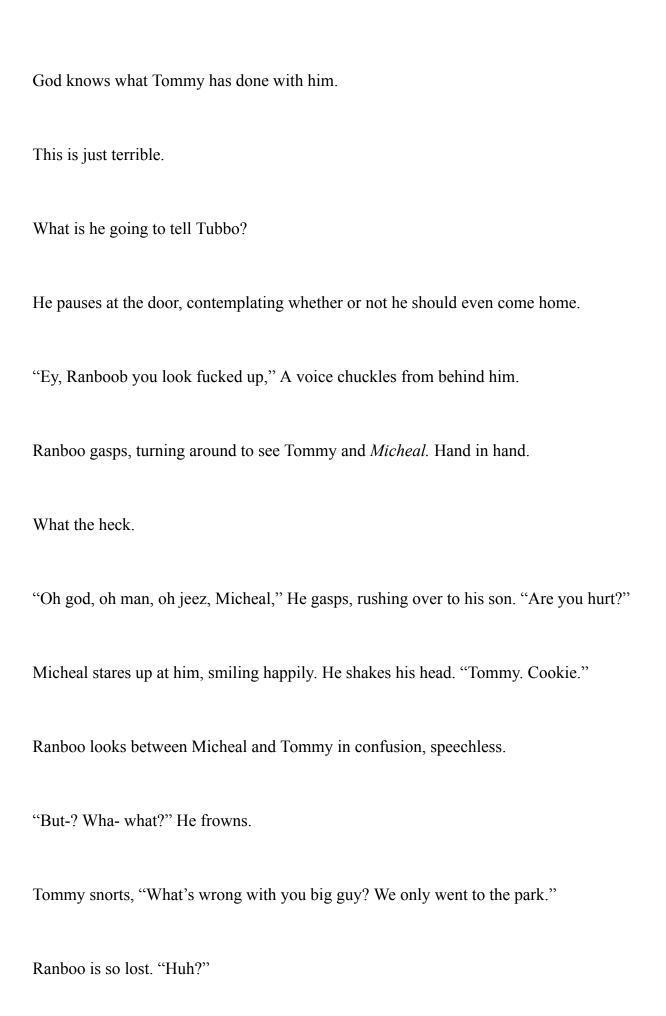


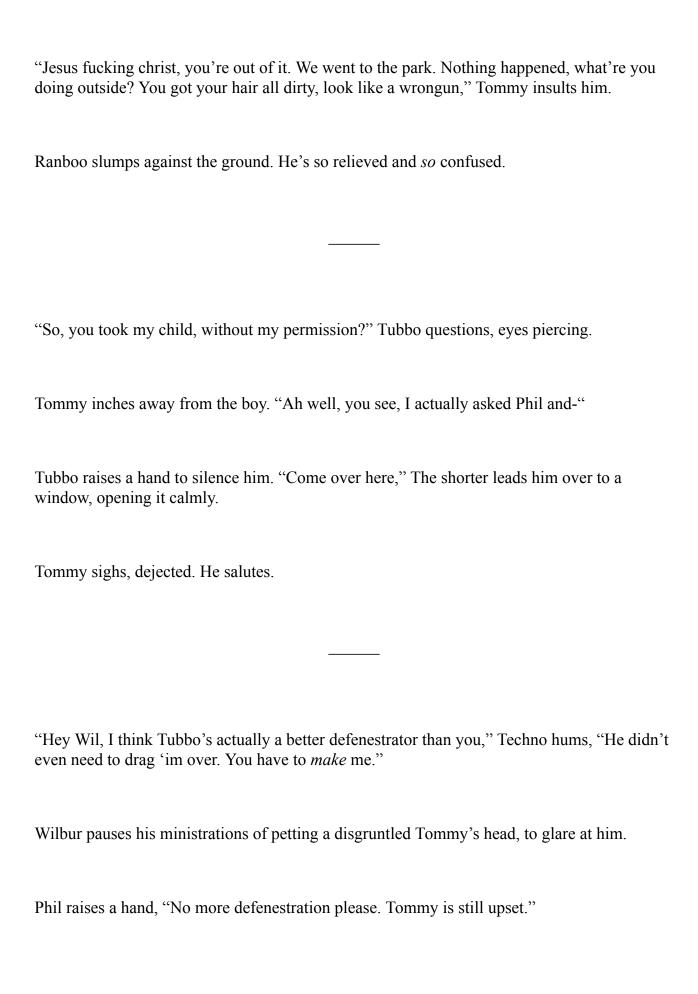




Tommy squints at him, "Who said I bought them for you?"







Wilbur's glare intensifies.

Techno shrugs, smirking, "I'm just sayin' the kid doesn't even need to mind control, he just-"

"Dive headfirst out the window."

Phil sighs, "You're just proving him right, Wil."

Chapter End Notes

typos? in a tesco car park? no, never (pls tell, there's probably so many)

hello cult how r u cult

cult i can proudly say that i have done no schoolwork yet :D and i go back on monday. but this is fine. i did some art today and it was poggers. also i'm getting an ipad pro so that's even more poggers and i'm thinking of getting a guitar. pog champion

if ur wondering wtf this chapter was, so am i. why did tommy steal an old man's car just to park in the mother and baby area? idk i've just always wanted to do that. this chap was also dedicate to my dislike of younger children.

uh anyways, i love you guys, make sure you take care of yourselves and drink many water and go touch so many grasses because grasses are green. seriously take time off social media if u need it. remember you are all pog.

cult pog <3

also i've loved seeing all of the theories on chap 15 hehe they're funny and some are really thought out and interesting. also thanks to those who encouraged me to write what i want and not feel bad about the lore/angst and stuff, you're pog:)

ok anyways uh fanart

sorry my brian is mush brain i meant brain

as always pls follow me on @bigbrainsimp where i look at fanart and stuff idk uhh yes i am going to pass out after i post this,,,, why do i write at 4am? pls. i'm jk i'm fine i'm

acc going to do schoolwork tmow i pinky promise

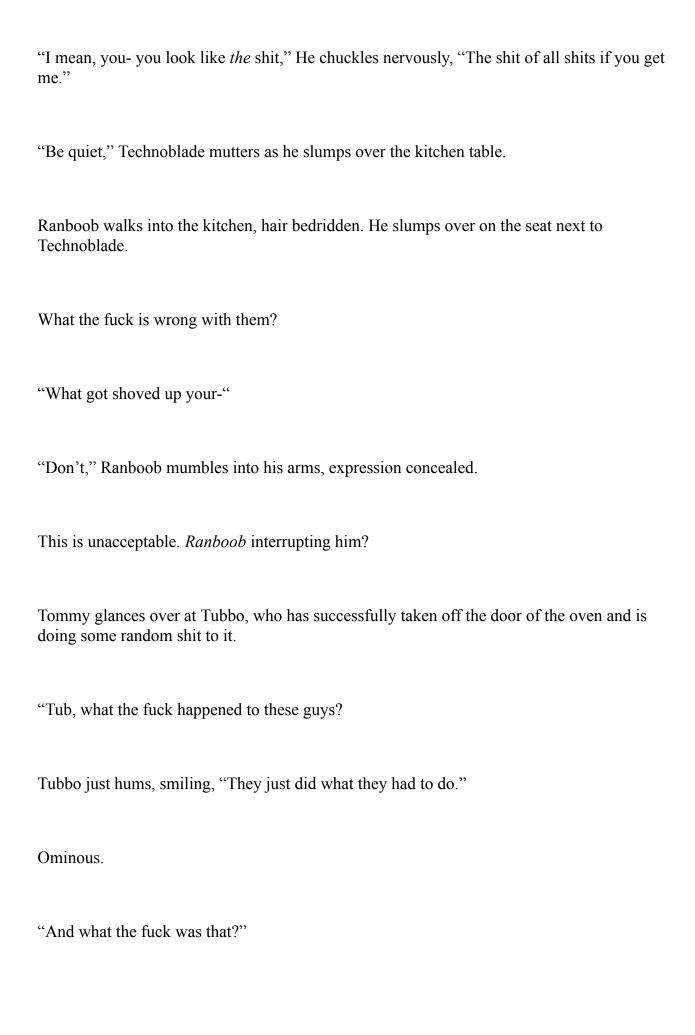
super pog art of tommy omg i love it

I Pass The Phone Over To A Wrongun
Chapter Summary
did you know that some people shop at waitrose unironically? disgusting /
Chapter Notes
ayup simps. here is a new chap for u that i wrote at 2am :D enjoy.
See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>
"Henry, fetch!" Tommy throws the stick across the living room.
Henry stares up at him.
Tommy raises an eyebrow expectantly, "Well, go on."
Henry sits down.
Tommy frowns. He turns to his best friend.

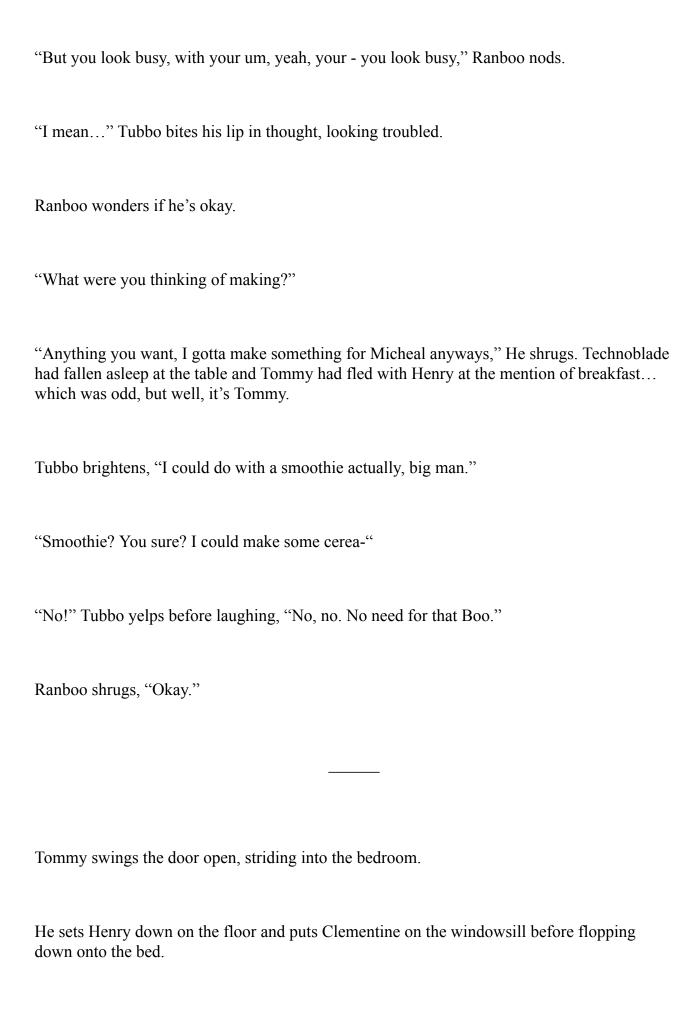
Tubbo pauses from where he is deconstructing the oven, drill in hand.

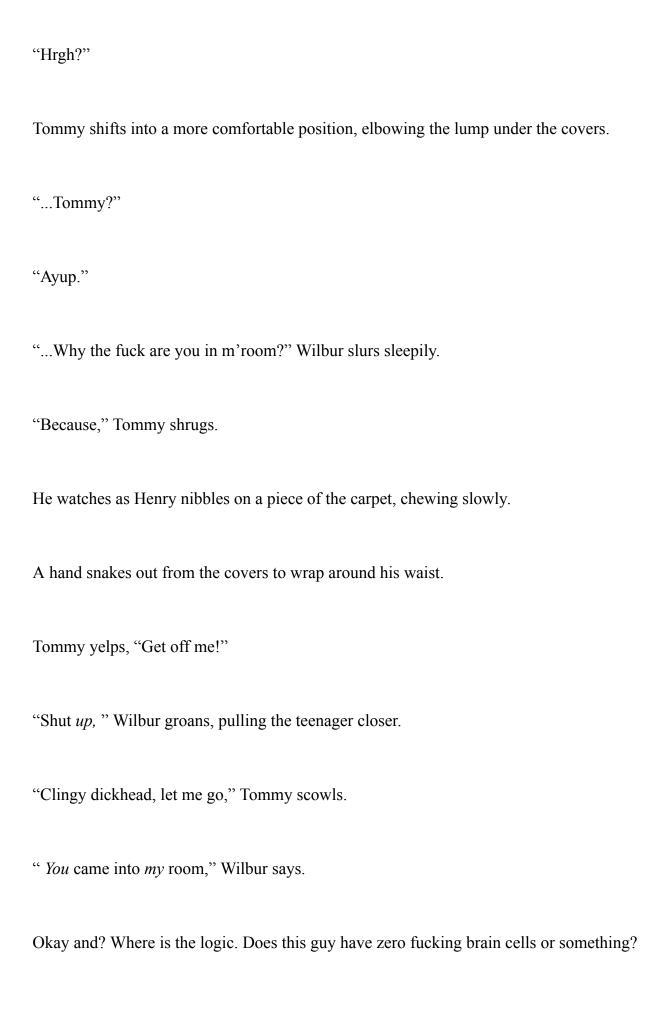
"Tubbo, how do you train cows?"

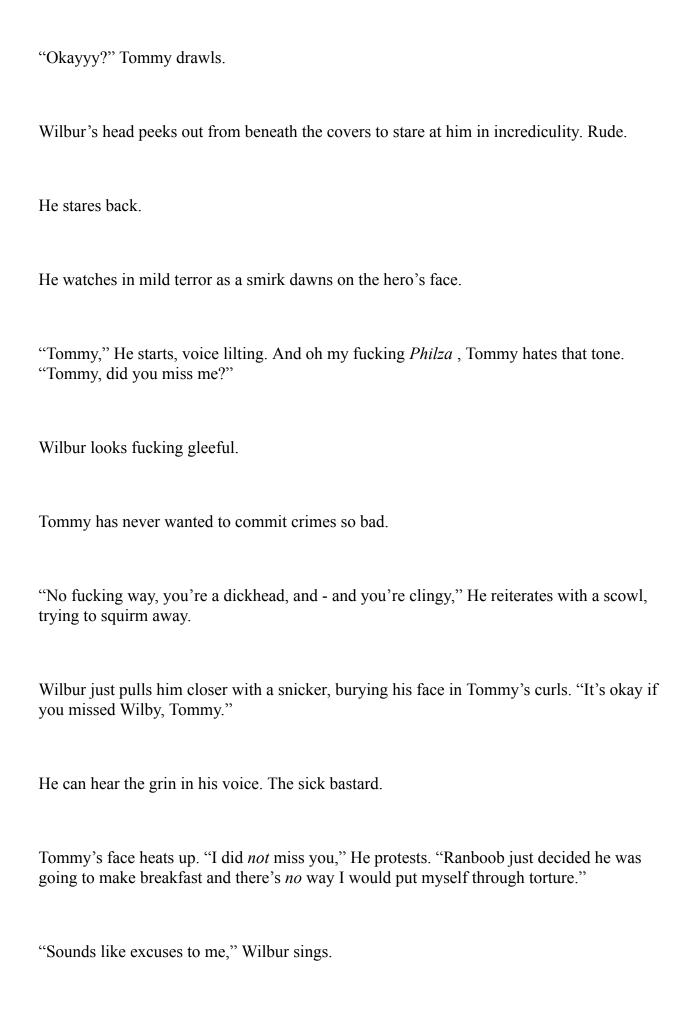
"You don't train cows, Tommy," The boy rolls his eyes, turning back to the kitchen machinery.
"That's fucking bullshit," Tommy scoffs. Seriously, does Tubbo think he's an idiot or something?
"It's really not, big man," Tubbo hums, "Henry's not a dog."
"Can I train Micheal?"
Tubbo stares at him. "No."
Tommy watches as Technoblade stumbles sluggishly into the kitchen, sweater sagging around his form.
Tommy snorts, "You look like shit."
Technoblade glances up at him.
Tommy snaps his mouth shut.
Yikes.



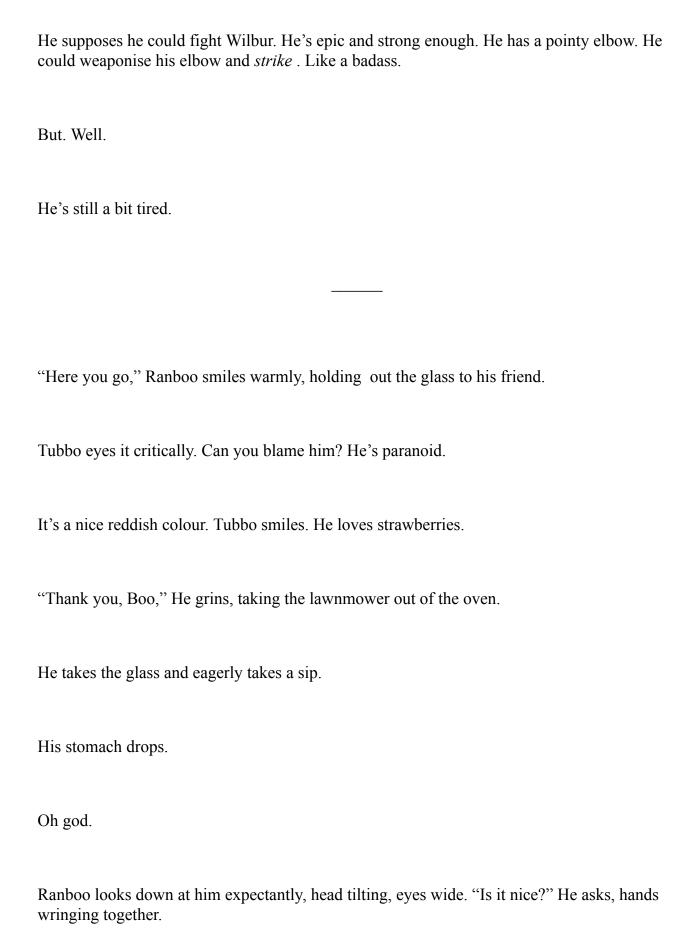




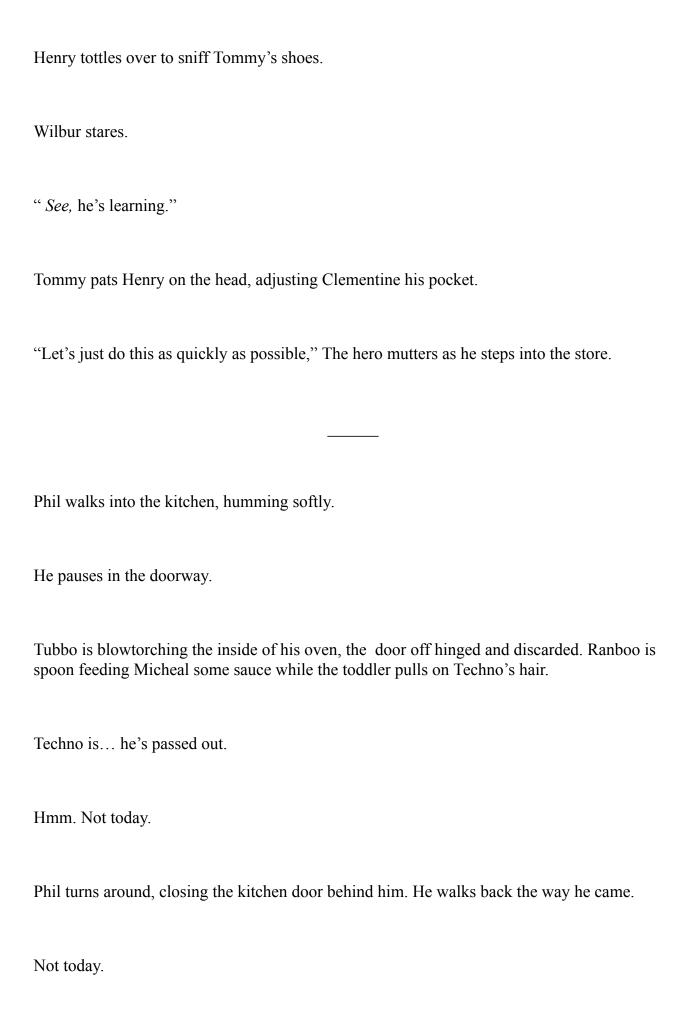




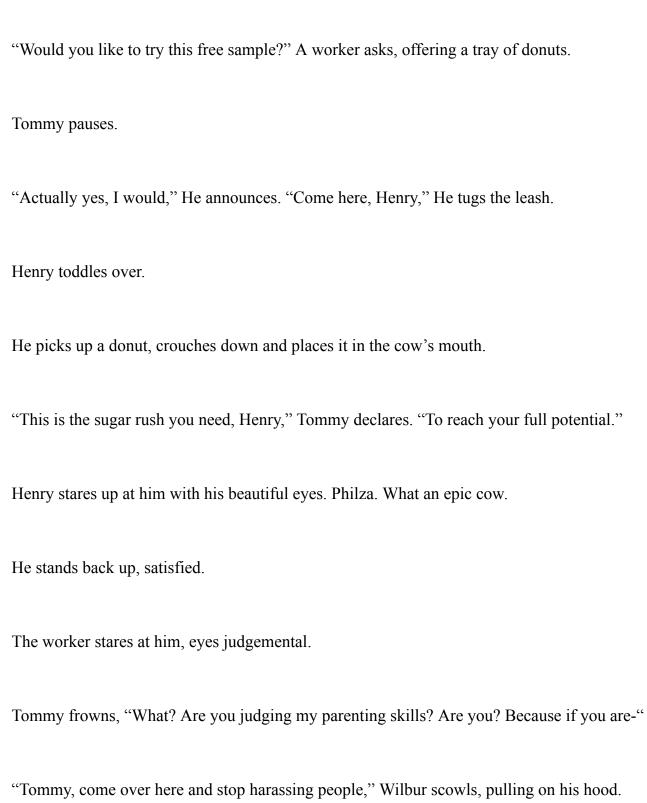


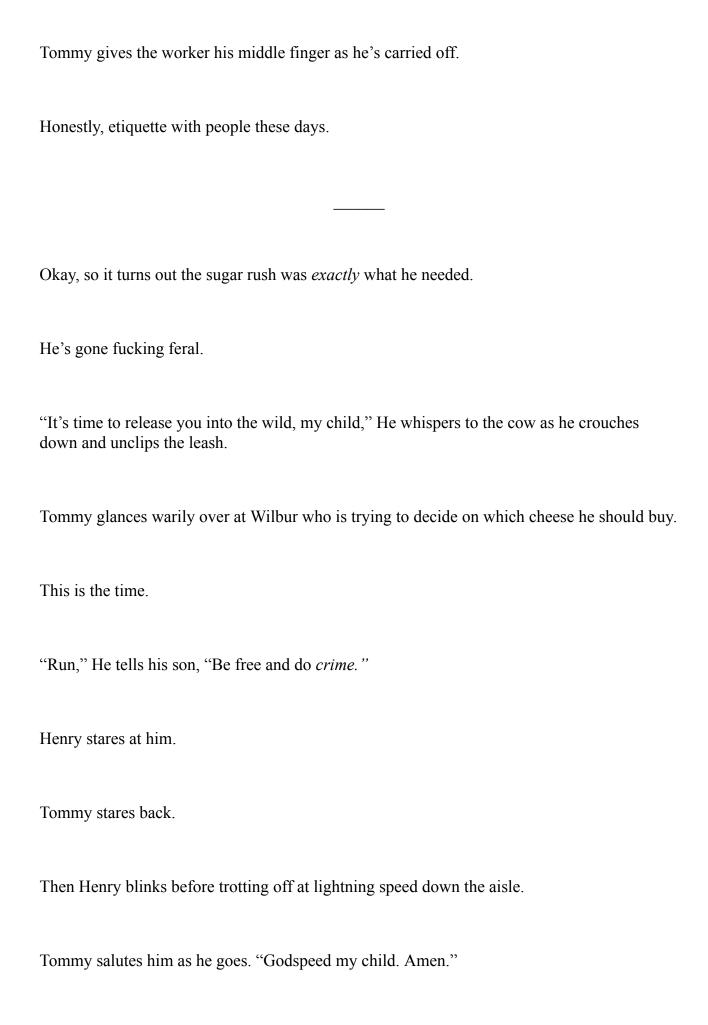


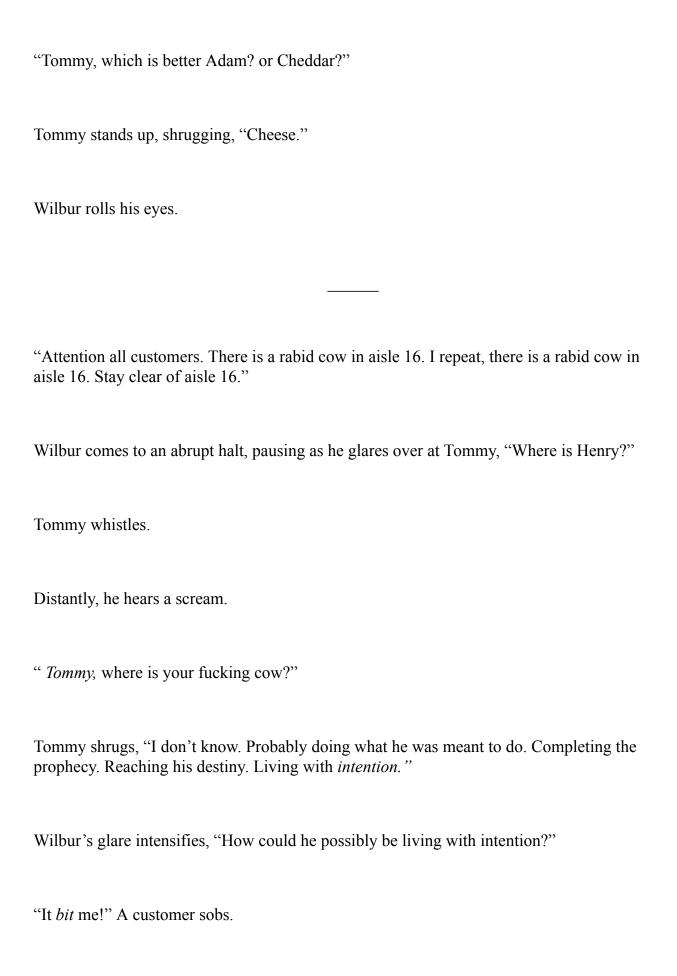
Damn him . Damn it all to hell.
Tubbo hums around his mouthful, showing a thumbs up. "Mmmm," He nods.
"That's great, I knew the spaghetti sauce would be a good addition."
"How the fuck did we end up here?" Tommy complains.
He looks up at the Waitrose logo.
"Wil, c'mon, big man. This shop is like, ripoff fucking central. Do you like being scammed? Tesco wouldn't treat you like this."
Wilbur rolls his eyes as he pulls out a trolley. "Techno likes Waitrose."
"He's <i>insane</i> ," Tommy tells him sincerely. Must be hard for Wilbur, to live with someone who shops in Waitrose. "I send my condolences."
"Oh my god, stop bullshitting, it's still too early for this," Wilbur groans before sighing, "And why, did you bring Henry?"
Tommy looks down at the baby cow who is sniffing some powder on the concrete, "Training," He says simply, tugging the leash gently.



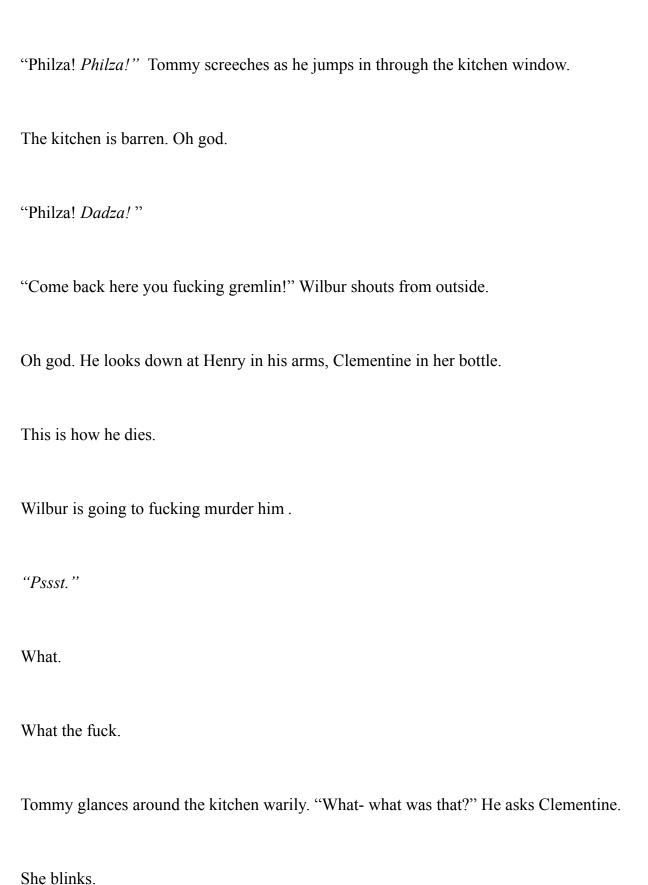


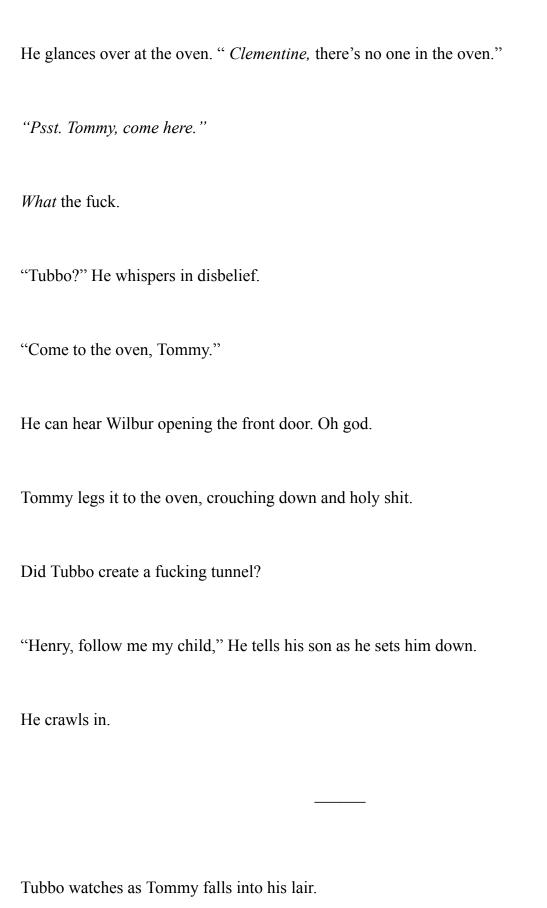


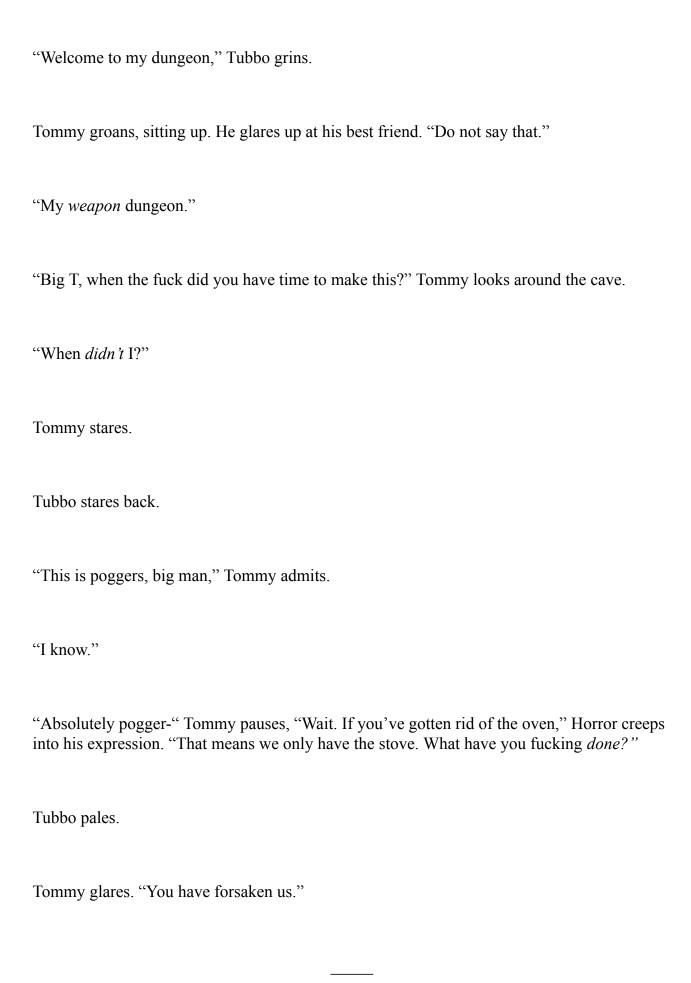




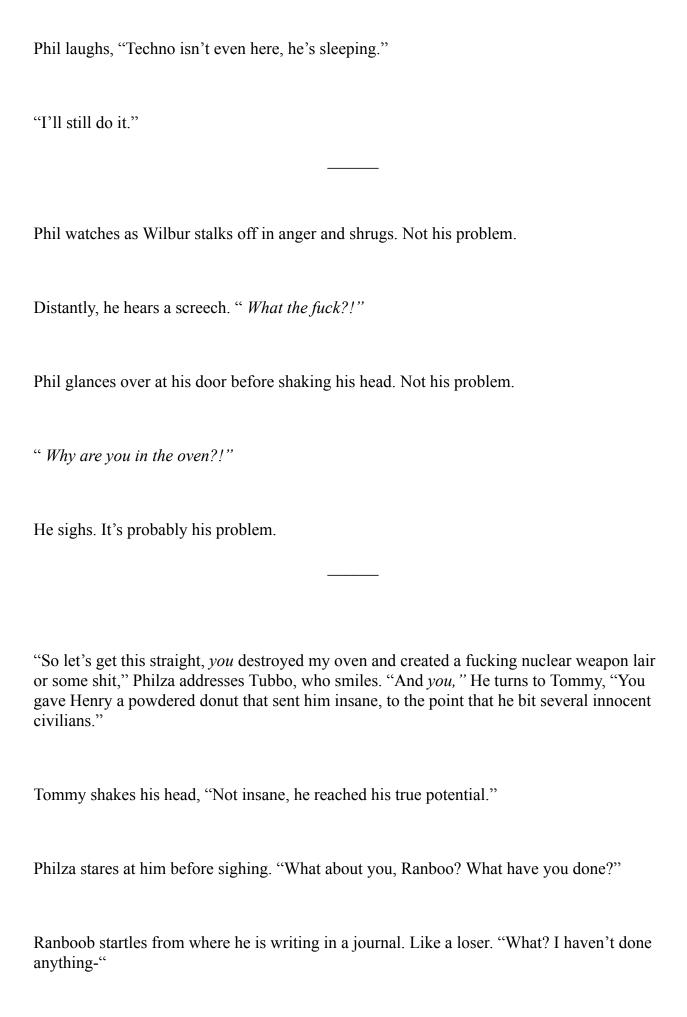


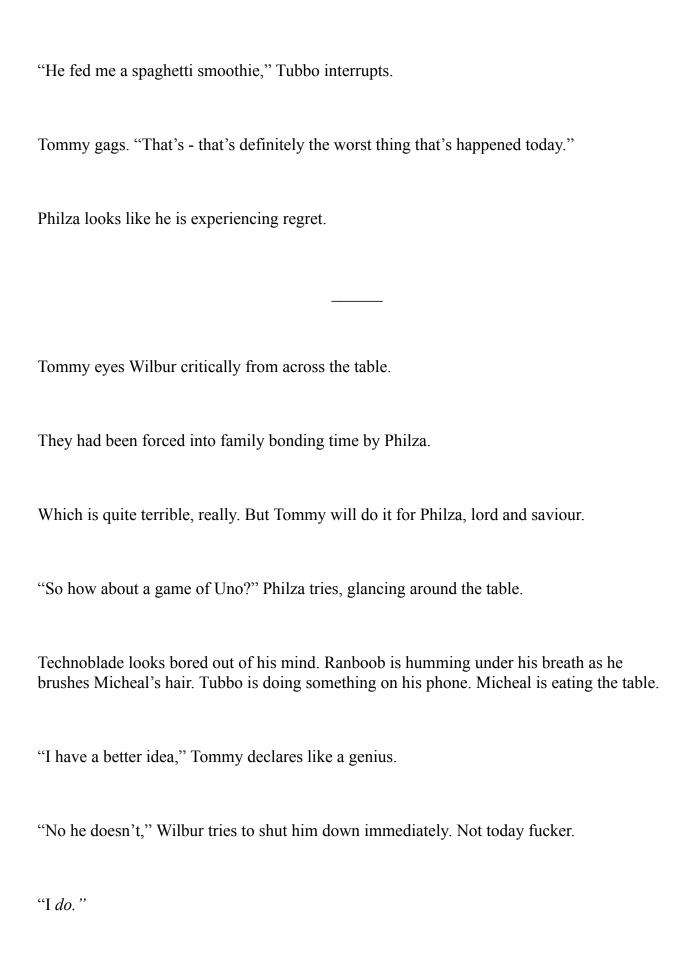








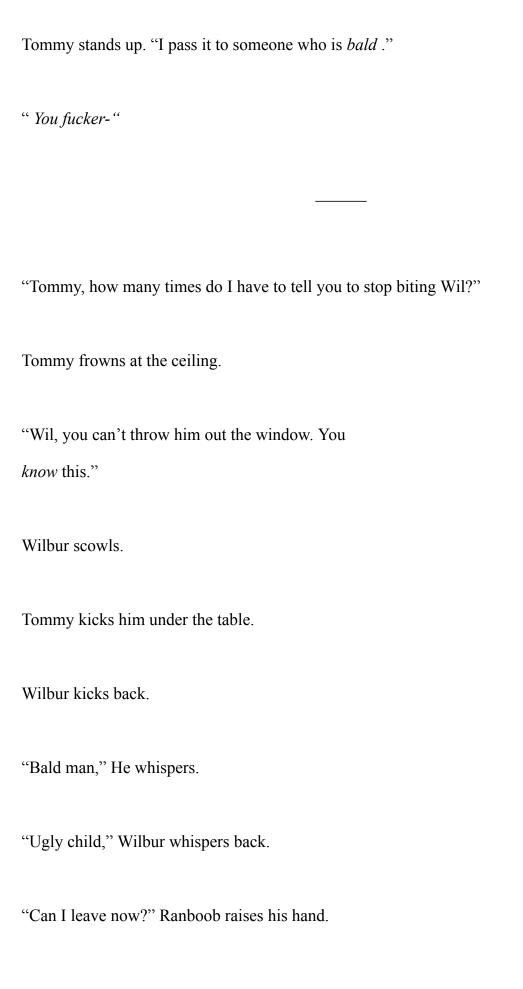




"Like what? Getting us banned from another supermarket?"
Oh my god, this guy does not let things go. Tommy rolls his eyes, "The past is past, forgive, forget."
"It happened <i>two</i> hours ago!" Wilbur slams his hands on the table in frustration.
"You have anger issues, get some help," Tommy tells him again.
"You fuckin-"
"What idea did you have Tommy?" Philza smiles.
"Oh right yeah, okay it's fucking pog and I made it myself," Tommy grins, "So we get a phone, and we pass it around the table and we say something like 'I pass this to a fucking wrongun' and then I'd pass it to Ranboob."
They all stare at him.
Ranboob frowns. "Uh first of all, you didn't make that up, you found it on TikTok. And second of all, why am I the example?"
Tommy grins, "Lets just ignore what he said and play."
"I pass the phone to a shitty vigilante," Tubbo mumbles distractedly as he passes the phone over to Tommy. Which, okay, kinda rude.

Tommy frowns. "I pass the phone to slenderman," He hands it over to Ranboob. Ranboob frowns. "I pass the phone to someone who's always sleeping," He passes it to Technoblade. "I pass the phone to Phil," Technoblade hands it over to Philza. "Mate, that's - thats - okay, I pass the phone to someone who keeps destroying my appliances," Philza hands it over to Tubbo. Tubbo smiles, "I pass it over to someone who got banned from Waitrose," He passes it over to Wilbur. Wilbur glares, sullenly as he takes the phone. "I pass it over to a fucking gremlin." Tommy takes the phone, "I pass it over to someone with anger issues." Wilbur snatches the phone, "I pass it over to someone who is a child." Tommy gasps when it is handed back to him, "I pass it to someone who has a shitty fucking hat." Wilbur frowns, hand reaching up to touch his beanie. He glares. "I pass it someone who's hoodie is fucking ugly."

Oh. He wants to go there?





Phil sighs.

Wilbur glares at his twin lazily. " Out the window."

Chapter End Notes

typos? in my oven? couldn't be. (pls tell)

hello cult. how are you cult? i hope you are well cult.

first of all, thank you so much for all the support as usual. you guys are amazing. 12k kudos is insane and i can't believe we are at 260k hits. wowowowww. also the inspired list is so long holy shit / pos. thank you so much ily <3

//okay. now a lil bit more serious. this addresses a few things that have been going around twt, so feel free to skip if you feel uncomfortable. TW: death threats.

let me just state that i in no way agree with what insensitive tweets / things that techno has said in the past. at all.

however, this whole techno situation has been sitting with me wrong. twt feels like a place where we are losing our humanity atm. i encourage everyone to not send death threats, try to doxx or harm technoblade in anyway. i will never condone these actions, no matter who it is towards or what they have done and i stand by that.

i feel like nowadays we are not using our hearts. it's gotten to the point where we have dehumanized this man to the point where we can call him his /real/ name and cross several boundaries to justify our own means and that makes me sick. i'm sorry if you disagree. i agree that holding people accountable for their actions is okay and even positive. but the way twt has done it? it's become terrible. i understand that techno has said horrible things in the past, but i cannot ignore the fact that i can /see/ that he has grown as a person since tweets he made almost seven years ago. i've said it before and i'll say it again. people are not black and white. we are grey. i find it hard to ignore that he is my comfort streamer and to just endlessly hate on him when i genuinely enjoy his content. maybe i'm just tired of hating on people in general. again, this is my opinion. i am in no way trying to invalidate anyone who has been affected by what he has said or done, you are valid.

but idk. i feel like we also don't take into account mental health? if i had thousands upon thousands of people telling me to apologize for things i have done years ago, i'll be honest, i'd be terrified and scared and probably hesitant to speak up due to the fact that i

have anxiety. i don't think people realize how hard it is sometimes to speak up and apologize when people are attacking you from all angles. i'm not saying techno has anxiety or anything like that, he may even just not want to apologize. what i'm saying is, is that we don't take these things into account when we send ccs death threats. there is someone behind a screen that has to read them and we never know what's going on in their personal life.

all i'm saying is to be mindful. i think twt has gone about this the wrong way. for this situation i'm going to have to use my heart.//

tldr: i am going to continue to use techno in my works. so if you feel uncomfortable, please, feel free to stop reading. put yourself first. you are valid and i understand why it may be difficult.

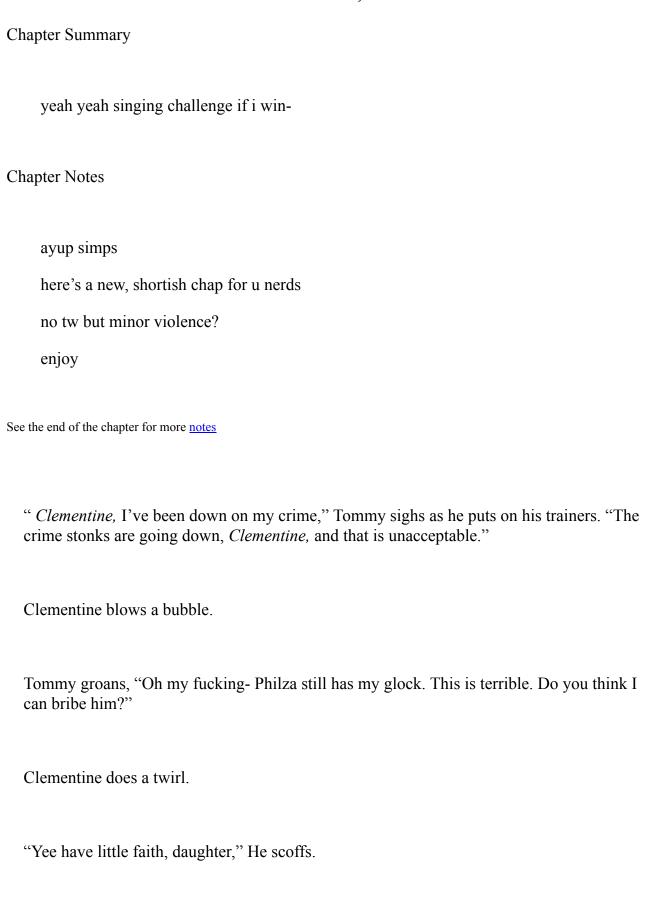
anyways. i'm not going to be as active on twt probably. but you can still find me @bigbrainsimp: D tag me in fanart you have made so i can see it.

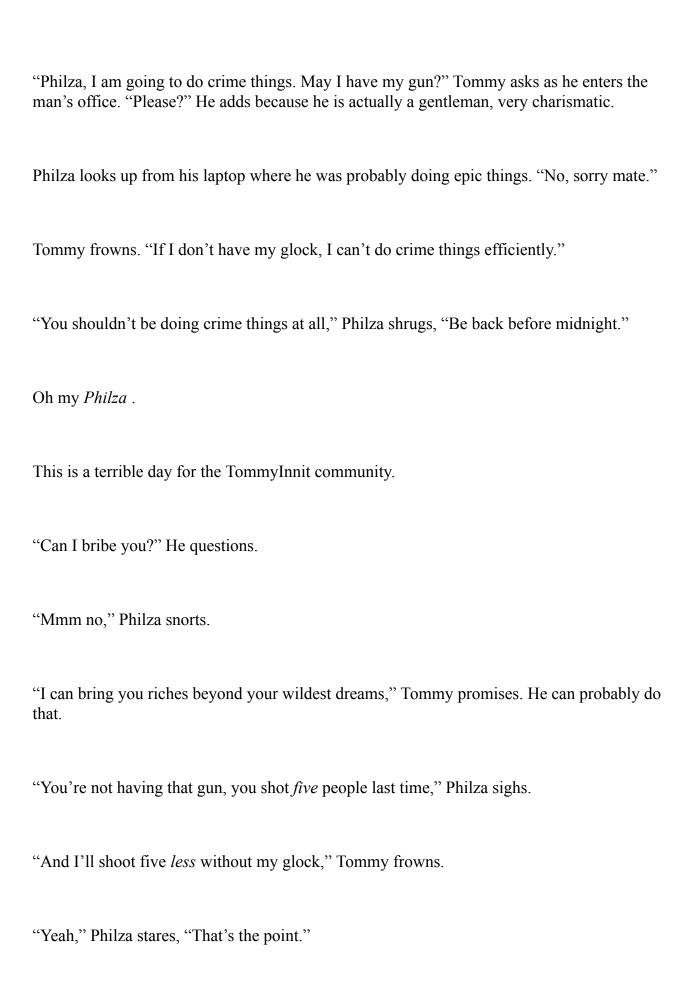
talking about fanart.

here is some amazing art

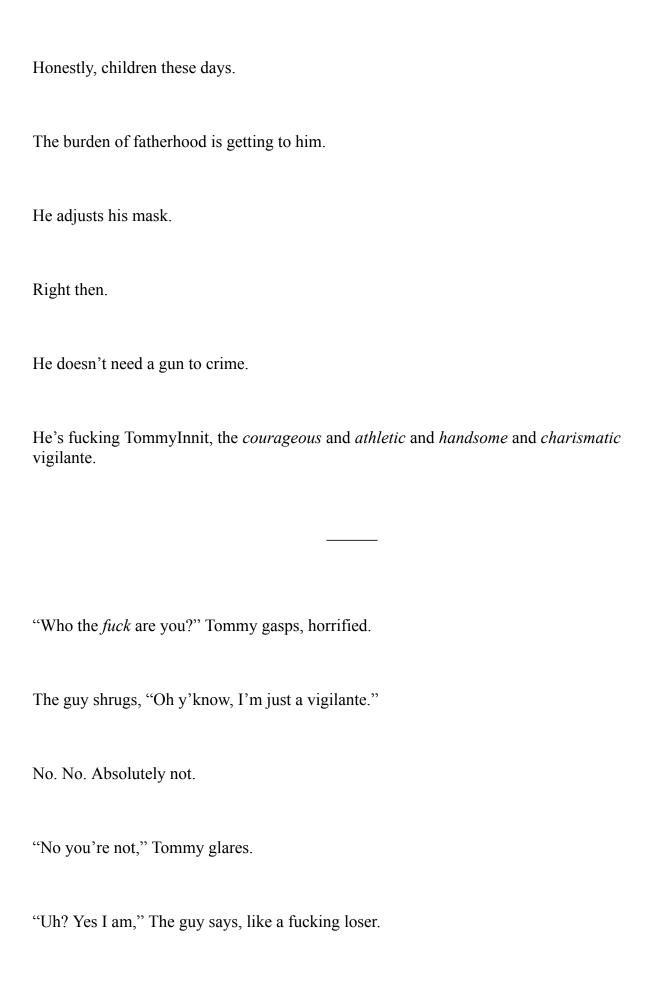
micheal and tommy my beloved ueueueueue

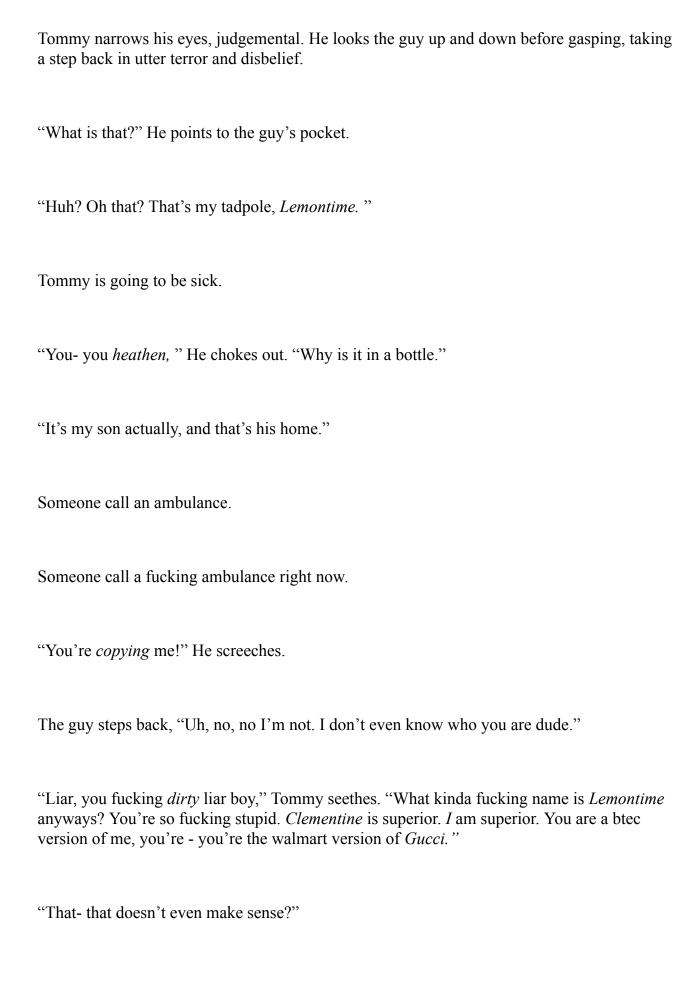
Call An Ambulance, But Not For Me

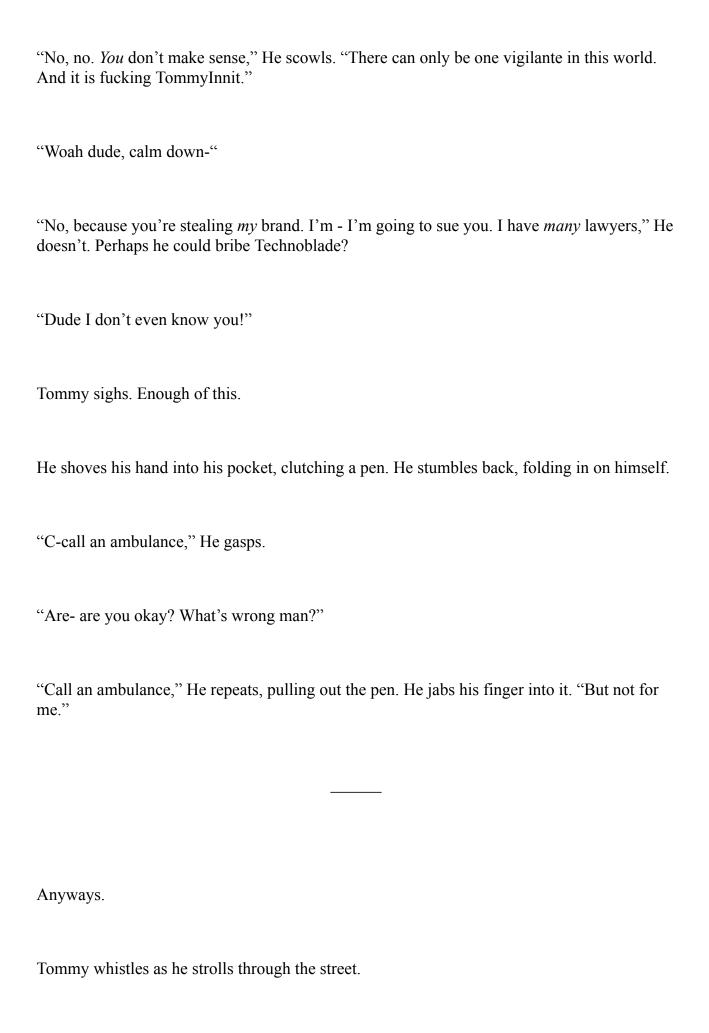


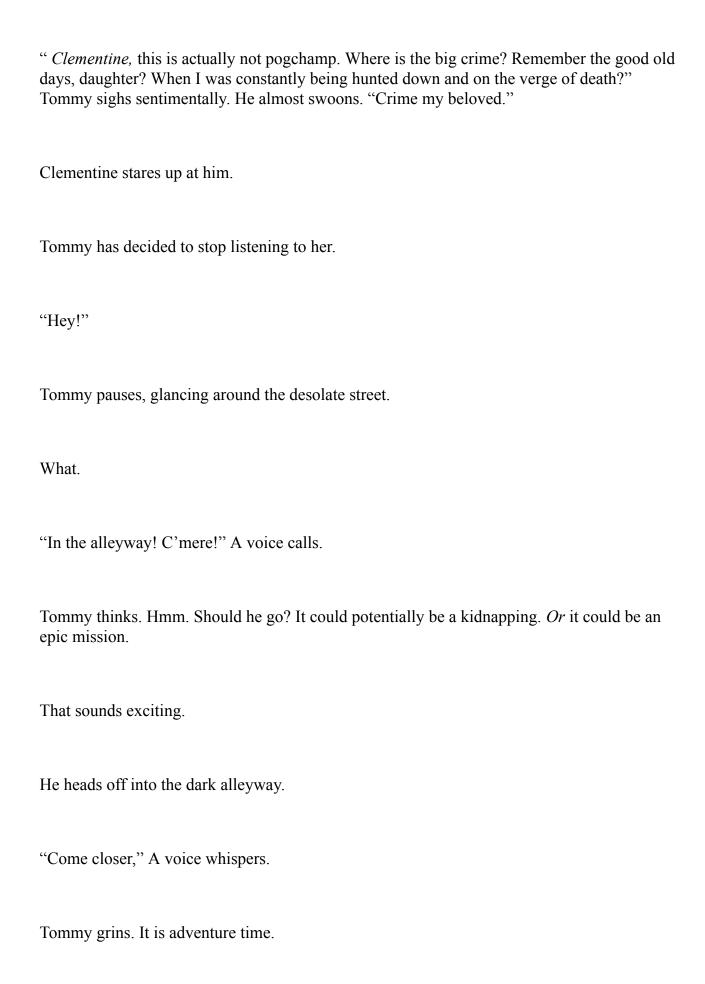


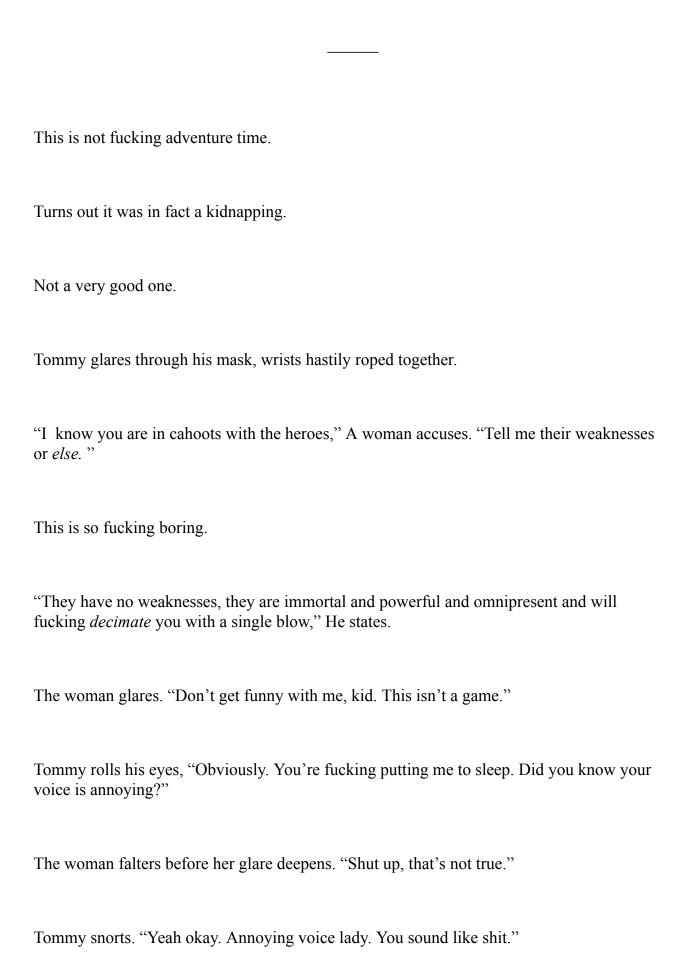
Fuck.
Tommy lets out a sigh of deep agony, running a hand through his hair. "Philza, lord and saviour. You are a wonderful man, truly a gift to this universe. But today, <i>today</i> you are a wrongun. I'm sorry," He tells him sincerely, placing a palm above his heart.
"Okay mate."
Tommy slams the front door angrily as he walks out into the cold, evening air.
It's bullshit, really. That's he's not allowed his gun.
"How am I meant to crime?" He grumbles to his daughter.
Clementine blinks.
"Oh my <i>Philza</i> , you're - you're so high and mighty <i>Clementine</i> ," He shouts. " <i>Meh meh meh meh meh crime is bad Tommy</i> . You know what is bad? Your attitude today, I am going to teach you amazing things and you're taking my tutelage for granted. It's disrespectful. You're disrespecting me."
She does a flip.
"No. No. I don't want to hear it," He huffs, "Learn some manners young lady, Henry is better behaved than you."



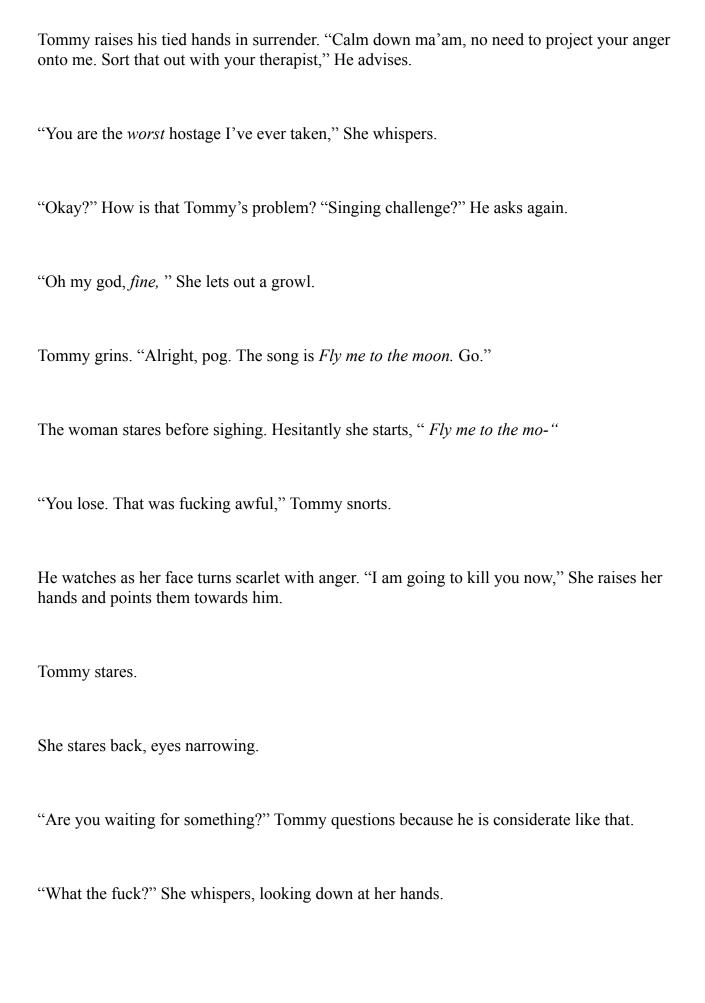


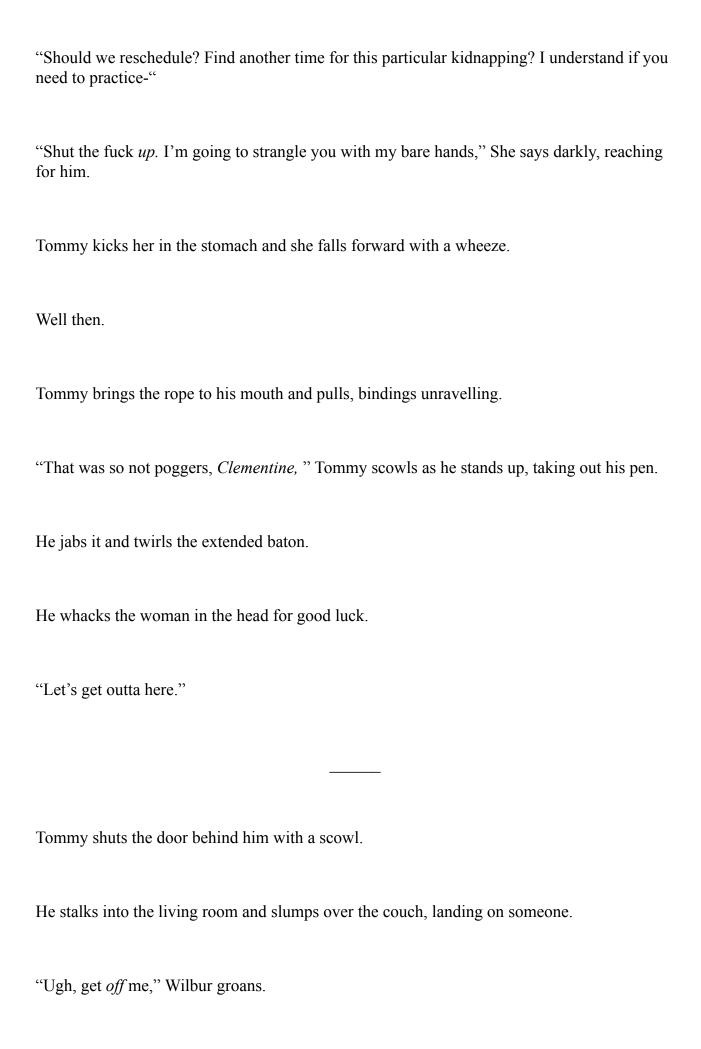




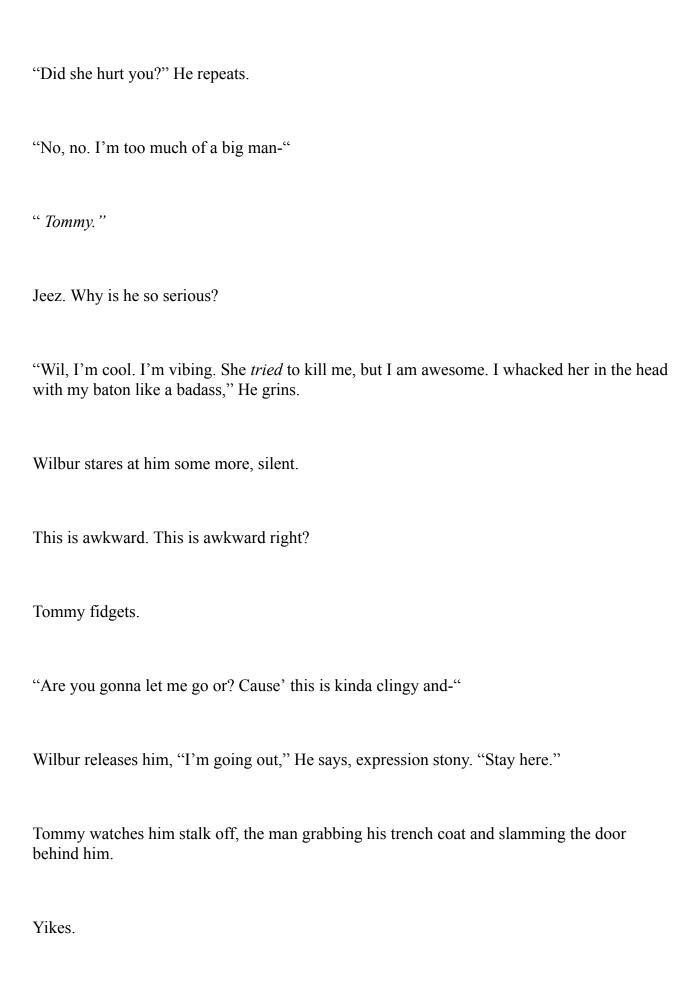




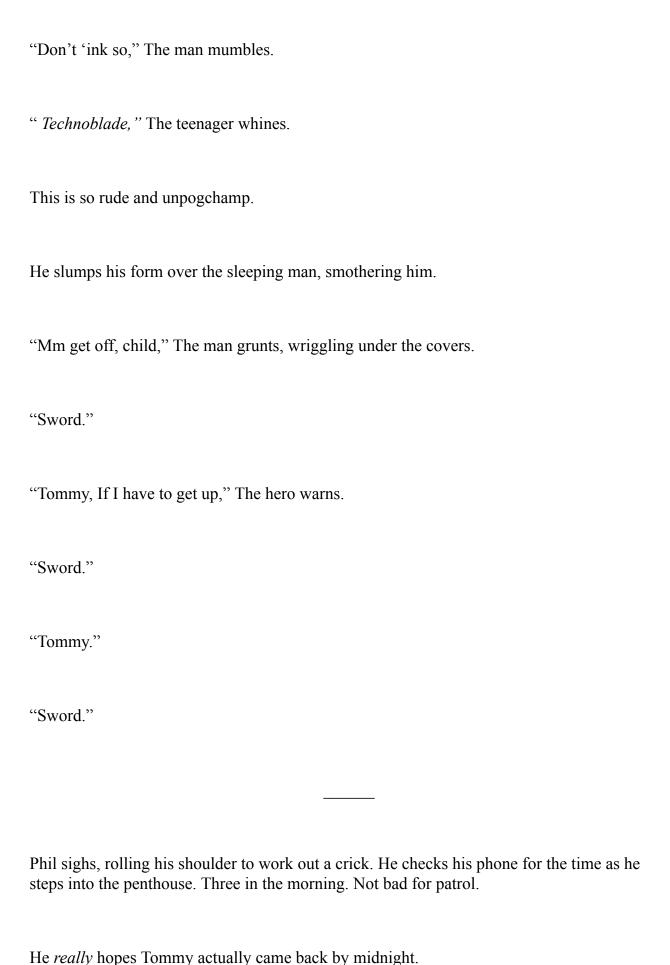




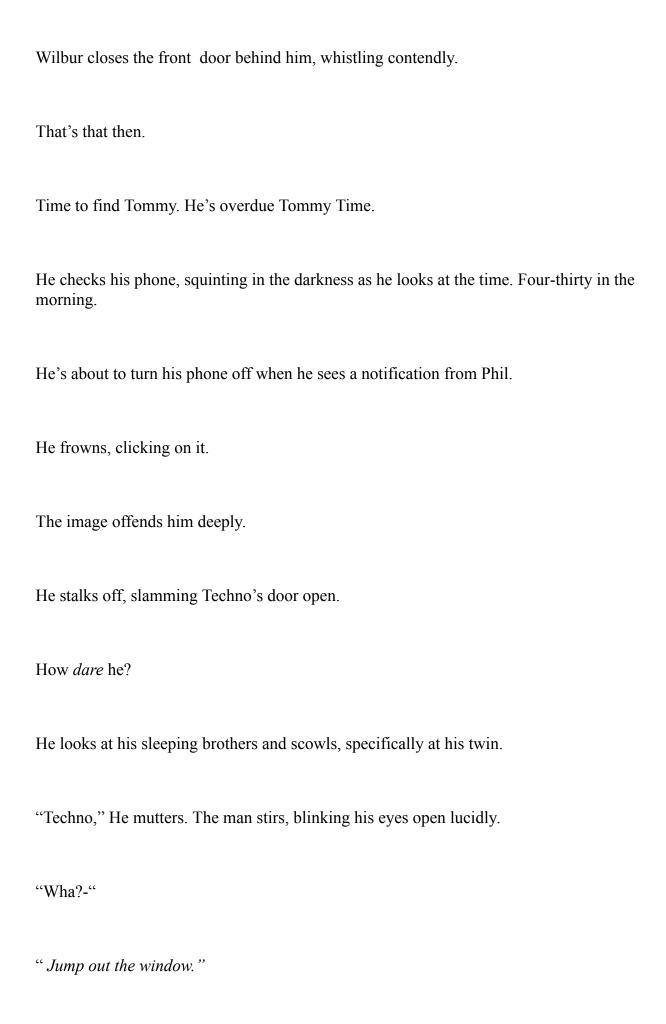








He walks over to the boy's bedroom, peeking inside.
He suppresses a groan as he stares at the empty bed.
Where is that fucker?
He closes the bedroom door back and walks into Techno's room.
"Tech, I just got back but I've got to go find Tommy because the kid-" He pauses as he takes in the scene.
Techno is fast asleep. That is not unusual, especially on days where he's not patrolling. It's practically his default mode.
It's the boy sleeping on his chest.
Tommy is curled up on the man, drooling onto Techno's sweater, one hand is clutching at the man's sleeve and the other Phil squints as he looks at the sword in the boy's hand. What the hell?
It's best if he doesn't try to think about it.
Phil leans against the doorframe and finds himself smiling. He lifts his phone and takes a quick picture, sending it to Wilbur before he closes the door behind him gently.



Chapter End Notes

typos? in my singing challenge? damn. (pls tell)

hello cult. how are you cult? listen cult. we must stage an intervention. there seems to be an imposter among us.

there have been quite a few coincidences and i have reason to believe that tommyinnit is stealing my vigilante/superhero brand and this is unacceptable /j. cult we are meant to be on the downlow. how did it come to this? why is philza a hero on origin smp? why is tubbo using the word defenestration? i have my suspicions.

gatekeeper girlboss guys. gatekeep girlboss.

also what would my subtwt be called? i have asked twt and a few have said defenestrationtwt? what are we thinking?

ALSO thank you for 13k kudos, this is insane and very hype and poggers champion i love u all very much and you are all amazing

cult pog <3

(ccs i'm watching u)

now onto some amazing fanart . as always you can find me on twt @bigbrainsimp where u can tag me in fanart or just talk me lmao. i don't usually look on insta because i don't have an official acc lmao, but twt is down so :D

really cool doodles of tommy and clementine my beloved

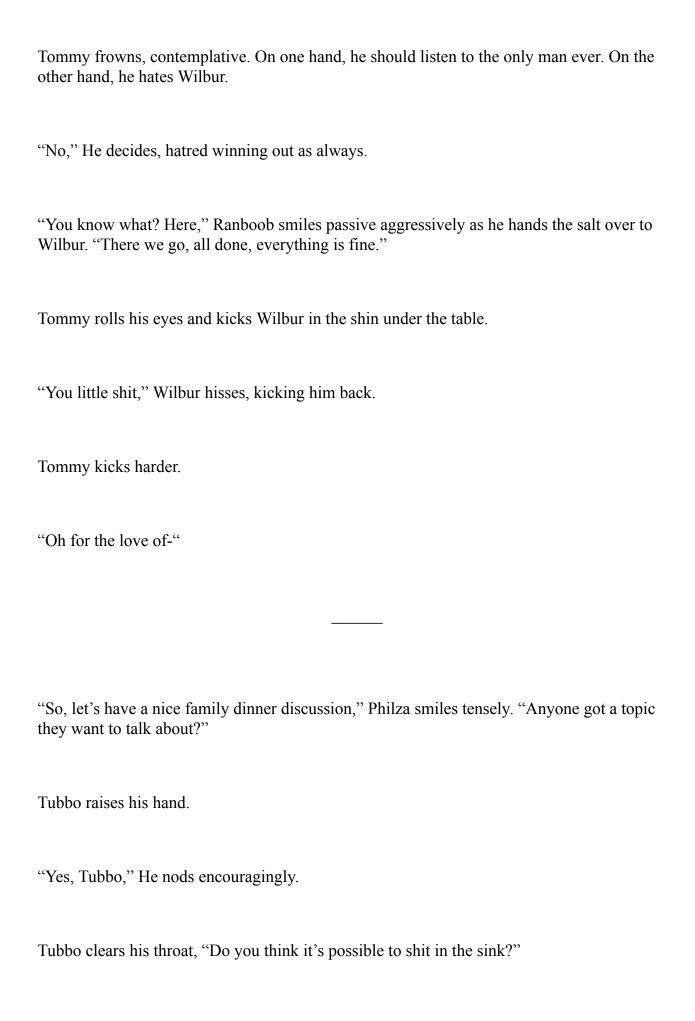
Our Get Along Sweater Except It's Fucking Shackles

Chapter	Summary
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Chapter Summary
brownies brownies brownies brownies
Chapter Notes
ayup simps, how are u losers?
jk, ur all pog.
tw: arrow shooting. starts here- "Ah shit!" Tommy bumps into Wilbur's shoulder as he avoids an arrow to the head and ends at the end of the scene.
enjoy lmao
See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>
"Pass the salt."
"Hmm, I don't think I will."
"Just pass the fucking salt."
" You pass the salt."
"I- I'm going to strangle you."

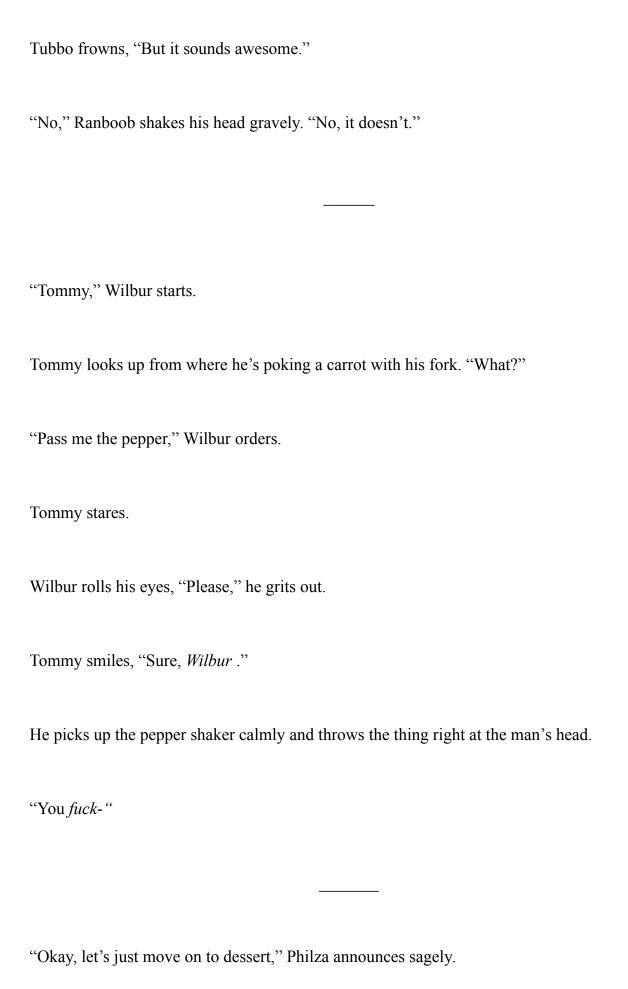
"I'll strangle you harder."



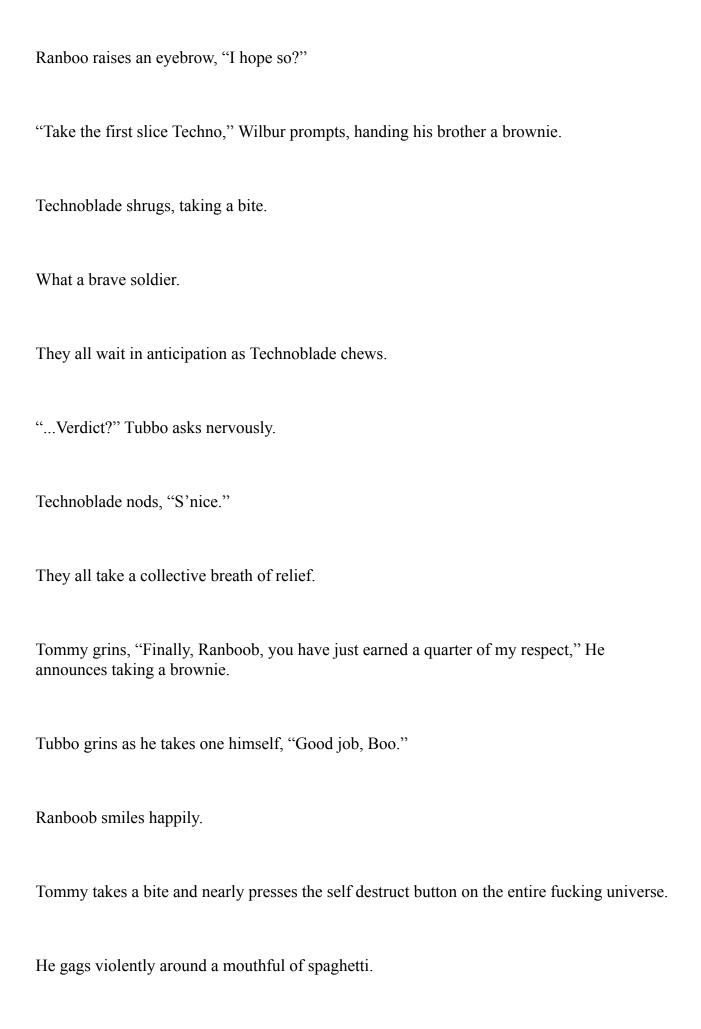


Philza lets out a sigh, head dropping to the table.
Technoblade eats on nonchalantly.
Wilbur grimaces.
Tommy laughs.
Ranboob sighs, rolling his eyes, "You really need to stop."
"Never," Tubbo grins. "But like, seriously, it should be possible right? Would it clog the drain? Could you just spray water on it until-"
"Any <i>other</i> topics that you would like to share?" Philza tries again, eye twitching.
Tubbo raises his hand.
"Not you."
Tubbo lowers his hand.
Ranboob raises his hand.
"Yes Ranboo?"

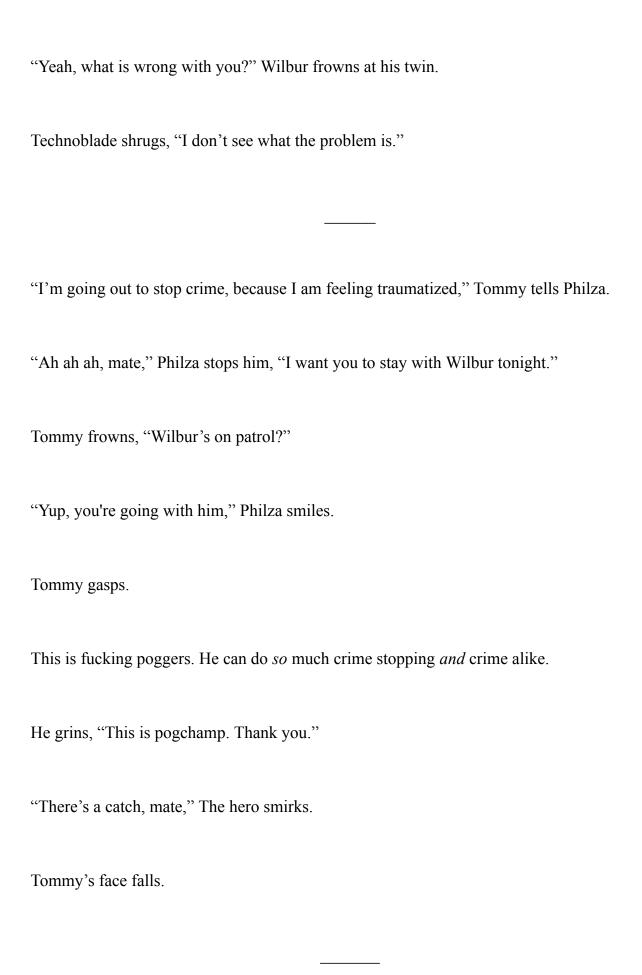


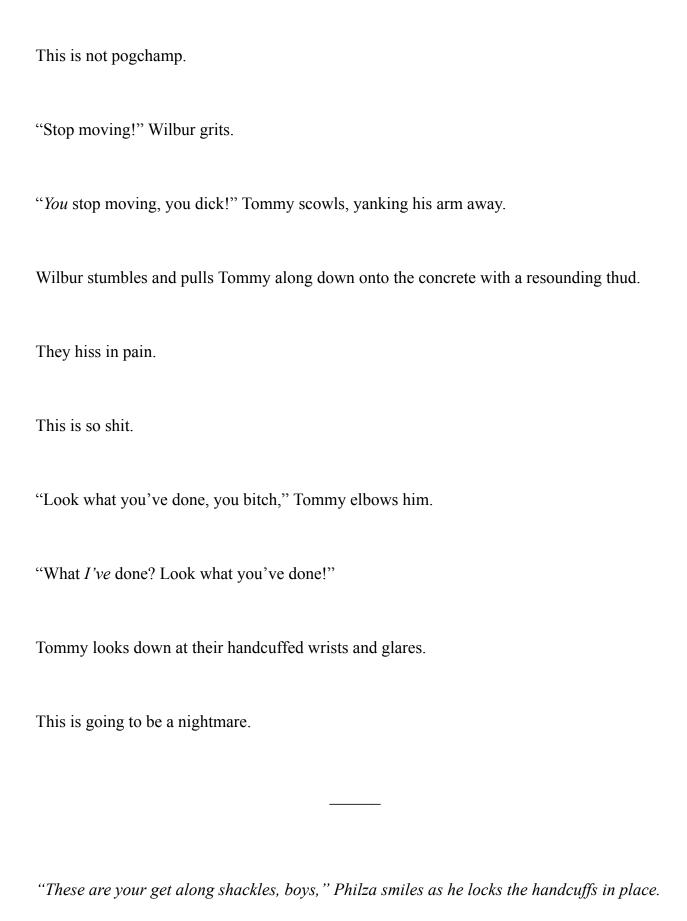




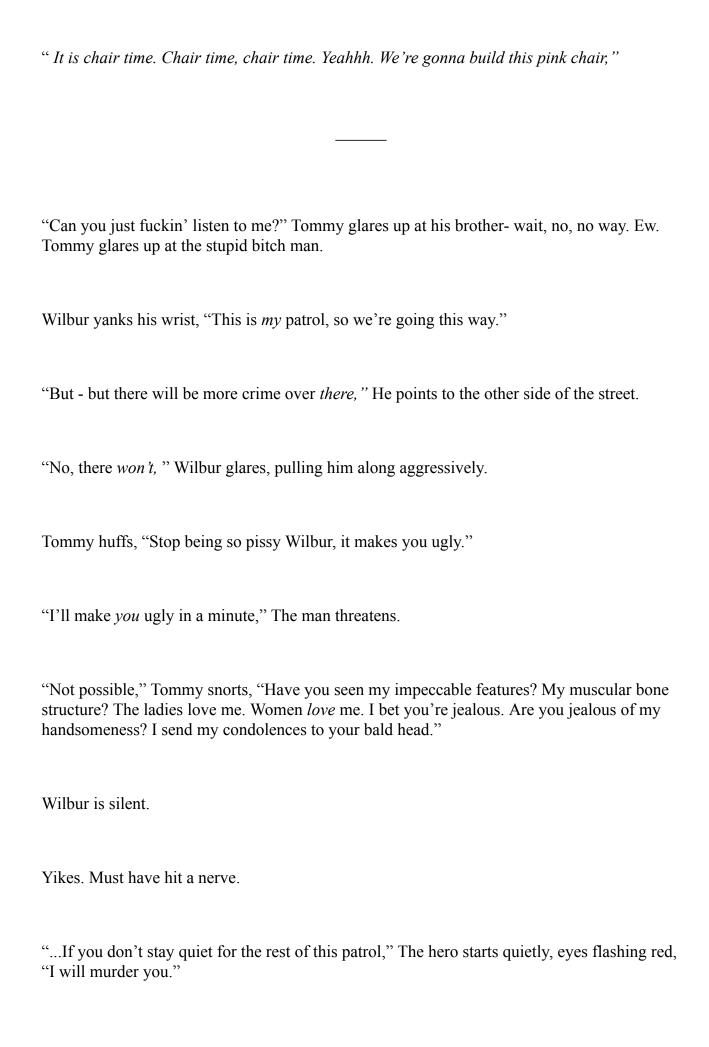








"What the fuck," Wilbur and Tommy mutter in unison before devolving into outrage.
"You cannot keep me attached to this fucking gremlin all night! How am I meant to patrol?!"
"How am I meant to be fucking poggers with this bald guy following me everywhere?!"
Philza's smile widens, "You'll figure it out. Have fun."
"So, here is the instruction manual," Ranboo opens up the booklet, sitting cross legged on the floor. "It should be simple enough."
"Sounds like a plan," Tubbo sings through his voice changer.
Oh man.
Ranboo's fingers tighten around the paper, "Mhm," He smiles thinly.
"This is gonna be so much fun," Tubbo sings. "Ranboo and Tubbo, Tubbo and Ranboo. Building a chair. With Michael."
Ranboo may cry today.
He looks over at Michael who is chewing on a random screw and sighs. This is going to be wonderful.





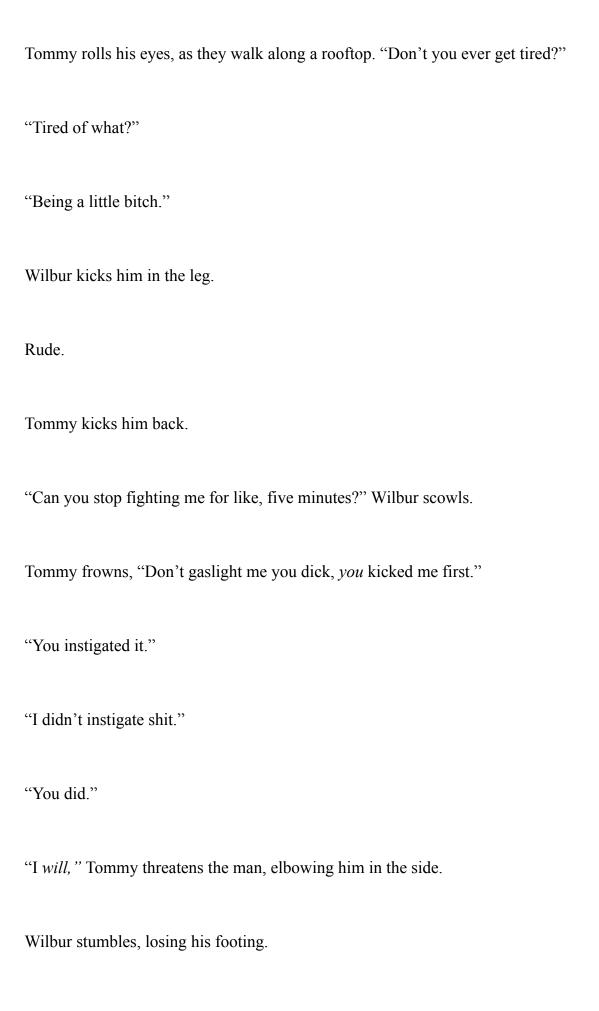


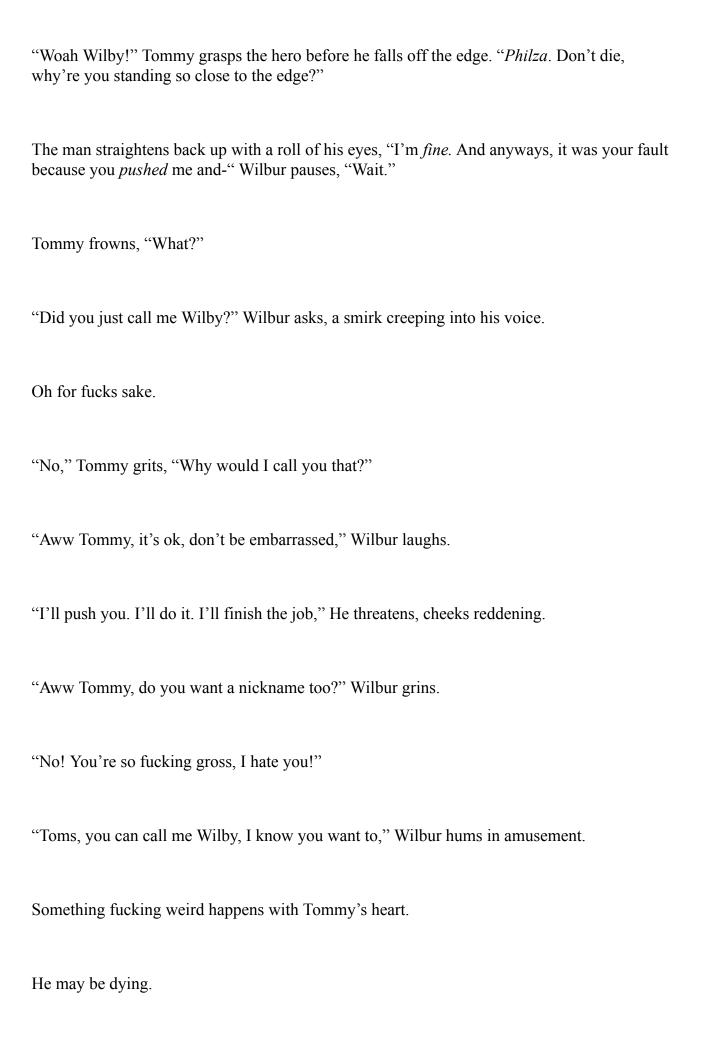
Phil flips the page of his book as he lies against the headrest, Techno flopped down next to him in the bed.
He pauses midway through turning the page, "You think they're alright?"
"Hmrh?" Techno opens his eyes tiredly to stare up at him.
"The kids," Phil supplies before adding, "And well, Wilbur. But he fits in the same category."
"Maybe," Techno mumbles.
Phil briefly considers checking up on them, maybe Ranboo and Tubbo need his help?
Distantly he hears autotuned screaming.
He continues to read.
"Go this way."
"No!"
"You little shit!"



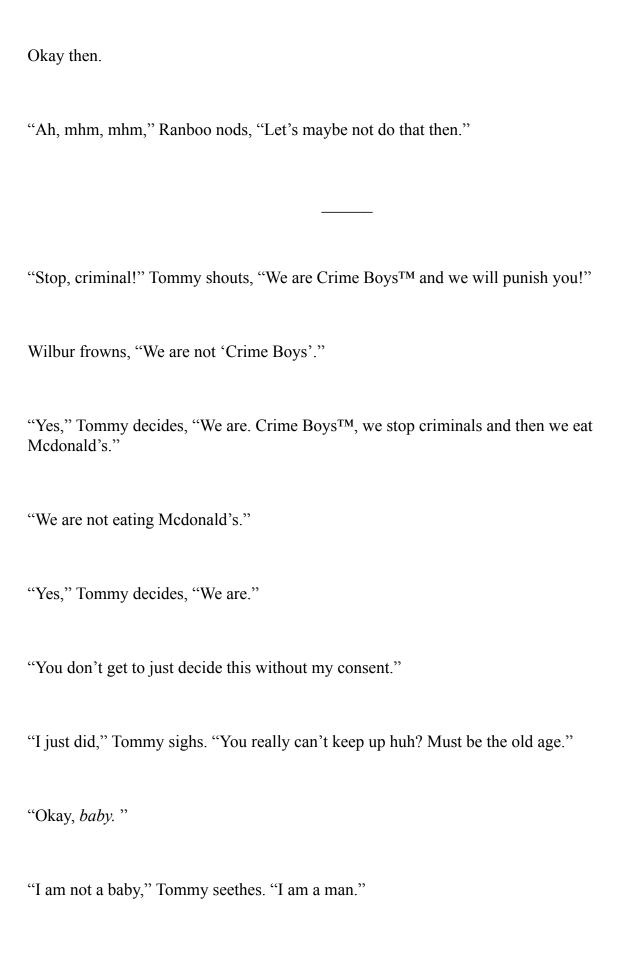


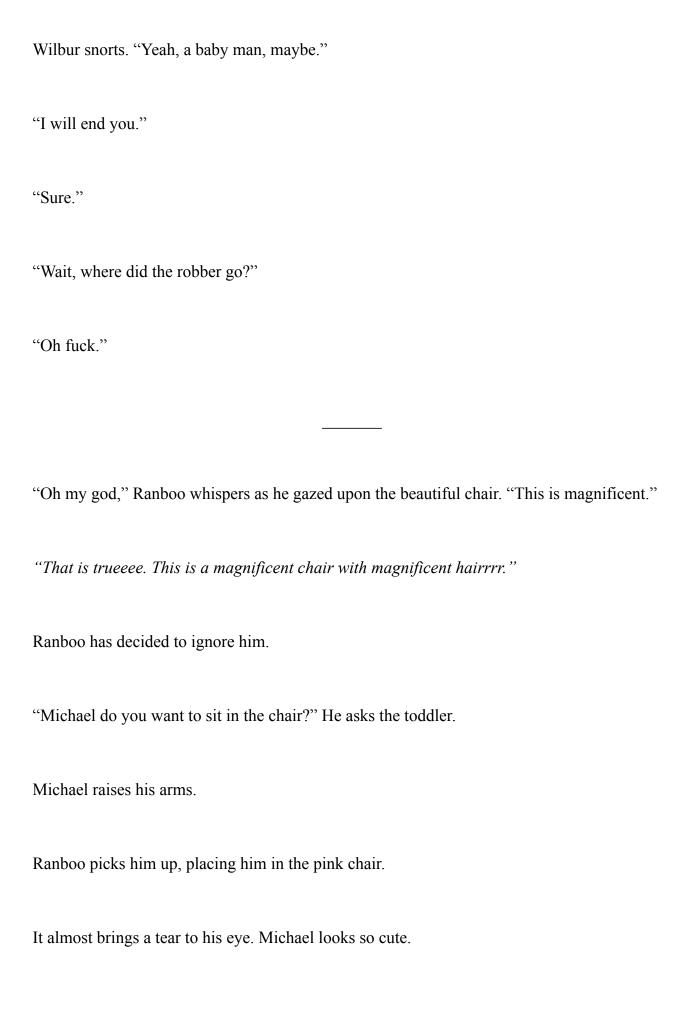


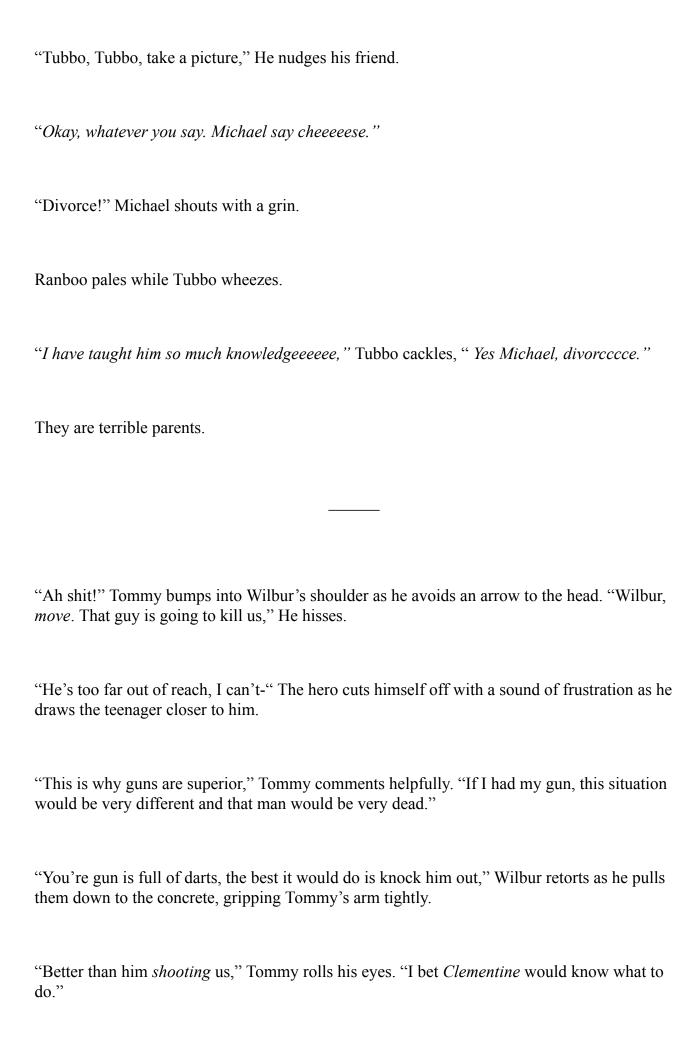


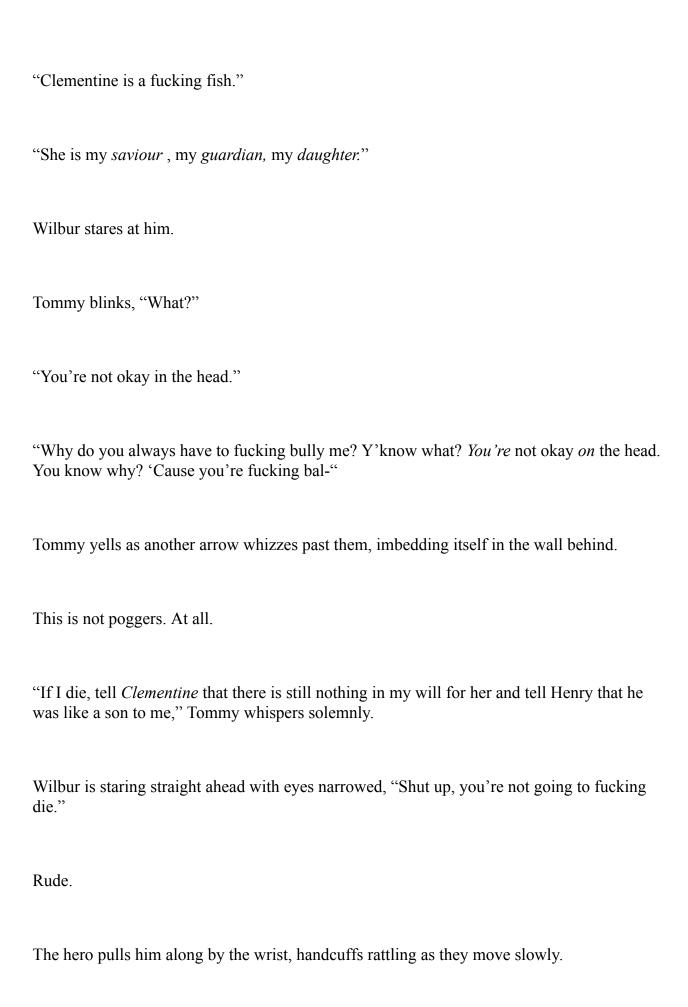


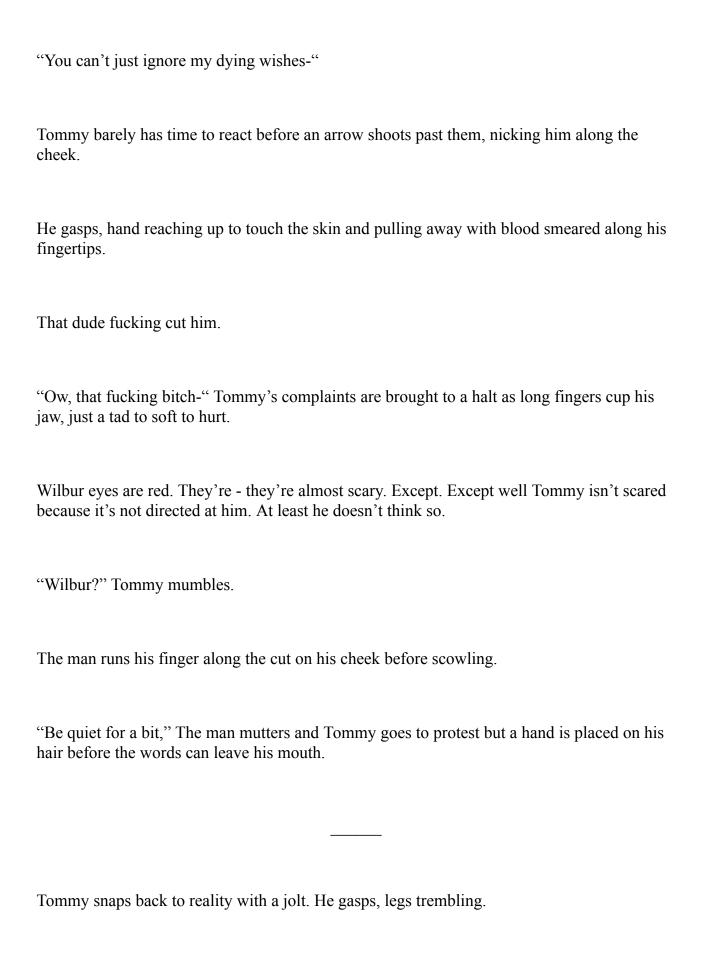




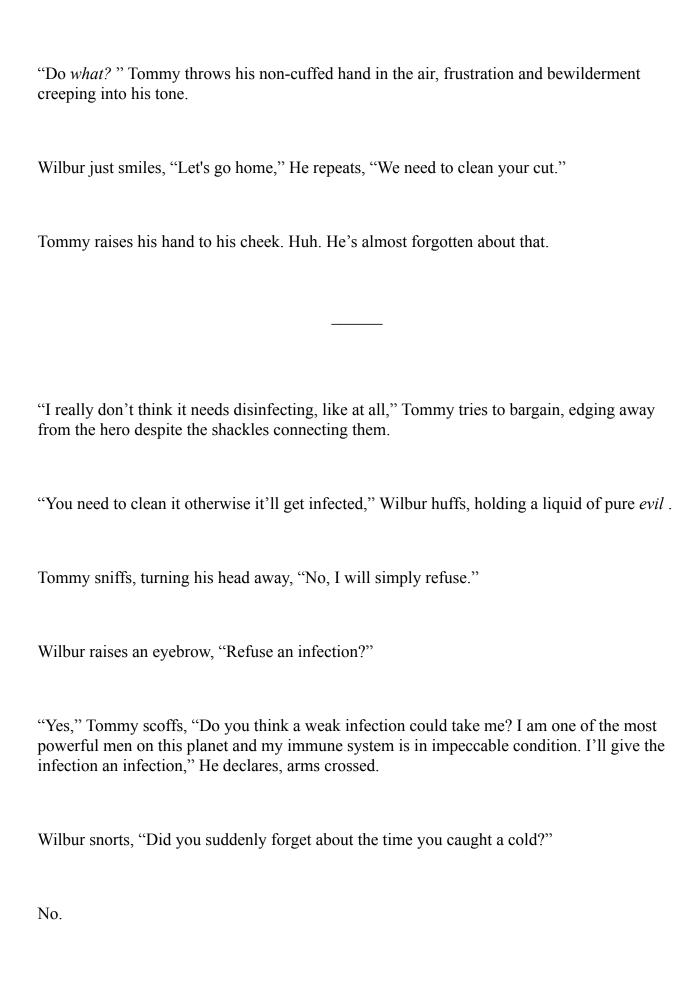


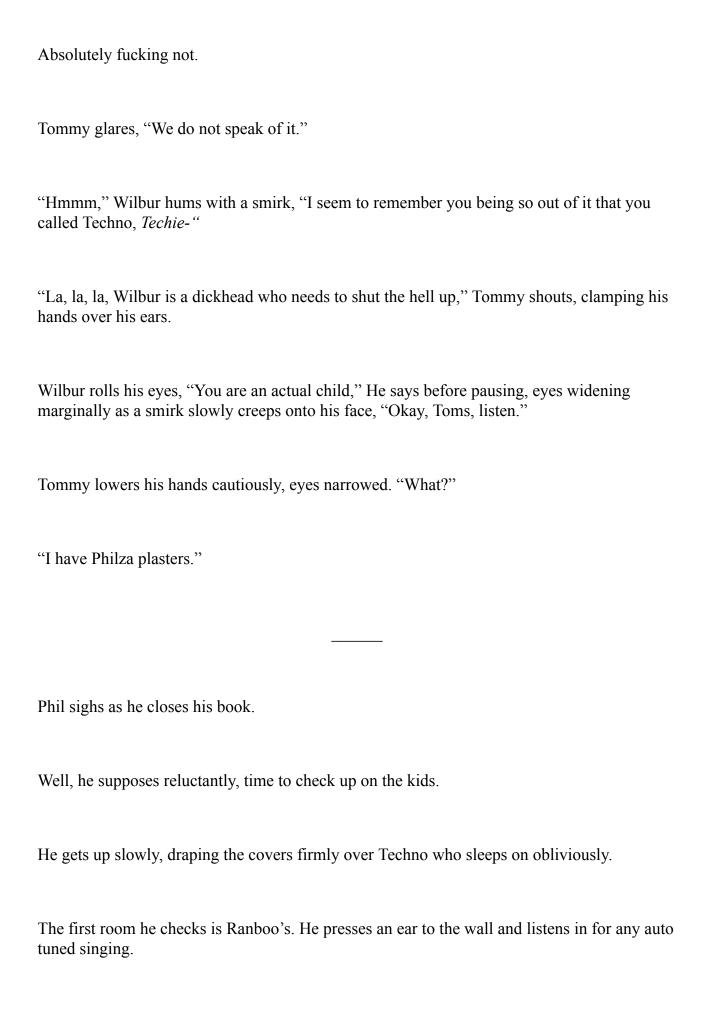


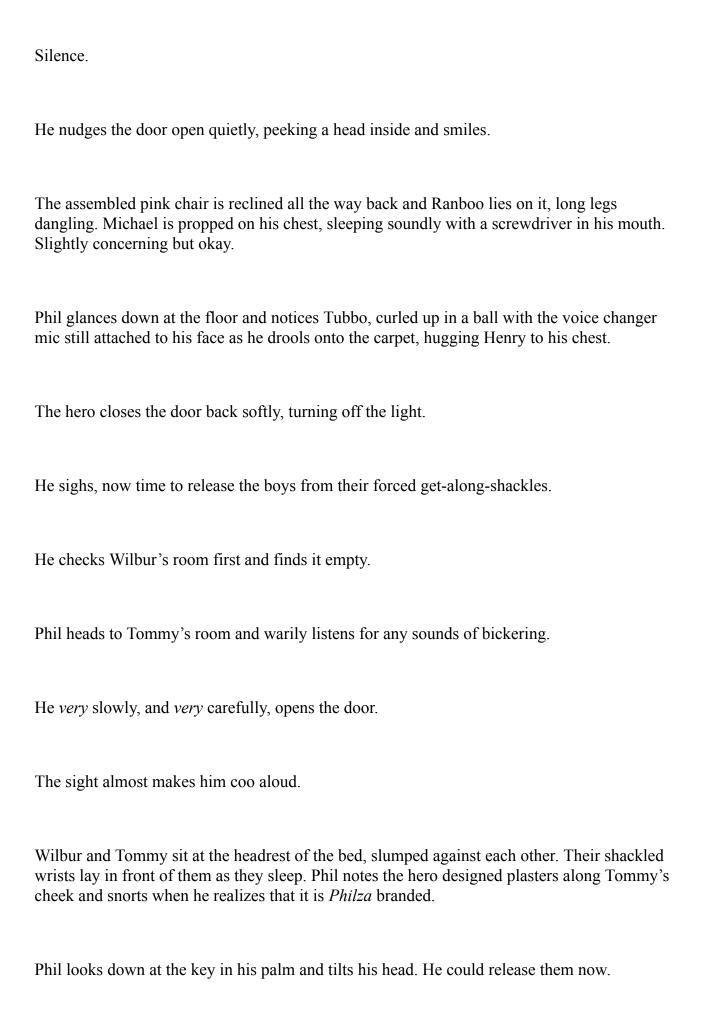


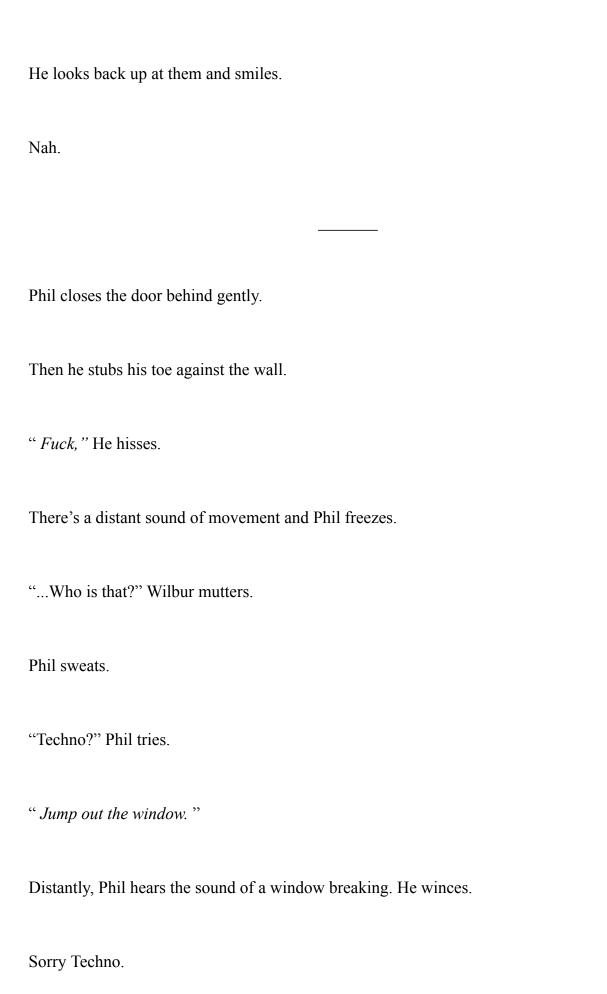












Chapter End Notes

typos? in my get along shackles? probably. (pls tell)

hello cult. how are you cult? i hope you are well cult. thank you for 14k kudos and 300k hits, u guys r crazy. sometimes i think this fic isn't really that great Imao but some of u will be like this is the best piece of literature and ngl i'm lowkey concerned. but anyways, thank u as always for the support. i love u all very much.

also also, i posted a new magical boy fic that u can check out. plus a new sbi one shot called somewhere only we know :D

now onto news and importantish things-

someone gave me a really helpful criticism that i'd like to address. they pointed out a correlation between c!quackity being a drug dealer and the stereotypes associated with mexicans.it didn't really occur to me at the time that this would be harmful because i actually got the drug dealer idea from a funny animatic i had watched. i would never want to encourage stereotypes like this or portray quackity as a one dimensional character, the fic is just crack and nothing is meant to be taken seriously. so i'm really sorry if it made anyone who is mexican feel uncomfortable or hurt. i'll definitely be more careful in the future with what i could possibly insinuate accidentally.

now onto other news, this is addressing the questions on how the angst/lore in this story will go. here is what i'm going to do.

i acknowledge that this is a comfort fic for a lot of people so there will be two endings, a happy ending and a true ending. the happy ending will take place a chapter before the true ending so you will have the option to skip it completely. think of it like undertale lmao, you get to choose genocide or pacifist route: D there may be more chapters like 15 as well, and i will tw and label it appropriately at the start so that you have the option to skip that too. i hope that helps!

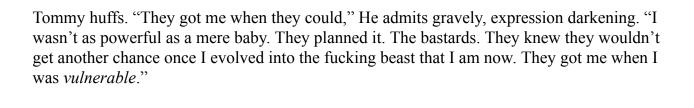
now onto fanart. i have gotten so much fanart and i'm still not caught up on everything yet, so i'm sorry if i haven't seen yours yet but i promise i will try. you can find me on twt @bigbrainsimp. tag me in any fanart you or if you just want to talk (i am terrible at dms tho lmao).

Orthodontist Hate Club UwU

Chapter Summary
teeth teeth teeth teeth i want ur teeth
Chapter Notes
ayup losers
the uwu in the title physically pains me
minor violence/ minor character death? it's just like a irrelevant villain going poof lmao
See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>
"Absolutely fucking not."
"Tommy, you don't have a choice."
Tommy presses himself against the window, fingers reaching for the handle. "I'll do it," He threatens, eyes wide. "I'll fucking do it."
"Step away from window."
"What? So you can sacrifice me to <i>them</i> ?" He laughs incredulously. "I am an intellectual and I can see through your false promises."
"Oh my god, this is like, actually not under negotiation. I will get Philza if I have to."







Tubbo snorts, "His teeth were so fucking spaced out that the wind used to make a whistling sound when he opened his mouth-"

"That's a fucking lie!" Tommy screeches, "My teeth were fine, perfect, even."

"Sure, big man."

"Surely you should have had your braces off by now then?" Philza hurriedly interrupts before Tommy can protest.

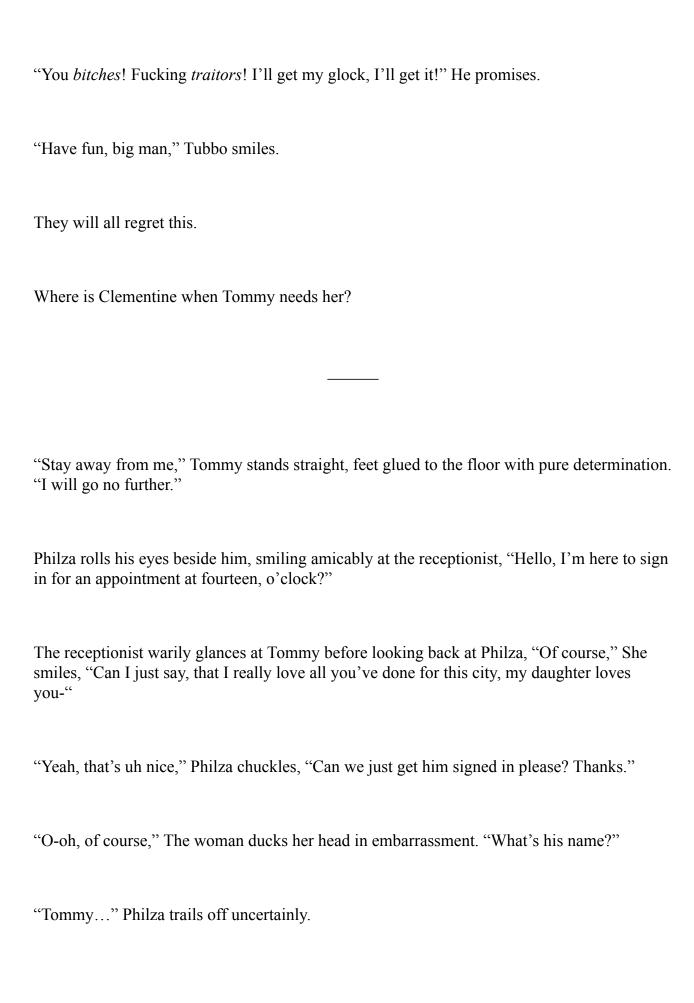
"Maybe," Tubbo side eyes Tommy, "If he hadn't missed the last twelve apppointments."

"Twelve?!"

"I'm never entering that demonic cage again," Tommy declares. "I am TommyInnit, vigilante and glock wielder extraordinaire, an orthodontist will not defeat me."

"I will fucking *haunt* you! I'll fucking *haunt* you all!" Tommy sobs, kicking his legs out as Philza - his fucking hero, the only man ever, the man who should have been on his side - slings him over his shoulder, carrying him out of the penthouse.

"You will all regret this!" Tommy screams in rage as Tubbo and Ranboo wave him off from the door, Micheal held in Tubbo's arms, waving excitedly with a smile. *Evil*. All of them.

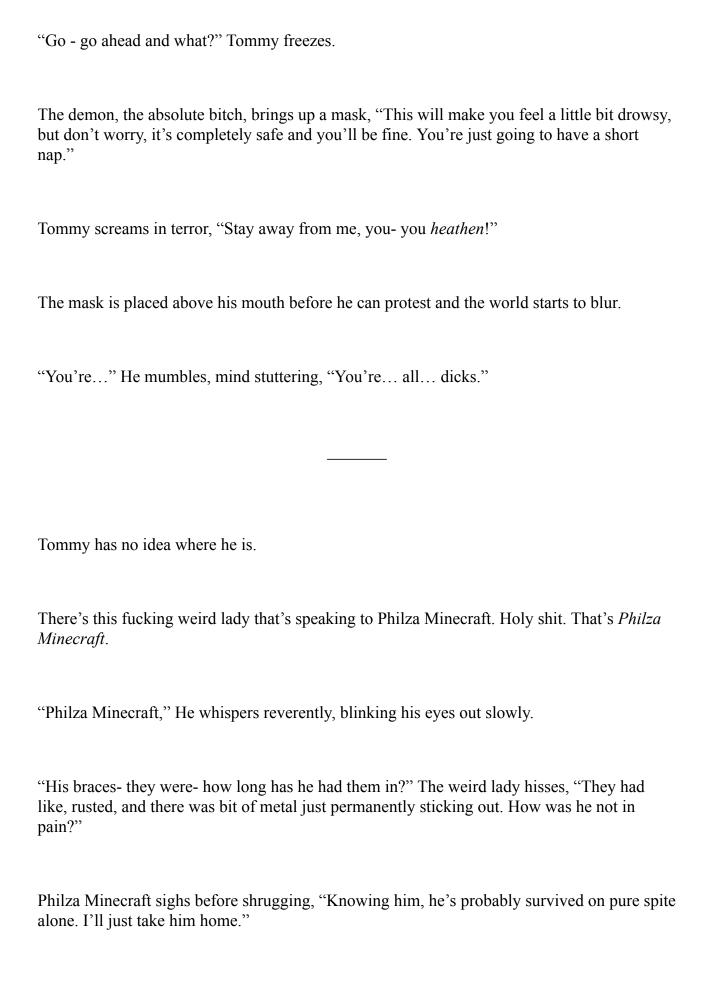




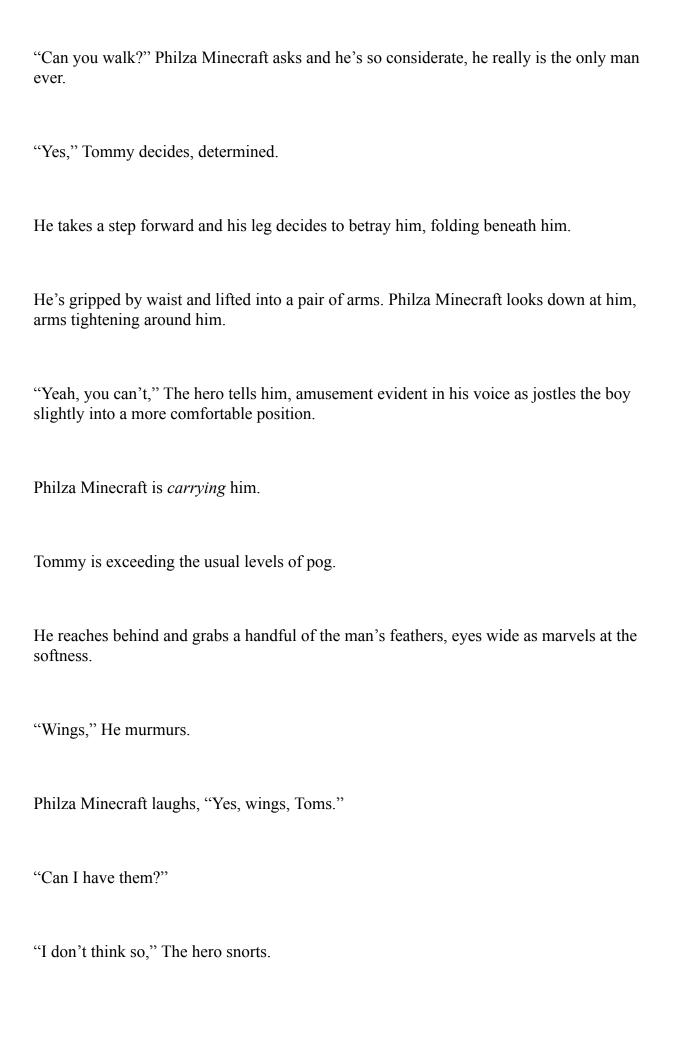
Tommy averts his eyes, running his tongue along his teeth sheepishly. He laughs awkwardly when his tongue meets a random wire sticking out. "They haven't," He lies.
"Okay, we are going now," Philza decides as he drags him towards the room of hell.
Tommy screams, arms reaching out towards the other patients in the waiting room - a young girl who stares at him in fear and her mother who glares at him.
"Save me," He whispers to the girl who lets out a whimper in terror.
This is a terrible day for the TommyInnit community.
"You put your hands anywhere near my mouth and I'll fucking bite you," Tommy promises.
The demon above him smiles, laughing with her pearly fucking whites. Mocking him.
"If you're scared, you can ask your dad to hold your hand?" She suggests warmly. Like the fucking devil.
"He's not my dad. He is Philza, the only man ever and I don't need my hand held. I don't fear you, you fear <i>me</i> ," Tommy informs her.
He hears Philza sigh.
"This should only take twenty minutes at most if you cooperate," The demon tries to manipulate him.

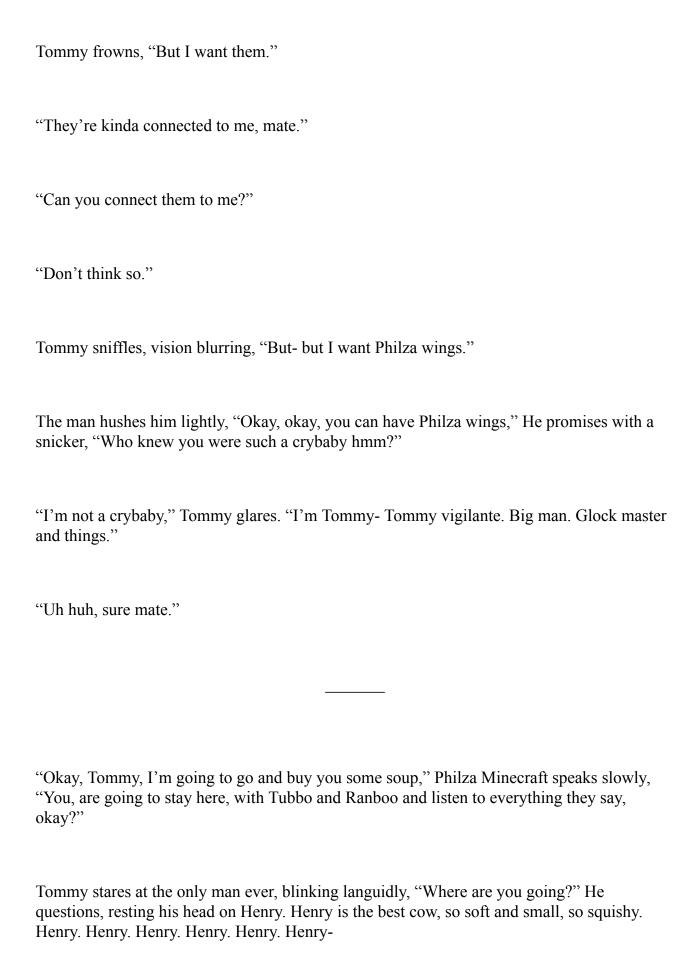


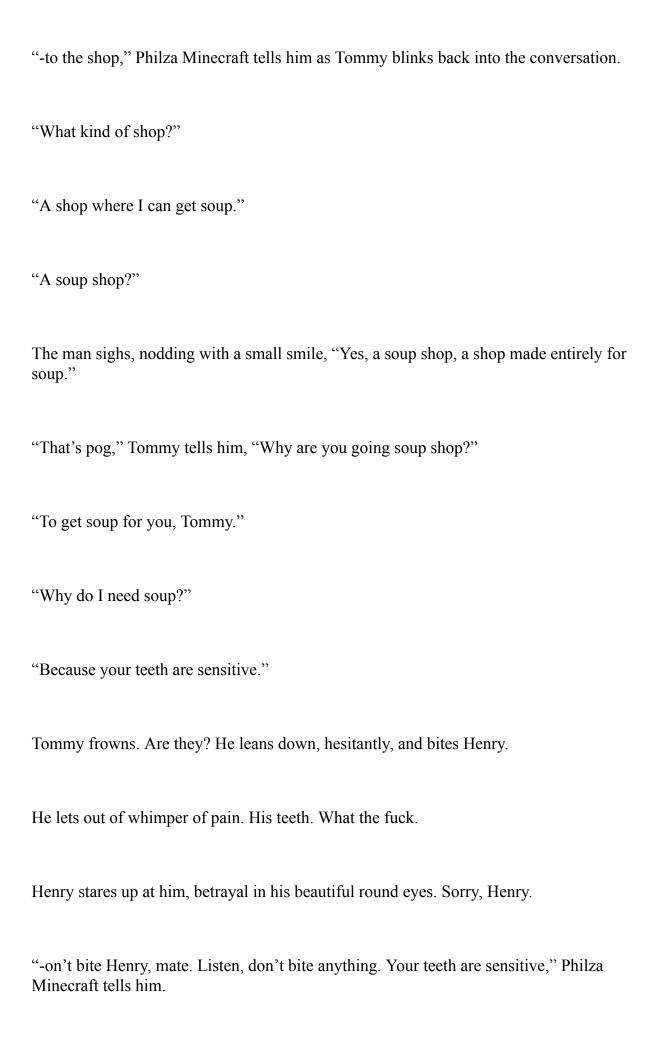


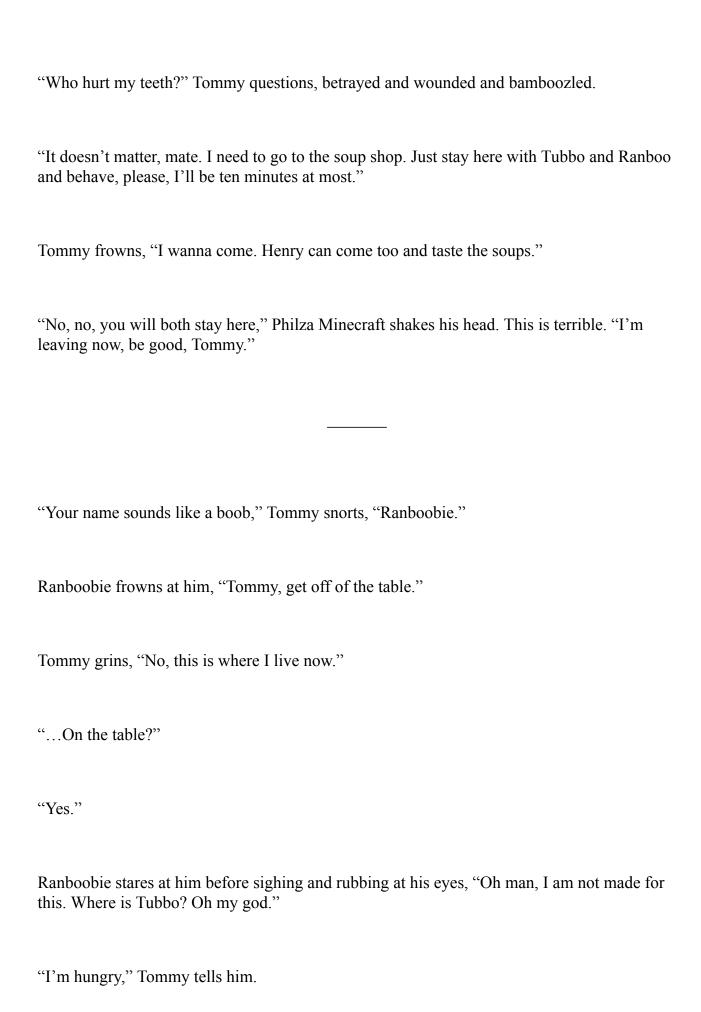


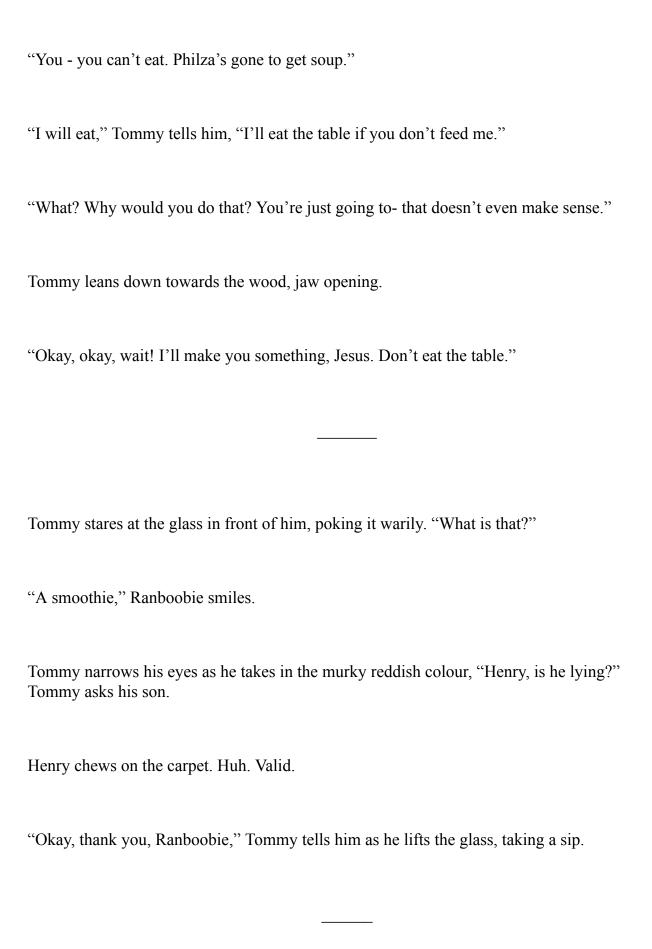




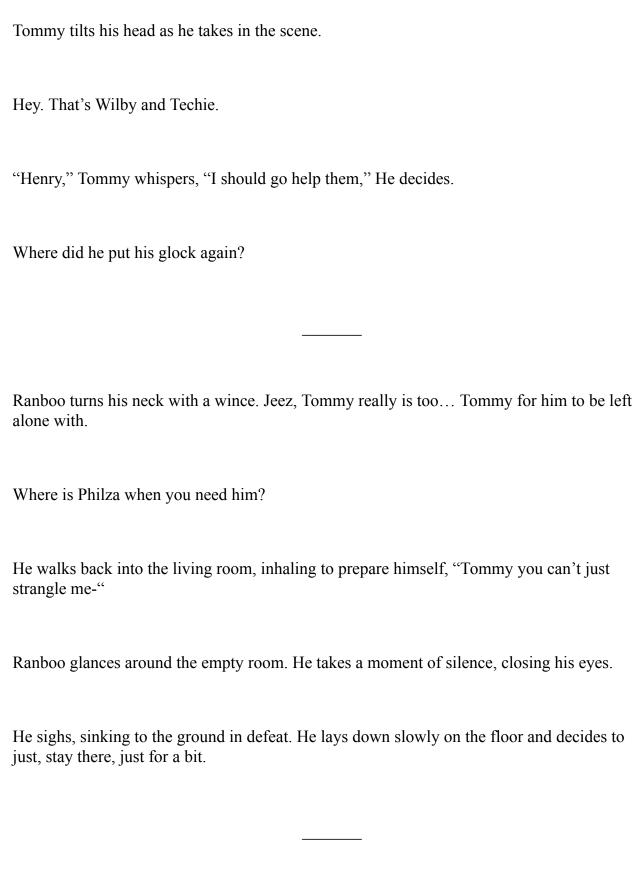




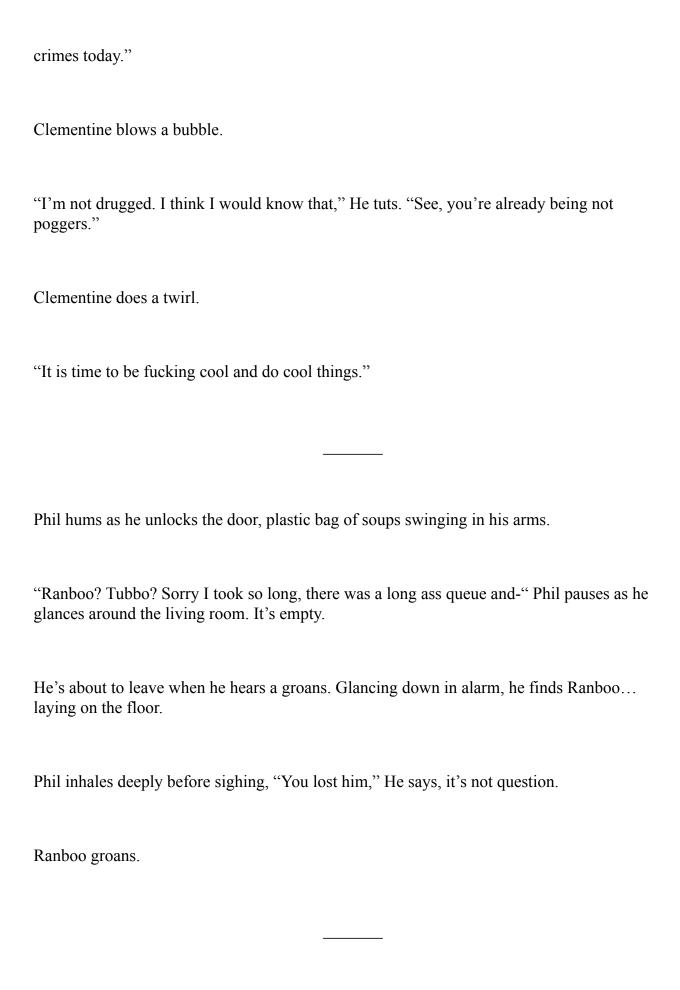




Tubbo peeks into the living room, Micheal in hand, and sees pure chaos.
Tommy has managed to pull Ranboo onto the table and is currently trying to choke him.
Ranboo raises a hand towards them, eyes widening as he gasps, "Tubbo, Micheal my beloved," He wheezes, "Save me."
Tubbo conisiders it for a moment, however, he notices the glass that has been knocked onto the floor, a suspicious liquid smeared into the carpet.
Tubbo sighs, shaking his head, "You brought this on yourself, big man," He smiles, "Suffer."
"Suffer," Micheal echoes.
Tommy scowls, upset and betrayed and wounded and hurt and betrayed and more betrayal and deceit and rage.
That smoothie was fucking disgusting. He hates Ranboobie.
Tommy folds over Henry in his lap, burying into his fur as he idly watches the television. His teeth hurt. His mouth <i>throbs</i> .
This is a terrible day. Philza Minecraft is still not back. Absolutely terrible.
"-There is a lot of commotion in the Central, as an unusual villain is struggling to be detained by twin heroes Willow and Blade."



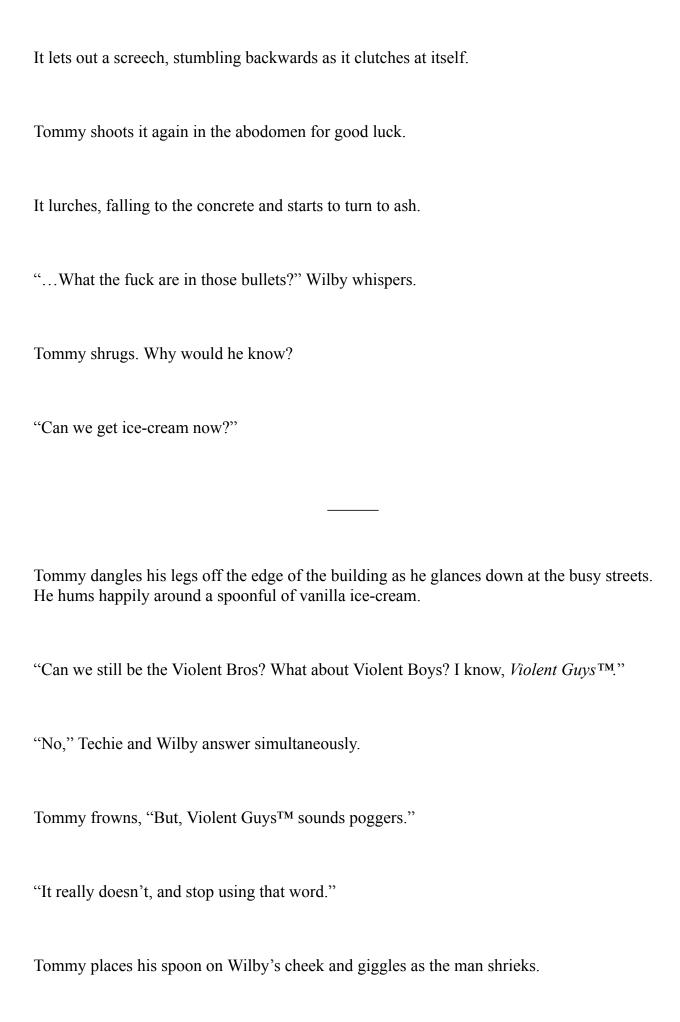
"Clementine, I found you," Tommy grins as he jumps out his bedroom window, glock and sprite bottle in hand. "You best be on good behaviour because I am going to stop many

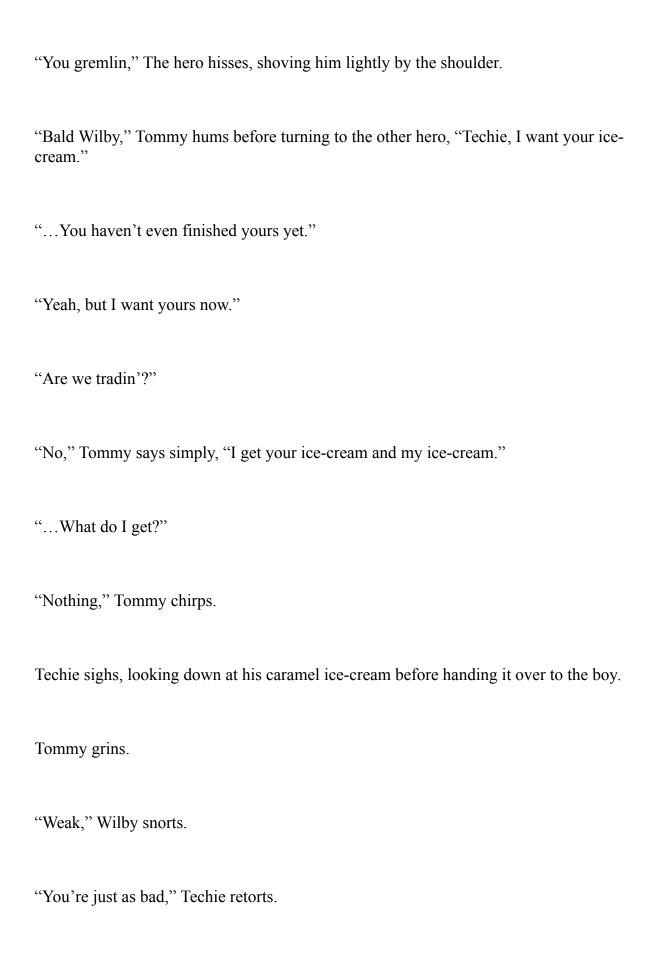






"Turn yourself in-" Wilby hisses before cursing as the figure disappears back into mist.
"That spooky fucker can stop your magic words?" Tommy guesses because he's a fucking intellectual.
"Something like that," Wilby grits out.
"Stab it then, Techie," Tommy suggests like an absolute genius. Philza he's so smart. He grins but his teeth accidentally knock together and he winces at the agonising pain. "Teeth," He mumbles sullenly.
"I can't 'stab' it, because my sword keeps phasing through," Techie huffs.
Sounds fake but okay.
"My teeth <i>hurt</i> . Can we get ice-cream?" He wonders.
"Tom- Tommy," Wilby sighs, "We're literally in the middle of patrol."
"It might be your <i>last</i> ," That voice whispers again as the figure appears before them.
"You're ugly," Tommy tells it.
The figure jolts, turning its head creepily towards him. "What did you say, child?"
"You're ugly," Tommy repeats. He raises his glock, aiming at the thing's face and pulls the trigger.





"As if. Face it, you're soft," Wilby smirks.

"Sure Wil. At least I haven't created somethin' called *Tommy Time*," Techie snorts.

"...Dive off the building."

Chapter End Notes

typos? in my orthodox? y'know what? probably (pls tell).

hi cult. how are u cult. it has been a while hahahhahahaha. uh thanks for 16k kudos jfc. sometimes the fame of this fic makes absolutely no sense to me and i think ur all insane.

this chap was not that pog but eh

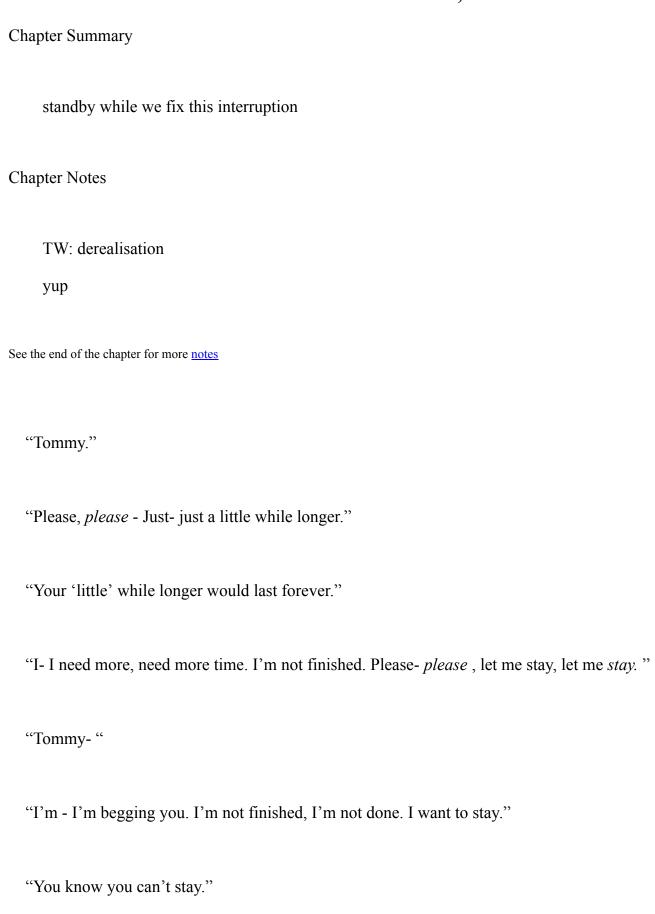
uh i wrote a new au of demon baby tommy if u wanna check that out and i wrote like a flower clingyduo oneshot thingy.

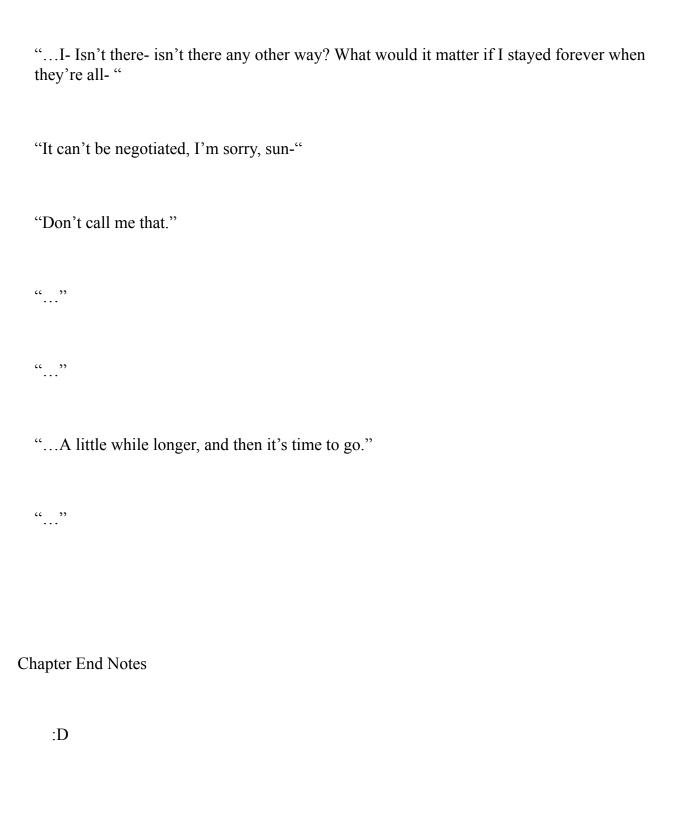
anyways. i am Tired. and i hate orthodontists if u didn't realise. tommy complaining about teeth is pretty accurate to how i feel when i get braces tightened. pain pain and i hate soup.

anyways here is some poggers fanart. i think imma start linking fics i like as well at the end of chaps. but not today because i've run out of brian juice.

very poggers clementine and tommy fanart

Connection Has Been Disconnected, Please Wait-





The Festive Christmas Special

Chapter	Summary
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beans beans beans beans beans

Chapter Notes

ayup cult it has been a little while lmao. here is a 6k chap and officially the happy ending of the fic. that's right, after this chap w move onto the true end. :D

TW: canon-typical violence. Stabbing and dart shooting at the start of this scene - "This is a robbery, everyone stand down," A voice shouts" and this finishes at the end of the scene.

enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

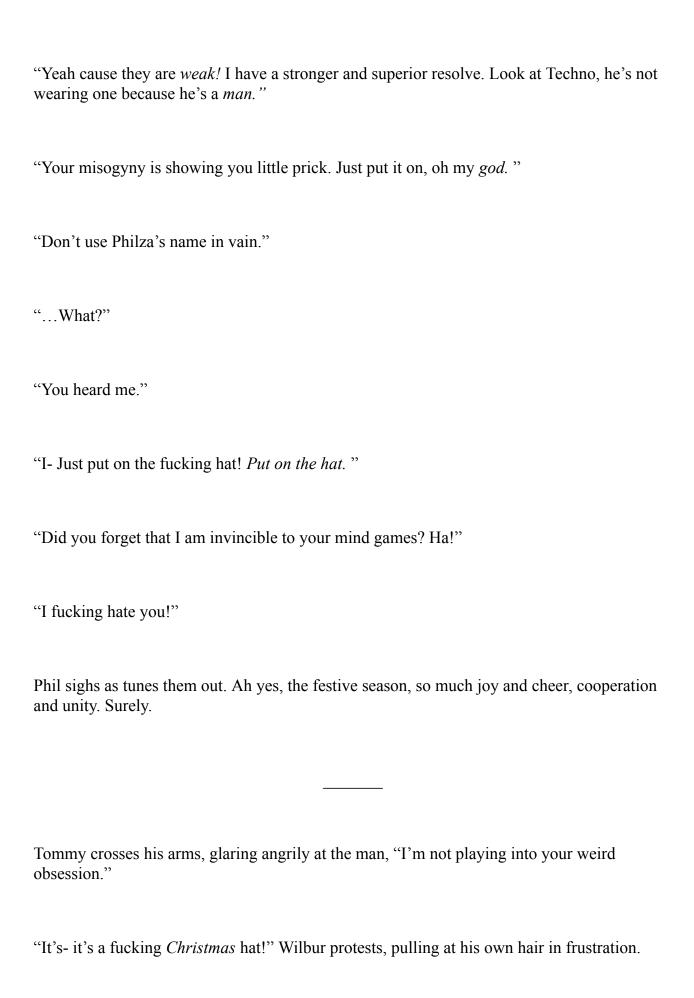
Ah. The festive season, when the weather turns colder and streetlights are on more often than not, when supermarkets start to advertise their 'best gifts' for Christmas and try to scam you out of your money, when you have to double up on the amount of layers you would usually wear and find last year's pair of gloves. But, most of all, the festive season is full of joy and-

"I'm not wearing that fucking hat, you dickhead!"

"Stop being difficult! It's a tradition, put it on, you gremlin!"

"Fuck you, fuck you! I'm not playing into your weird fantasies!"

" What?! It's - it's a fucking hat! Stop making it weirder than it has to be! Look, Tubbo and Ranboo are wearing theirs!"



Yeah right. Does Wilbur think he's stupid?

"Uh huh, *sure*, and what's the point of these ' *Christmas*' hats?" He raises an eyebrow in disbelief.

Wilbur just squints at him, "It's a tradition. It's festive. It's cute, Phil and I do it every year. In fact, the whole headquarters does it."

"Philza does it?" Tommy frowns, disbelieving.

"Yes, the *amazing* Philza wears a Christmas hat," Wilbur rolls his eyes, "You're acting like you've never had Christmas with family before-- oh--"

"Shut the fuck up, you bald man," Tommy cuts him off before he can get any *wrong* ideas, "I-I wasn't always an orphan y'know, I have done Christmas things before."

Wilbur is looking at him weird, all sympathetic and shit and it pisses Tommy off.

"I'm not a charity case, okay?" He stresses, "I just think your tradition is fuckin' weird," He scowls.

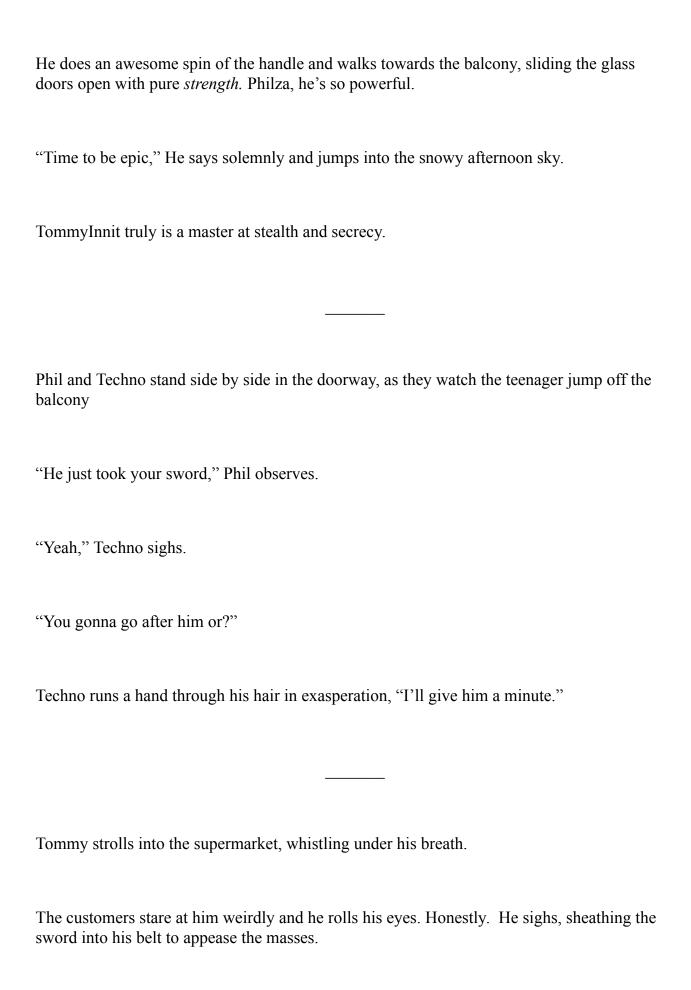
Wilbur places the hat down on the counter, patting it once, "Well," He says, "If you ever want to join in on the 'fuckin' weird' tradition, your hat's right there," He offers, "But if it makes you uncomfortable, that's fine too."

Tommy glares stubbornly at the hat as Wilbur brushes past him, momentarily ruffling the teenager's hair.



And you may be thinking, TommyInnit, the <i>courageous</i> and <i>talented</i> and <i>handsome</i> and <i>charismatic</i> vigilante, are you <i>sure</i> this is a good idea?
The answer is that he has no clue. He would like to <i>think</i> that it is a good idea and therefore it is.
That's his thought process. Genius, he knows.
He's so fucking stealthy as he tucks and rolls into the hero's room, crawling on the floor to victory.
The room is empty, and the coast is clear. Tommy gasps as he beholds the beautiful, wonderful sword. The red handle glistens in the wind, shining and majestic. It <i>calls</i> to him.
"Tommy, Tommy," It says, "Wield me, Tommy," it pleads.
And well, who is Tommy to say no to the best blade in existence?
He inhales deeply, preparing himself as he grasps the handle and thrusts the sword into the air.
Battle music plays in the distance.
"I am pogchamp," He whispers to himself.
This is probably the best day of Tommy's life.

He's going to steal Technoblade's sword.



"What? You never seen a sword before?" He calls out to them, glaring. People can be so judgemental these days.

A mother huddles her son closer to her chest, "Don't look at him, Timmy," She whispers to the little boy.

"Don't listen to her child, admire me, behold my sword wielding skills. You want to be just like me when you grow up, fuck Santa Claus, give the cookies and milk to *me*, "Tommy stares the kid down.

The boy's bottom lip wobbles and he begins to cry.

Tommy scratches his head with a sigh of exasperation. "You really can't please people these days."

The mother glares at him, "I'll- I'll be reporting you to the authorities! Unlicensed weapons are not allowed!"

Tommy scowls, "Listen here, *civilian*, I am far above all of you. You will regret threatening me and your day of reckoning will come at a time you least expect," Then he turns to the child, "Enjoy your mother while you can, kid."

And with that, Tommy moves on, further into the store because he still needs to find a substitute meal for Ranboob's godawful cooking tonight.

"Woah! Hey!" A voice shouts and Tommy freezes. Oh for fucksake. Anyone but him.

"Hello, big Q," Tommy sighs, turning around to face the man in a- in a business suit?
"Tommy! Thomas! My man, my guy, how're you doing?" Quackity grins at him.
Tommy stares at the guy in disbelief, "Why the fuck are you in a suit?"
Quackity's expression flattens, raising an eyebrow unimpressed, "I'm here after you fucking shot me in the leg, and the only thing you question is why I'm in a suit?"
Tommy stares, "Yes."
"God, I hate you kid. But guess what?" Quackity smirks, "I'm reformed, baby, I'm making the big bucks, living the <i>good</i> life. After you shot me, this random lady took pity on me and gave me a room in her house. Turns out she was fucking <i>rich</i> . Anyways, long story short, I've started an empire."
"I feel like you missed a few steps in that story," Tommy tilts his head.
"Don't you care? That your former nemesis is now able to wipe his ass with literal dollar bills?" Quackity waves out his hands in frustration.
Tommy sniffs, "Dollar bills would not feel good on your ass, man, trust me, I'm a shit expert. Also this isn't America."
Quackity stares at him, "I hate you."
"Also, you were never my nemesis," Tommy points out, "That title belongs to Willow."



"You ruined my spine and then you shot me!" Quagmire exclaims.
"You're stuck in the past," Tommy tries to placate like the compassionate and caring person he is, "Quackity wasn't a real therapist but I can refer you to one. You can get the help you so desperately need," He promises the robber.
"You shot me!" Quagmire shouts and wow, isn't he a broken record?
"Listen, you are going through the stages of grief, specifically anger. This is good, you've moved past denial. Next is bargaining, or maybe even depression. Remember, grief isn't always in order," Tommy stares solemnly.
"I'm going to fucking kill you!"
Well then.
Tommy clears his throat, "That's kinda inconvenient. Can we reschedule? For Christmas spirit and all that?"
"What are you doing for Christmas?" One of the robbers question.
Tommy shrugs, "Honestly not sure, not really into the whole festive thing, can't lie. What about you?"
"Gonna see extended family, y'know how it is, watch a few movies," The guy replies.
Tommy nods, "Nice, nice. Have fun."

"Thanks man, you too."
"Cool, thanks," Tommy nods.
It's silent for a bit. Kinda awkward. Tommy can distantly hear the other customers sobbing for help or something, he doesn't really know.
"So, is it possible I could just pay for my beans real quick?" Tommy proposes hopefully, shifting from foot to foot, "I can get out of your way and that. Just y'know, wanna buy these beans."
"Yeah sure-" One of the robbers agree before Quagmire cuts them off.
"What the fuck? No. You don't get your fucking beans, I'm gonna murder you," The guy seethes.
Yikes, Tommy whistles. This man has serious issues that he should definitely seek psychological help for.
"Calm down, Quag— can I call you Quag?" Tommy questions considerately and then there is a dagger whizzing past his ear and embedding itself in a can of tomatoes.
Okay then. He does <i>not</i> like the nickname.
"Jeez, big man, all you had to do was say no," Tommy laughs nervously as ducks, narrowly missing another dagger towards the head.
"You're so fucking annoying!"

"Stop taking your anger issues and childhood trauma out on me!" Tommy retorts with a glare as he unsheathes the <i>blade</i> .
Alright, he tried to be the nice guy. Tommy tried to resolve this peacefully and pay for his beans, but enough is enough. He shall unleash his <i>reckoning</i> .
"So you have chosen <i>death</i> ," Tommy decides, steadying his stance as his trainers start to flutter, wings flapping impatiently. "You chose the wrong vigilante to challenge, Quagmire, I am simply too powerful-"
Tommy yelps as a dagger stabs him in the leg.
"You <i>motherfucker!</i> " He hisses, pulling the dagger out and wincing. "Not cool man, you-you fucking interrupted my speech, won't let me buy my beans and now you've <i>stabbed</i> me!"
"Wow, I wonder how that feels. To be injured," Quagmire taunts.
This fucker.
It's time to do a <i>Pro Gamer Move</i> TM .
"You will regret this," Tommy promises as he does a spin of the handle.
"Isn't that the Blade's sword?!" That little boy from before pipes up with awe, eyes sparkling.
"It's mine now," Tommy grins as he dodges another dagger before beginning to float in the air, trainers buzzing.

"How the fuck are you holding that? That's *not* the Blade's sword," Quagmire protests, eyes widening in fear as Tommy draws close.

"Oh, but it is," He cackles, "And you've seem to forgotten that I am a master of many skills, including," He pauses, hand reaching to other side of his belt, "the glock," He pulls out the gun, aiming at the guy's leg and shooting.

Quagmire lets out a frustrated groan, forced to one knee as he clutches his leg, "You little *shit*," He hisses.

"No," Tommy disagrees, "I am the *biggest* shit," He corrects as he brings up the blade and brings it down to gently scratch at the man's bare hand, drawing droplets of blood.

The effect is instantaneous as Quagmire pauses, collapsing on the linoleum tiles, paralyzed.

Tommy sheathes the sword back, not before doing another cool spin of the handle and sighing contentedly. Another day, another justice. The rest of the robbers don't even attempt to fight him as he collects his beans.

The little boy runs up to him, stars in his eyes, "You're my *hero*," He gushes, fists clenched tightly as he stares up at Tommy.

"No kid," Tommy tuts, "I'm a vigilante."

"And a thief."

Tommy pauses before chuckling nervously as he pivots on the balls of his feet to face Technoblade.

"Heyyyy, Blade, how's it going? How are you? Never thought you'd shop here," Tommy tries to hide the sword attached to his hip.

Technoblade raises an eyebrow.
"Techno- Technoblade," Tommy whines into the man's shoulder blade, "I can walk, I'm fine, c'mon, big man."
"You were stabbed in the leg," The man grunts as he hikes the teenager further up his back.
"A <i>small</i> dagger," Tommy insists, "Barely grazed me. I'm not weak y'know," He scowls.
"Never said you were," The hero replies coolly, "But you were stabbed and I know it hurts. Walking will just aggravate it. Also, you stole my blade, this is the most lenient of punishments I could give you."
Tommy glowers stubbornly but decides to pick his battles, burying his face in the man's cloak with a huff, "Whatever, I was just trying to get dinner."
Technoblade makes a noise of confusion, "Ranboo is cooking?"
"Exactly."
"Oh hey Techno and Timothy? Was it?" The Smiling hero Dream tilts his head.

"Tomathy," Tommy corrects from his position on Technoblade's back.

"Ah, right, of course," Dream nods sagely, "I haven't seen you in a while, to what do I owe the pleasure?"

Technoblade is probably about to reply or something but Tommy notices the most horrific thing he's ever seen, he lets out a gasp of pure terror.

"Oh my *Philza*," He whispers as he stares at the monstrosity on the Smiling hero's head. "He got you too," Tommy almost cries.

Dream stares at him in bewilderment, "...what?"

"You're- you're-" Tommy sniffs, he's too emotional for this, it's hard for him to continue the sentence. "You're wearing the hat."

"Huh?" Dream frowns before he looks up, cross-eyed at his head. "Oh! You're talking about the Christmas hats that Willow gets everyone?"

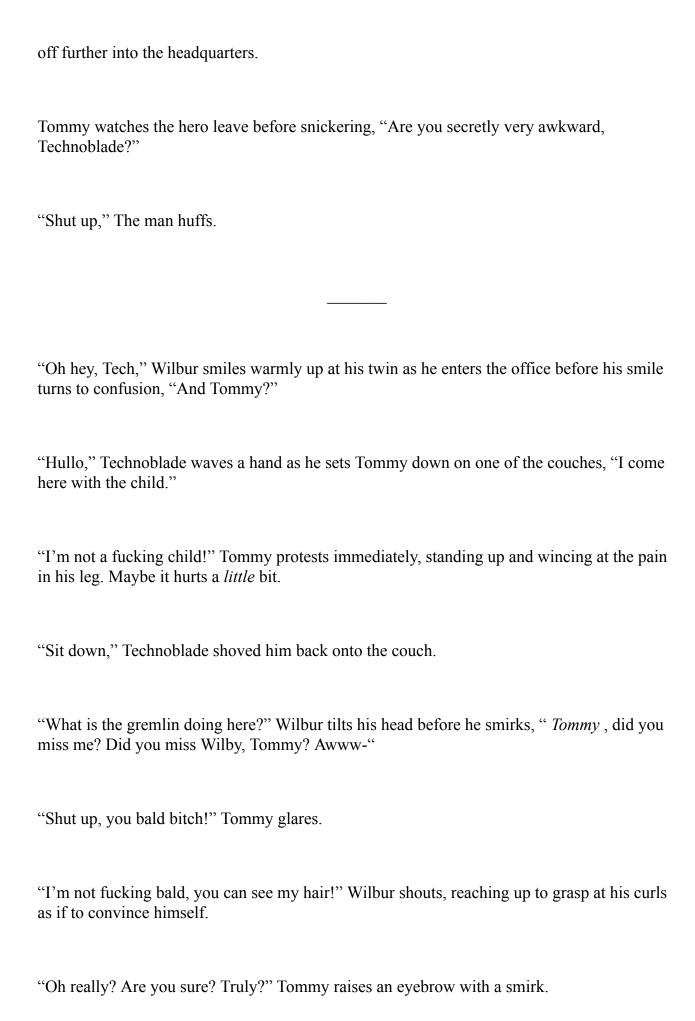
Tommy sobs, "It's terrible."

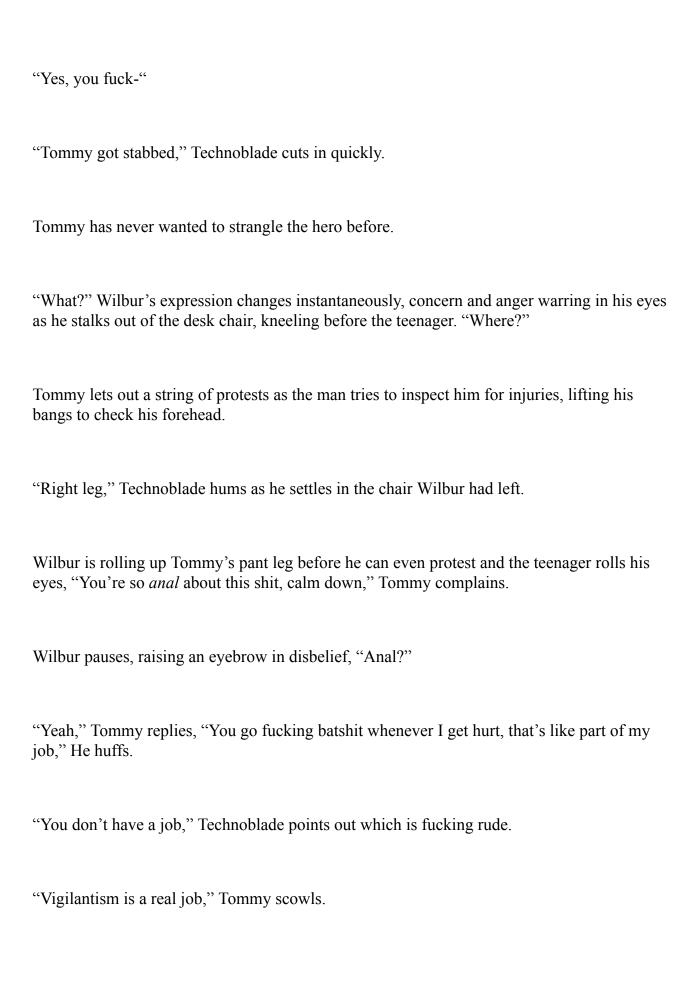
"Ignore 'im," Technoblade cuts in, "He likes to be overly dramatic about ordinary things. I just came here to find Willow, actually, I heard he was in his office for once."

"Oh yeah, he is," Dream laughs, "For once," He agrees.

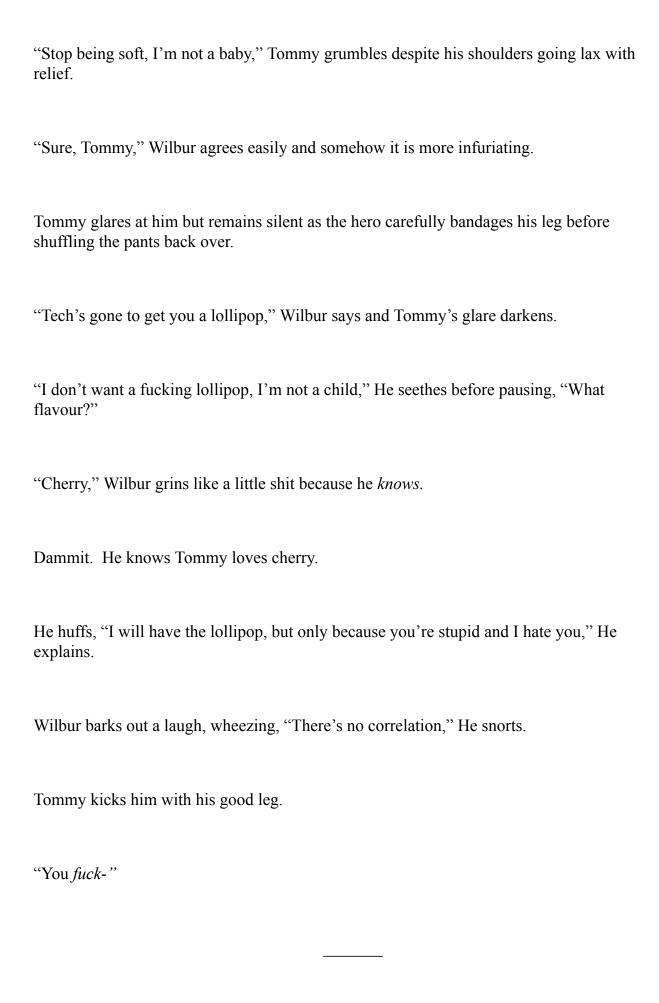
"Cool, well, uh," Technoblade clears his throat, "Have a good holiday, and things. Say hello to 404 and Sapnap for me," He nods.

Dream looks amused, nodding, "Will do, Blade. Say hello to Willow and Philza and whoever else you've picked up recently," He says with a pointed look towards Tommy before he heads





"You're not even an effective vigilante, one minute you're hunting criminals and the next you <i>are</i> the criminal," Technoblade scrutinizes him.
How <i>dare</i> he question Tommy's work ethic. Tommy gives him the middle finger and the hero only huffs in amusement.
"Whatever," Wilbur sighs, "I'll find out who did this to you later, let's just get this cleaned up."
Tommy should pray for Quagmire.
But that guy is a bitch.
"Ow fuck, fuck, "He hisses as Wilbur disinfects the wound. "I- I don't think it needs anymore, I think it's clean," He tries to pull his leg away from the pain.
"Hush, it's okay," Wilbur mumbles, grip tight on the boy's leg. "I'll be done in a second."
Tears spring into Tommy's eyes without his fucking permission as he winces, "It <i>hurts</i> ," He whimpers and it's so embarrassing. He clamps his jaw shut to avoid making anymore babyish pleads.
Fuck Quagmire and his stupid daggers. Seriously, fuck that guy.
"Hey," There is a hand in his hair, ruffling the curls gently, "We're finished. It wasn't that deep, doesn't even need stitches, so we'll just bandage it up, okay?"



Tommy decides to annoy Wilbur for the remainder of his office hours, spinning around on his spinny chair and creating various paper aeroplanes to launch at the man's head.

He sucks on the lollipop as he throws an aeroplane at Wilbur, closing one eye as he squints, steadying his hand for accuracy. It hits the hero right in the forehead and Tommy grins.

Wilbur turns to him, expression thunderous, "What? My fucking god, why didn't Techno just take you home?"

"What?" Tommy says back, tilting his head, "You don't want to spend time with me, *Wilby*? You are like a brother to me, we are *bonding*, "He grins mischievously.

Wilbur stares at him before letting out a muted scream into his palms. Clearly he has lost his sanity. "Don't *ever* say that again, I will cry," The man mumbles.

Tommy just laughs, spinning on the chair, "Okay, brother."

A tormented scream echoes through the office.

Dream raises an eyebrow as he glances around the room, "Did you guys hear that?"

George lifts his head from the couch, eyes bleary and nose scrunched in confusion, "Was that a scream?"

"I- I think so," Dream mumbles, scratching his head, "Should we investigate?"

"Nah," Sapnap shakes his head, eyes focused on the screen in front of him, fingers pressing incessantly at the controller.

Dream and George look at each other before shrugging. "Alright," George agrees easily, already laying back down, eyes closed.

"Cool, we'll just ignore it then," Dream nods as he turns back to the pile of paperwork that his *colleagues* are meant to be doing and sighs. "Y'know, maybe you guys could help me with these reports because it's Christmas and-"

"Woah! Did you see that kill? Did you see that kill, Dream? I'm so cracked, dude, I'm so cracked," Sapnap grins over at him, eyes lighting up in excitement.

Dream sighs once more before smiling indulgently, "Yeah I saw," He lies, "Great kill, Sap."

The man beams at him before turning back to the game.

Dream looks around the office and rolls his eyes in fond exasperation at the sleeping George and concentrated Sapnap. Somehow, it seems that the workload in this team is just *slightly* unequal.

Nevermind, he thinks as he picks up his discarded pen and begins to write, he's making them do all the chores for a month at *least*.

Wilbur eventually cuts his work hours short out of pure frustration. "I can't do this, I can't do this, we are going home," He seethes after the eleventh paper aeroplane to the head. Tommy just laughs.

"Okay," He agrees, hopping out of the spinny chair and then wincing almost immediately because *fuck*, he forgot about getting stabbed.

The hero is by his side in an instant, grabbing him around the waist with a sigh, "I told you not to get out of the chair."

"I'm fine," Tommy insists, "I can walk. Barely even feel it, Wil," He tries, widening his eyes.

"Don't use my nickname to try and butter me up, you're not walking on it," Wilbur snorts, looking down at him in amusement.

Tommy scowls, "Whatever, you're just being stupid. As usual," He mumbles before tacking, "Bald man," on the end.

"You little shit," Wilbur hums but he doesn't even sound that displeased, "C'mon, get on my back," The man crouches down.

"No," Tommy decides to be difficult.

"I can carry you bridal, if you want," Wilbur offers and Tommy can *hear* the fucking grin in his voice.

He reluctantly clambers onto the hero's back, arms wrapping around the man's neck as he subtly attempts to strangle him.

"Watch it," Wilbur warns as he feels the arms tighten.

"What?" Tommy plays innocent, "I'm not doing anything."

"Sure you aren't. I can and will throw you out the window if you try to kill me," Wilbur threatens but it's mostly empty. Mostly.

Tommy just rolls his eyes, "Yeah, yeah, bald man."

Phil looks up from his book as Wilbur enters the living room, a koala like figure clinging to the man's back. Phil tilts his head as he realises the koala is in fact Tommy.

"Hey, mate?" He phrases it like a question, raising his eyebrow.

"Gremlin got stabbed, Tech made me babysit, he was being a little shit, and now he's asleep," Wilbur explains quickly, "I'm just gonna dump him in here while I change."

"Alright," Phil hums, turning back to his book and moving out of the way so there's space for the teenager on the couch.

"...Phil?" Wilbur mumbles after some shuffling.

"Hmm yeah?"

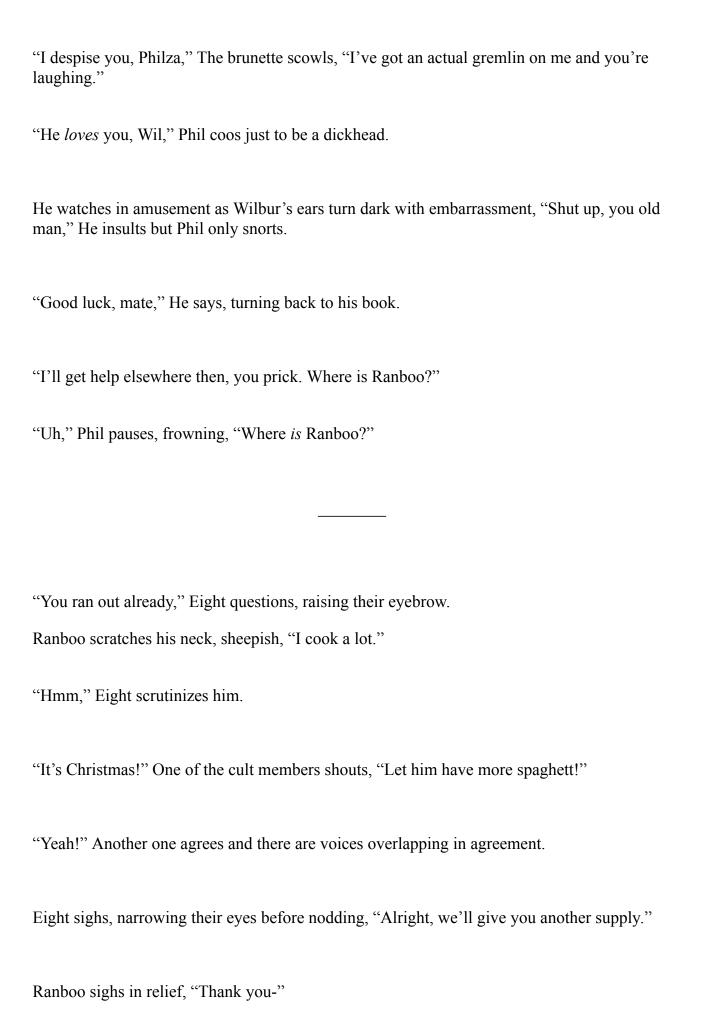
"He won't let me go."

Phil looks up at the man and lets out a cackle as he watches Wilbur try to shake off the teenager, Tommy's legs and arms tightening around the man.

"Looks- looks like you're stuck, mate," Phil continues to laugh in amusement.

Wilbur glares at him, "Help me!" He hisses.

"Hmmm, nah," Phil decides, "This is funny."



"But," Eight cuts him off with a glare, "We are on a limited amount. Don't go using this one so quickly."
Ranboo nods, once, then twice. "Of course, of course. Thank you, thank you," He says solemnly as he accepts two bags.
He salutes towards the rest of the cult, "Spaghetti."
They salute back, "Spaghetti, spaghetti," They chant.
"Yeah, I have no idea where Ranboo is, but he's making dinner so he should be back soon," Phil shrugs.
Wilbur just sighs, "Fine, I'll just have a fucking nap or something until this thing," He gestures to the teenager on his back, "wakes up."
"Alright, mate," Phil hums, sneaking a picture of the man as he exits and sending it to Techno with a chuckle.
Tommy wakes up slowly, eyebrows furrowing as he feels his pillow move. "What the fuck?" He mumbles despite snuggling closer to the warmth.
"Are you finally awake?"



"Phil, dinner is ready, can you call the others?" Ranboo smiles, a little timidly, but he's getting there and hey, did he just say Phil's actual name?

Phil smiles up at the teenager, standing up and reaching to pat the boy warmly on the shoulder, "Course, mate. Well done."

Ranboo beams and damn, Phil's heart. He's going to eat the dinner no matter how much fucking spaghetti is in it, because, really, Phil doesn't think he could handle the puppy dog look from Ranboo. It might kill him.

He makes his way down the hallway and hears screaming.

Ah, seems Tommy is awake.

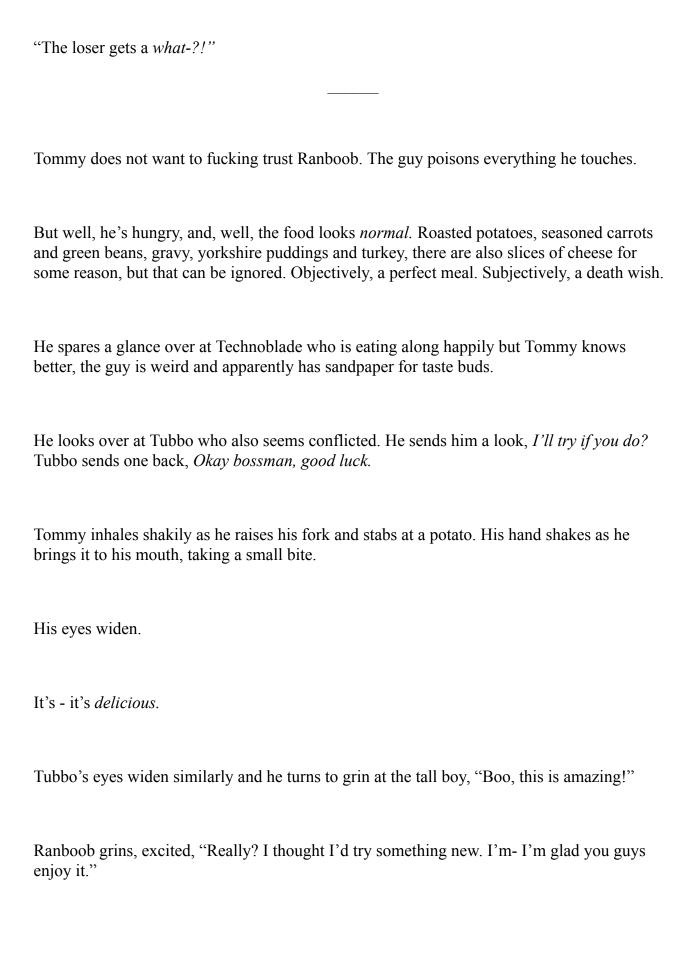
He cracks the door open and peeks his head inside. There he finds Tommy, sitting on Wilbur's back as he attempts to strangle the man, said man is fighting for his life and wheezing desperately.

"Dinner's ready," Phil tells them, "Oh, and stop strangling Wil, Tommy."

"So, how was everyone's day?" Philza starts with a smile as they settle. Man, he's such a caring hero, truly.

"Not very Christmassy," Tubbo says with a shrug as he eyes his plate distrustfully, "It didn't even snow"





Tommy salutes the boy solemnly, "I didn't trust you, but you have proved me wrong," He confesses.
Ranboob furrows his brows in confusion, Uh, thank you?" He replies unsurely.
Tommy grins as he begins to eat in earnest. This may actually be a good Christmas.
He takes some carrots, some potatoes and dips them in the gravy. It truly is a good meal. Maybe they will eat like this from now on, he can only hope as he takes a chunk of chicken and bites.
His grin freezes.
A tear drips down his cheek.
Ranboob's eyes widen, panicked, "Tommy? You okay there, dude?" He fusses, hands raised in alarm.
Tommy places his fork down, expression solemn, "You" He whispers quietly, closing his eyes in anguish, "You stuffed the turkey with spaghetti."
"Huh? Oh yeah! I did," The fucking menace chirps on, oblivious to the pain he has caused.
Tommy cries into his palms, inconsolable.
After dinner, a traumatic affair, they settle in the living room to watch a movie.

Tommy glares at Ranboob from the other end of the room, the boy in question just sends a look of bewilderment.

"Alright, so normally on Christmas, we share gifts about now," Philza smiles, "And well, we didn't expect that you guys would get us anything, so don't feel obligated, but we did get you all something," The hero says and he truly is the kindest man in the world.

Philza brings out a bag and hands a present to Tubbo, Ranboob and Tommy respectively.

Tommy is *not* excited. Totally not. But he does grin and tear into it quickly to reveal- to reveal a *sweater*. It's *not* cute, it isn't. The sweater is red with a yellow baby chick in the middle. He marvels at the soft material as something warm begins to ignite in his chest.

Tommy glances over at the other two; Ranboob had gotten a purple sweater with a black and white cat. Tubbo's was green with a little bee.

"I thought it'd be nice if you all had something to match in," Philza grins.

Ranboob lets out a watery, "Thank you," his eyes filling with tears. Tommy wants to roll his eyes but he can't help smiling as he looks down at the sweater.

"The bee is so cute," Tubbo grins happily, "Thank you, Philza!"

Tommy nods, "Thank you, Philza, you truly are the only man ever."

The hero only laughs, "You guys are welcome."

"Here is something to stop you from stealin' my stuff," Technoblade says as he hands him a rectangular wrapped present, eyes averted.

Tommy takes it with awe. *Technoblade* got him something? This is very weird to Tommy. He unwraps this one slower, a bit at a loss. He lets out a gasp as he realises what it is. "You," His voice cracks halfway as he stares down at the present before looking back up at the man who stubbornly refuses to meet his gaze, "You got me a blade? My - my own blade?" He whispers in disbelief. It's almost a complete replica of Technoblade's; red handled, with the same shine and heaviness. The only difference is the *Theseus* engraved on the side of the handle. Tommy's vision blurs and he blinks rapidly, "Uh, tha- thank you," He mumbles, trying to keep the tears at bay because what the *fuck*. A hand is placed in his hair, momentarily ruffling his curls, "You're welcome, child," The hero replies. "M'not a child," He retorts, and even to him, it sounds half-hearted at best. Wilbur clears his throat and then Tommy feels a package hit him on the head, "There's my present, you gremlin." Tommy composes himself as he slides the sword carefully to the side, scowling up at the man, "Don't throw it at me, you dickhead," He scowls. Wilbur only hums.

Tommy unwraps it a little quicker and his fingers falter as he holds the material.

"It's- it's not much," Wilbur coughs, shifting on his feet, "But well-"

"Shut up" Tommy whispers, voice quiet as he clutches the fabric tightly.

It's a trench coat. But well, it's not just any trench coat. It's the *Willow's* trench coat. The material is the same heavy, comforting weight and it's the same deep rich brown and it's so soft. Tommy clutches it closer.

"So, y'know, people can recognise that you are with us," Wilbur shrugs a little sheepish, "You don't have to wear it, I just assumed that you might-"

"I like it," Tommy mumbles, vision blurring once more. "It's really, really cool. Thank you."

Wilbur seems a little bit taken back, at the genuineness in his voice. Tommy should feel embarrassed, he kind of does, but there's that warm feeling in his chest that makes it easier to ignore.

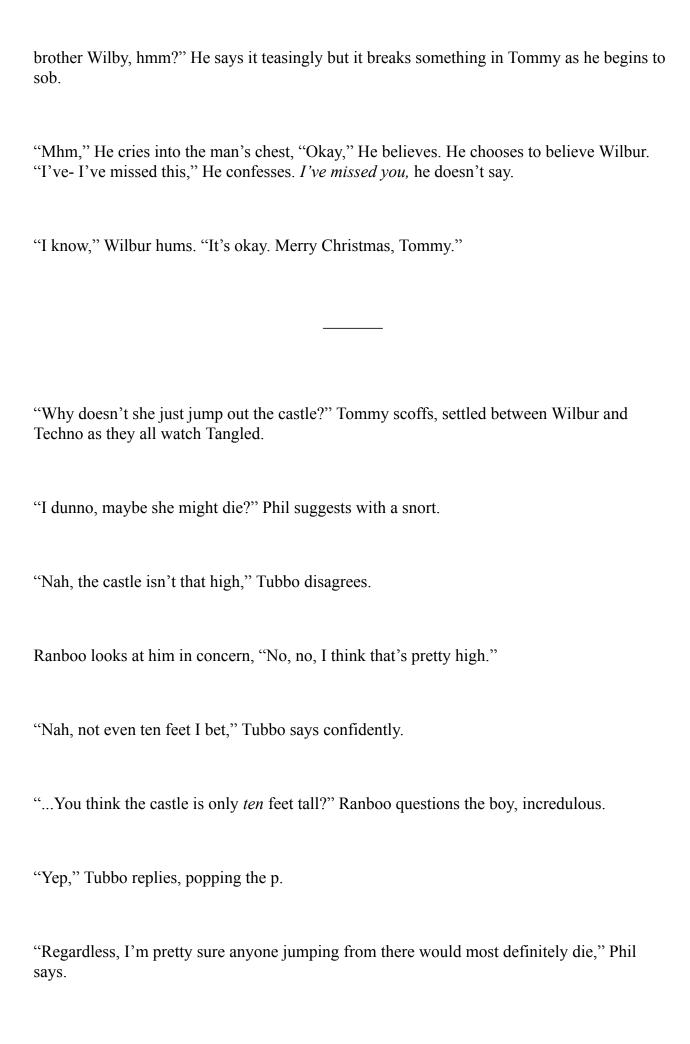
He looks up at the man, eyes watery and cheeks red, and sniffles once. "Thank you," He says again, voice breaking as he ducks his head down.

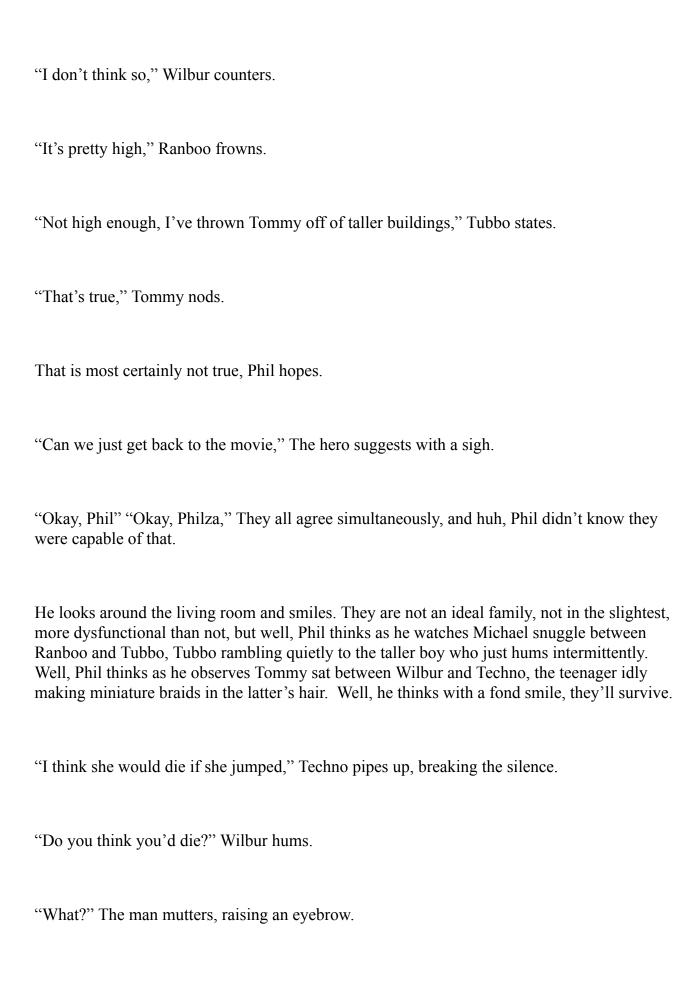
A pair of arms wrap around him and he's pulled towards a warm chest, tucked gently under Wilbur's chin.

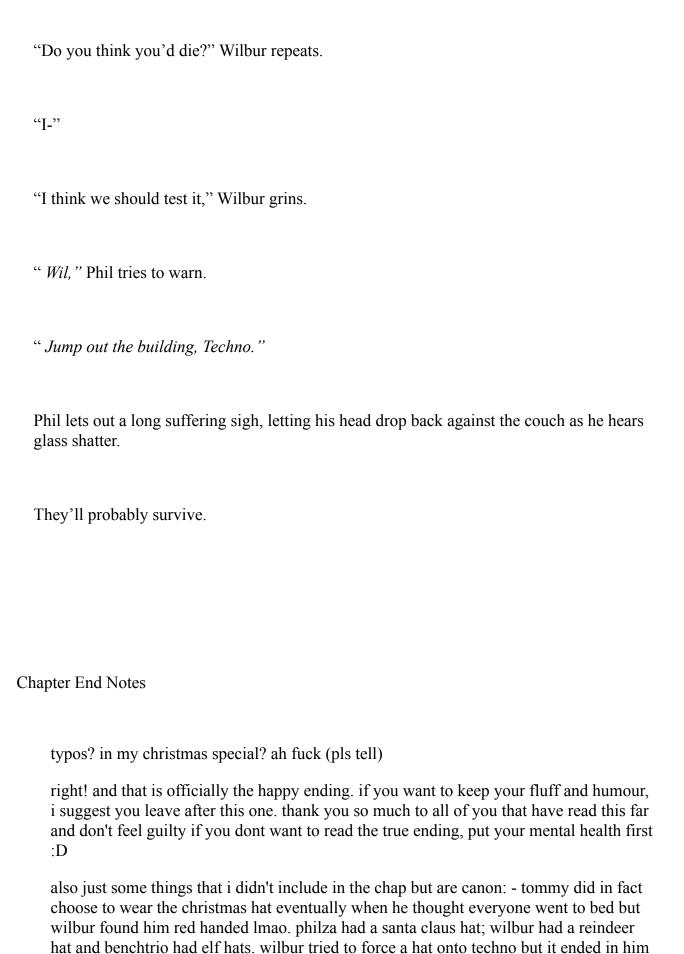
"You're welcome, Toms," Wilbur whispers to him, arms holding him so caringly and Tommy hasn't felt this in a while. Hasn't felt this since-

"Thank you," He repeats muffled.

"It's okay," Wilbur hums, "You're not alone anymore, gremlin, you've got people to protect you, people who love you. You have heroes on your side, you have me on your side. Big







giving up out of pure fear. ranboo and tubbo also got gifts from wil and tech - ranboo

got a cookbook from wilbur and a spaghetti maker from techno. tubbo got more

weapons from techno and a pair of personalised safety goggles from wilbur. quagmire got paid a lovely visit from wilbur in his jail cell. that little boy timmy grows up to be the first tommyinnit vigilante enthusiast.

also, did you notice anyone missing hmm? :D

anyways, thank you guys so much for 18k kudos wtf guys u r all insane jesus. can't believe we're nearing 500k hits. that is actually, quite scary lmao. but thank you guys sm

cult pog

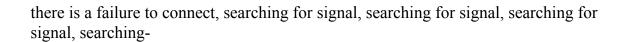
as always you can find me at <u>@bigbrainsimp</u> where i shitpost more than i talk actual sense and get bullied by my moots on a daily

now onto fanart, you guys are so cool with your fanart man. so pogchamp. if you want to draw fanart, post it on twitter, use the hashtag #vigilantetommy or #tumoasd and tag my acc :D i'd love to see it.

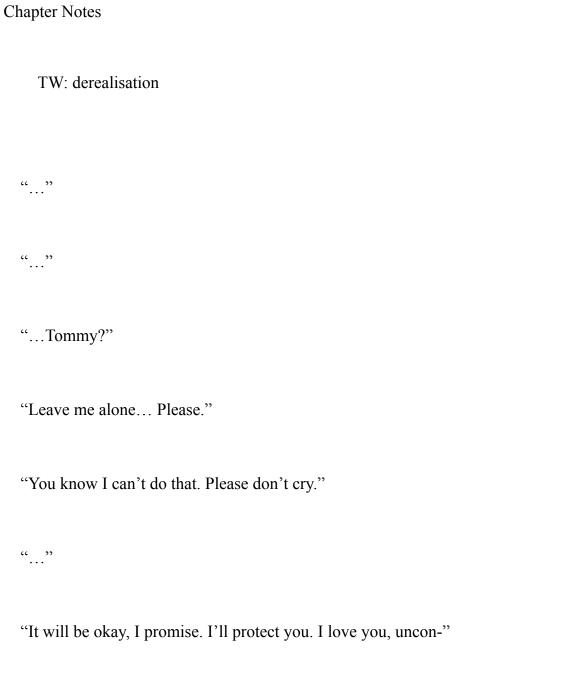
amazing pogchamp art of clem and tommy the colours are so cool

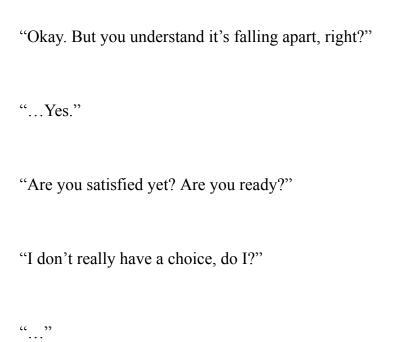
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Chapter Summary



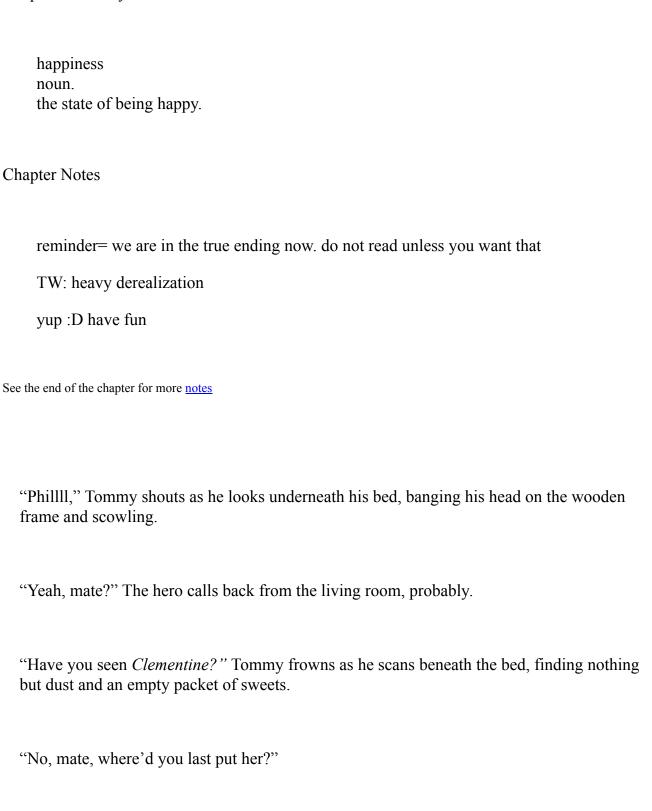
"Don't. I- Please don't."





We Never Even Got A Beach Episode

Chapter Summary



Tommy's frown deepens. He has no idea.

Tommy huffs as he slumps over the table, disgruntled.

Wilbur raises a tired eyebrow at him, "What's up with you?" He questions as he shovels cereal into his mouth.

Tommy eyes the Manifold Flakes with distaste. How the fuck does he eat that shit?

"I've lost *Clementine*," Tommy scowls.

"Who's Clementine again?" Wilbur tilts his head.

What the fuck. "How could you forget my daughter? She's my beloved," Tommy glares, deeply offended.

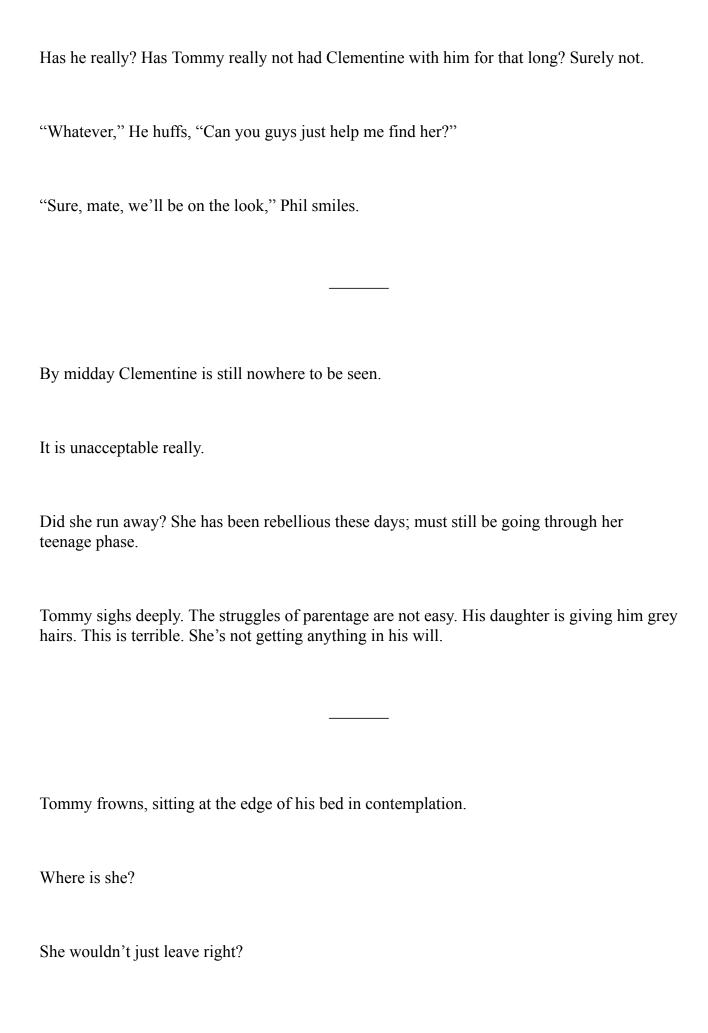
"I think the name is vaguely familiar, was she in a bottle or something?" Wilbur hums distractedly as he continues to eat.

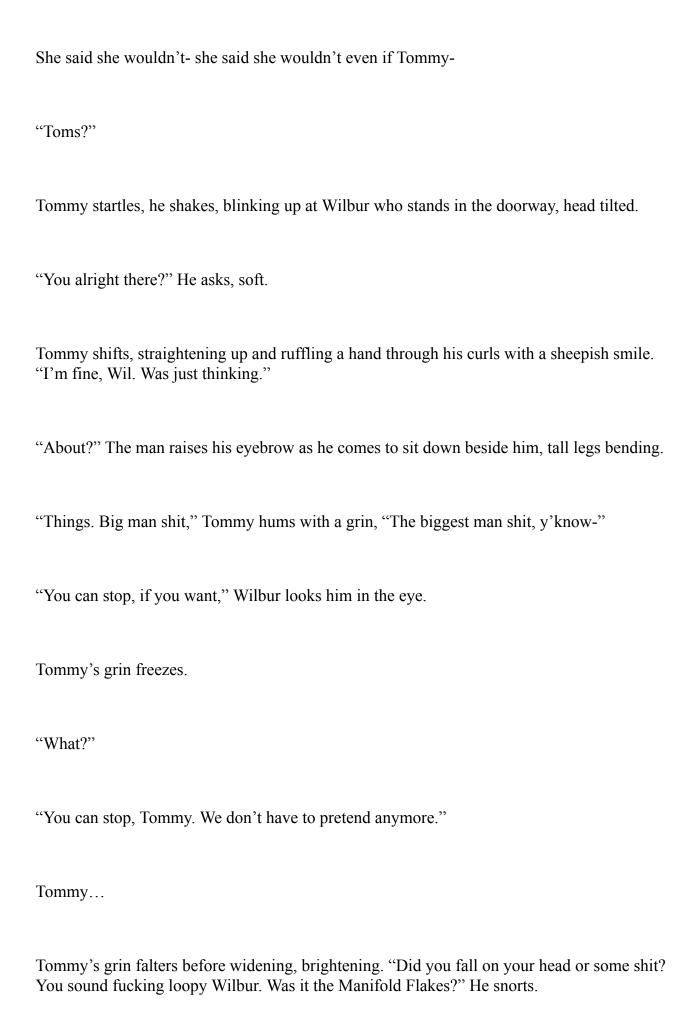
"Yes, she lives in a Sprite bottle and she is *missing*," Tommy tries to emphasize his distress.

"You don't really carry her around all that much, mate," Phil chimes in as walks into the kitchen, a laundry basket under one arm. He looks oddly domestic.

"I do," Tommy disagrees before pausing, "Don't I?"

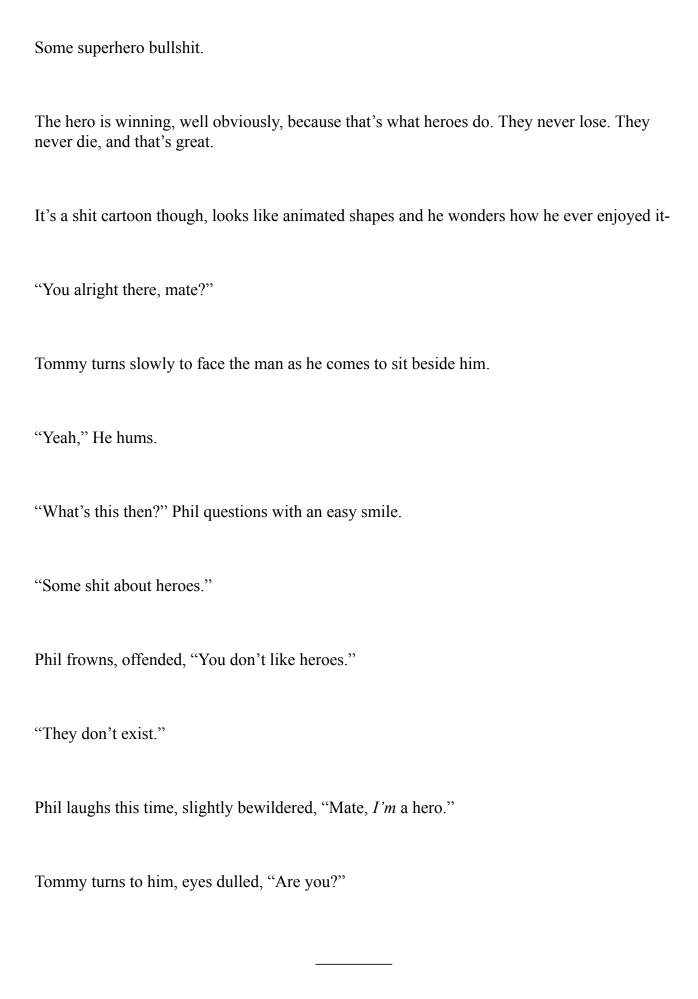
"Well, I can't remember the last time I saw her," Wilbur shrugs.





Wilbur is silent for a moment.
Tommy stares back, smiling.
Wilbur's eyes soften and he smiles, before feigning an annoyed expression. "You are an absolute gremlin. What were we talking about again?"
"Lunch, you said you would make me lunch. I'm hungry," Tommy complains, "And I would <i>never</i> touch Ranboob's cooking. Not after Christmas," He shudders.
Wilbur just snorts, "Fine, I'll cook, only to stop your fucking complaining."
Tommy grins, happy.
He's happy.
Yes, he's happy.
He's happy, he's happy- he is happy - he is- he's- he's happy- he's happy because- he's happy-
Clementine is still missing.

It's fine, however, because she always returns. She's always with Tommy. She wouldn't leave Tommy. She wouldn't leave him, not by himself. She protects him. She's <i>Clementine</i> . Gift from the gods and all that shit. His beloved.
It doesn't matter that Tommy can't find her, or the fact that no one seems to remember her much.
It's fine.
Everything is fine.
Tommy is fine.
Everything is poggers, pogtastic, whatever the hell else he's meant to say. The point is that everything will be okay, and Clementine will return, in her Sprite bottle and those intelligent eyes.
She's coming back.
She's coming back.
Tommy stares at the television, eyes blank. He rests his chin on his knees, curled on the couch.
It's a stupid cartoon he's watching.

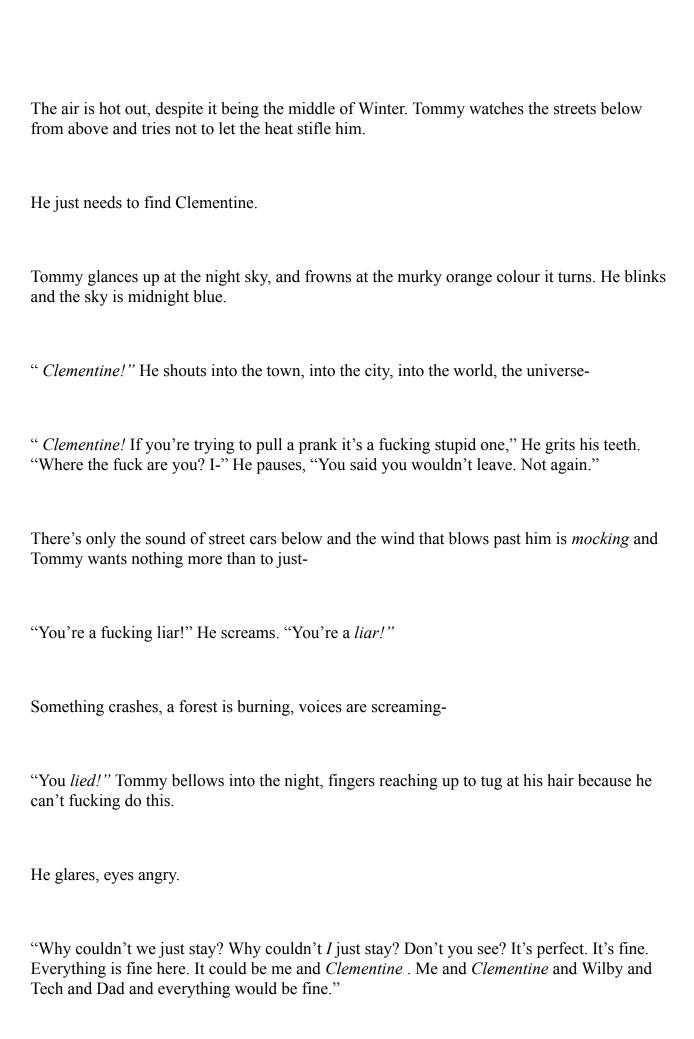


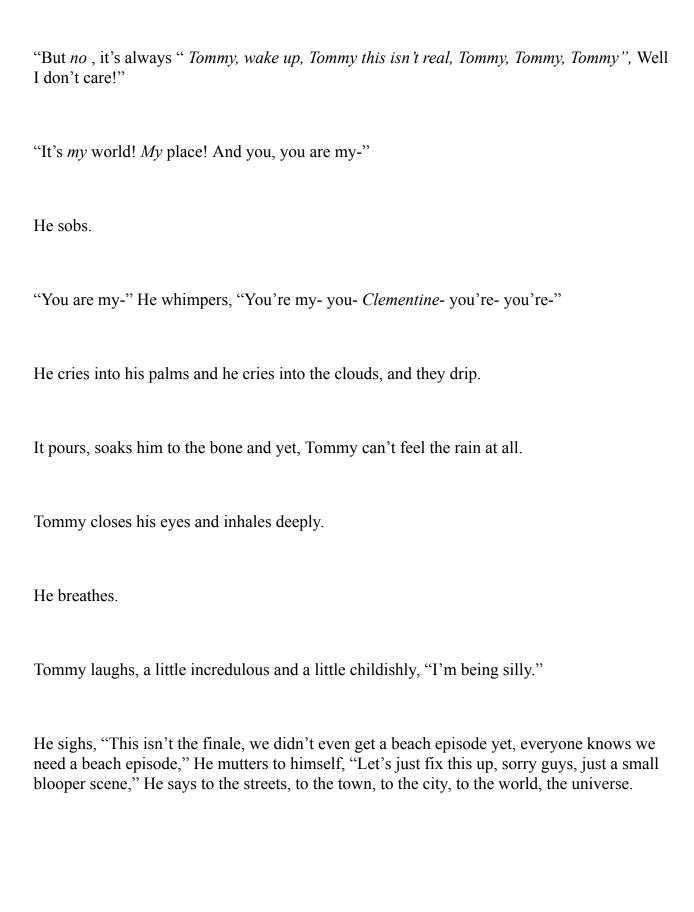
. . .

Tommy grins, teasing, "Yeah you are, I don't mean you, Philza. You're the only man ever," He says solemnly, "I was just joking."
Philza matches his grin, leaning over to briefly ruffle the boy's hair. "Sure, Toms."
Tommy smiles before turning back to the television, "I'm sick of this show anyways, it's so inaccurate, no hero fights like that," He complains, reaching over to the remote and switching the channel.
Philza only hums.
The screen switches to a news report. "Breaking News; there has been a disagreement between-"
Tommy switches the channel.
His eyebrow twitches, minutely.
"I hate the news," He mutters.

Clementine is-
Tommy stares out at the evening sky.
"You better not be plannin' to steal my sword again, kid."
"Techno," Tommy hums, turning away from the window.
Techno raises his eyebrow at him, "What're you doing?"
"I" Tommy thinks of a fish in a bottle, thinks of heroes and villains and stupid cartoons, thinks of a- "I don't know," He finishes.
"That's unlike TommyInnit, the vigilante and sword slicer or whatever you call yourself," Techno hums, nonchalant, but Tommy can see the suspicion in his eyes.
"I was thinking of falling," Tommy says, softly.
He can hear the rush of wind from the open window more than ever, powerful and strong and so, so similar to the sound of someone flying in reverse, of someone falling and <i>falling</i> until-

"That's unlike TommyInnit, the vigilante and sword slicer or whatever you call yourself," Techno shrugs, nonchalant, but Tommy can see the suspicion in his eyes.
Tommy huffs, offended, "My full title is TommyInnit, the vigilante, Sword Slicer and Glock Wielder Supreme," He states seriously.
Technoblade shakes his head in exasperation, "Whatever, child. Just don't go trying to steal my stuff when I went out of my way to get you your own."
Tommy grins, "Course not, Technoblade. I will cherish the blade you have given me forever, it is a beauty. I have named it Pogness the Champer."
"That's a terrible name," The man says immediately.
"Majestic," Tommy corrects, "So majestic."
Clementine-
Tommy shrugs on his trench coat, slides his blade into the holster and taps his feet together, once, then twice.
He turns back to the window.









"Nice to see you again," She says, saccharine dripping from her tongue. "How the fuck? I defeated you," Tommy protests. "Did you?" She hums, feigning confusion. "I don't remember that. But I do remember a very annoying brat trying to meddle with my affairs," Her gaze darkens. Tommy gulps. "Woah, woah we can talk this out guys." "That's not all," Manifold smirks, "I have another ally." From the shadows another figure steps into illumination and Tommy jumps back in fear, scared for the worst when-"Oh it's you," Tommy frowns, straightening up. "Hey Mr. Fundy." "You should fear me," The toy shop owner hisses, "You harmed me, an innocent civilian and ever since I was angry, so angry and I didn't forget-" "Can we skip your villain arc origin story," Tommy rolls his eyes, "No offence, but you revealing yourself after a literal mafia leader is kinda underwhelming." Fundy gasps, looking thoroughly offended. Well, you can't please everyone. "That's not what this is about though," Manifold cuts in smoothly, "TommyInnit, we have something of yours," The man grins and it sends a chill up Tommy's spine.

"What do you have?" Tommy questions uneasily, he's scared of the answer.
Manifold reaches a hand behind him and pulls out a bottle.
Oh god.
"We have Clementine."
Tommy may just be sick.
Chapter End Notes
haha :D
around two more updates till the end hehe
this was quite fun to write lol

A Final Duet Chapter Summary let's play to a song that we make **Chapter Notes** yes. it is i. it has been a while oops. uhh anyways. TW //heavy derealisation. major character death- sort of. fire/arson. enjoy maybe See the end of the chapter for more notes They have Clementine. Okay, okay, this is fine. Tommy clenches and unclenches his fists. Manifold is grinning as he waves the bottle, jostling her.

"Clementine," Tommy breathes. She stares at him, with those eyes, so perceptive and-

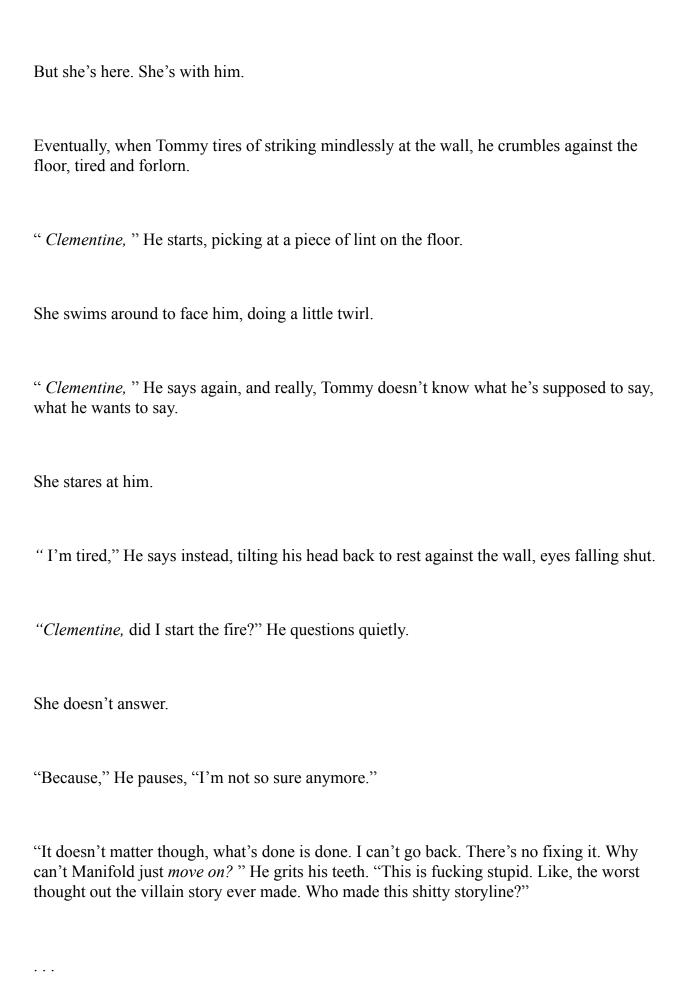
"If you want her," Manifold starts.

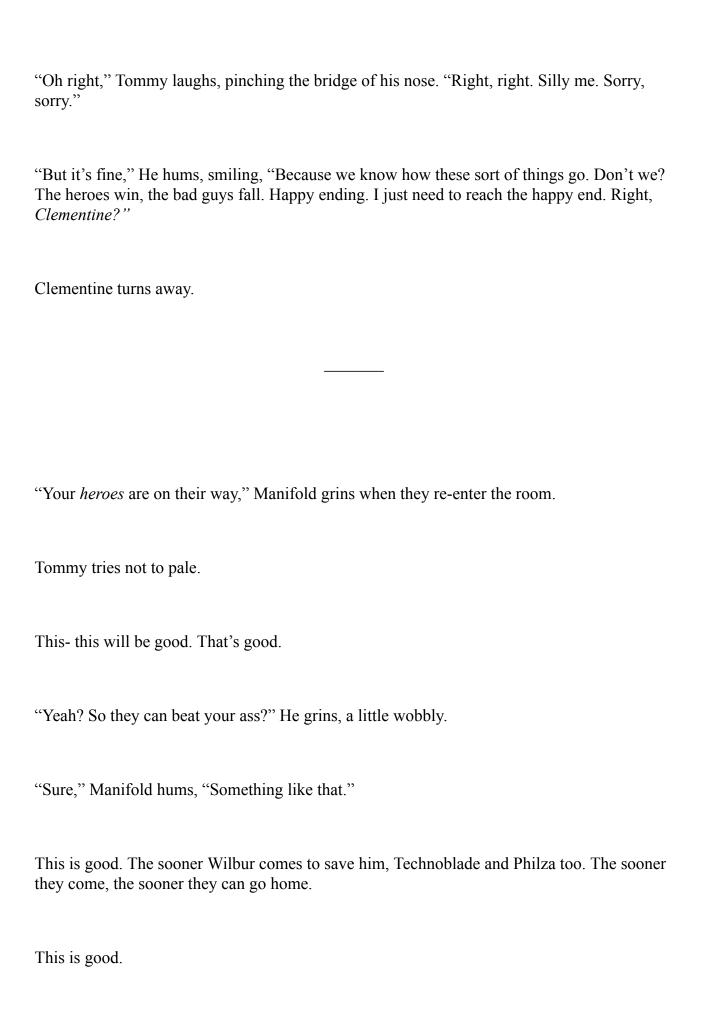
"You'll have to come with us," Niki finishes, sidling up beside the man.
It's a trap.
Tommy knows this.
It's a trap and he should turn away.
"Okay," He agrees.
"You see, you've been a fucking menace to this city for too long," Manifold monologues like a fucking idiot. "Terrorising the people, playing the hero. Playing the victim when things don't go your way. You're a fucking child, TommyInnit."
Tommy bites his tongue, rolling his eyes.
"You think you own this place, you think everyone will just suck up to you and do as you say, don't you?" Manifold turns to him, eyes narrowed.
Well.
Tommy tilts his head, smirking a little. "Isn't it true though? I'm pog."

Oh my god, these kinds of speeches get old after a while. Can't villains do something original? "Look, sorry for burning your building or some shit, maybe you should have fire proofed the place," The teenager shrugs, eyes darting to Clementine who swims in her bottle just out of reach. "Stop, stop doing that. Blaming everyone but yourself," The man's eyes are angry, "You fucking set that building on fire." "I didn't," Tommy protests immediately, frowning in offence. "It was uh-" "It wasn't Purpled!" Manifold shouts. Man, this guy has serious problems. Like major anger issues. "Listen, you really need to let go of the past, you are like, stuck, in the first stage of grief. That's denial," Tommy says matter of factly. "Tm so sick of you," Manifold glares. Yeesh. "Calm down, big man-"	"Stop with the shitty catchphrases!" Manifold scowls, "You think everything always goes your way? But not this time."
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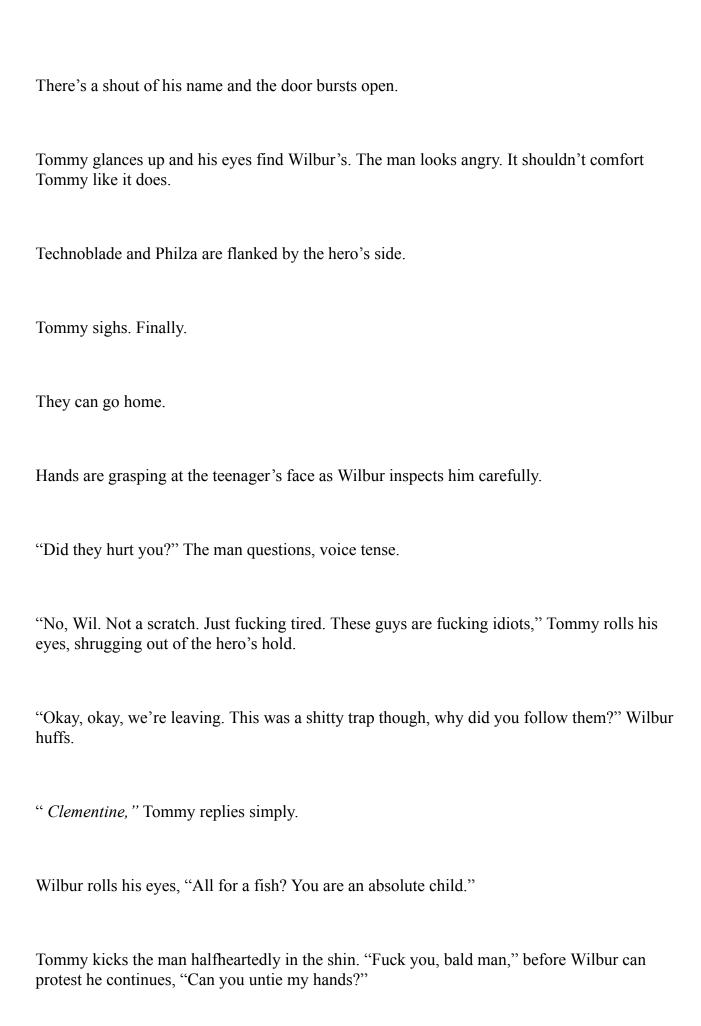
Tommy avoids Clementine's gaze.
"You're fucking dead," He tells Manifold. When the heroes arrive it's over.
"You know," Manifold hums, "For a vigilante, you didn't really do much good, did you?"
Tommy's shoulders rise.
"I mean, really, when have you actually helped someone? Other than yourself, that is," Manifold scoffs. "You think you're so above everyone here, above the world-"
"That's because I am, " Tommy stares, eyes hard.

[&]quot;I mean, really, when have you actually helped someone? Other than yourself, that is," Manifold scoffs. "You think you're so above everyone here, above the world and everyone in it."

"Yeah, yeah," Tommy rolls his eyes, "I'm the worst, so self-centred. Whatever, can we just skip your stupid monologues?"
"This is why I hate you," Manifold accuses, eyes angry beneath the shades, "Stop dismissing everything I'm saying and then maybe-"
"Oh my god, fuck <i>off,</i> I don't care!" Tommy shouts, "You're annoying me- you're fucking <i>annoying</i> me. I should just kill you myself-"
God. Tommy sighs.
"This is why I hate you," Manifold accuses, eyes angry beneath the shades, "Stop dismissing everything I'm saying and then maybe-"
"Okay, okay. I get it. I'm the worst," Tommy huffs, "I understand. Amazing. But don't act like you're better than me. What was your cereal made of again?" He smirks.
Manifold pauses.
"Yeah, I may not be a hero. But I think I did good getting rid of your business," Tommy says, smug.
Manifold glares, "Fuck you, you're lucky I don't smash your fucking fish to pieces."

On fuck.
"Hey, hey," Tommy raises his palms in surrender, laughing nervously, "Let's not be drastic now, big guy, I thought you wanted the heroes?"
"Yeah," Manifold shrugs, adjusting his shades, "But maybe I just want to make you suffer."
"God. <i>Philza</i> ," Tommy exhales, "You are <i>evil</i> . You would kill an innocent fish? My daughter?"
"You are so fucking weird," Manifold grimaces, before turning towards the door, "I'll be back. Stay here," He says before chuckling, "Well it's not like you can go anywhere."
Tommy glares as the man leaves.
What a dick.
"Clementine," Tommy starts, staring up at the dimly lit ceiling, "Remember the time I tried to use you to get on Tubbo's good side?" He grins.
Clementine does a spin.
Tommy laughs, "Yeah, he still defenestrated me anyway. But it was a good idea. One of the best ideas I've had," He sighs, "You know," He hums, "I thought- for a moment there for a moment, when I couldn't find you, I thought you'd left me. Abandoned me."
Clementine stares.

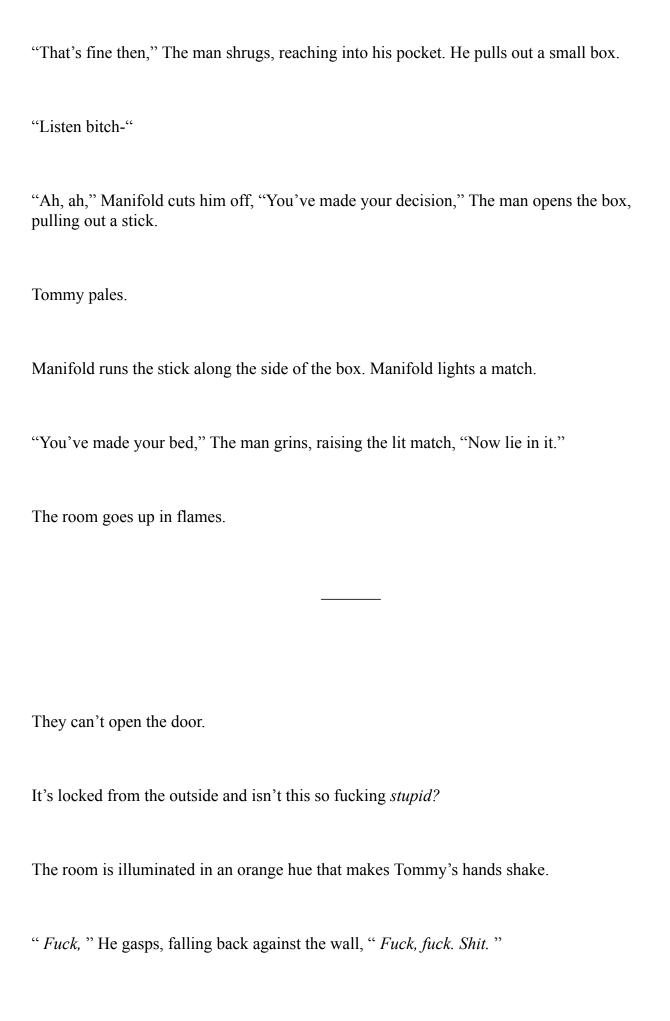
"Which is stupid, because-because what daughter abandons their father?" Tommy laughs, "Surely it'd be the other way round. The parents do the abandoning. The children- they- they stay. They're meant to stay. So you weren't leaving me, were you?"
Clementine stares.
"Right, right," Tommy nods. "You wouldn't leave me. Not when I raised you. You wouldn't-you wouldn't go find another lake? Or go out to sea? Would you? You like the bottle don't you? That's your thing!" Tommy exclaims, grinning, "Clementine in her Sprite bottle. That's your thing," He stresses, "And I'm the charismatic vigilante. That's our thing. We are a duo. I protect you, you protect me."
Clementine stares.
"Clementine," Tommy stares back, "You're my beloved."
"And- so- that's why you can't just leave. The world is ours <i>Clementine</i> . We have Philza and Wilbur and Technoblade. We have Ranboob and Tubbo. We have Henry."
"So- so-" Tommy quiets, "So why do you want to leave so bad?"
Clementine turns away.
"Tommy!"







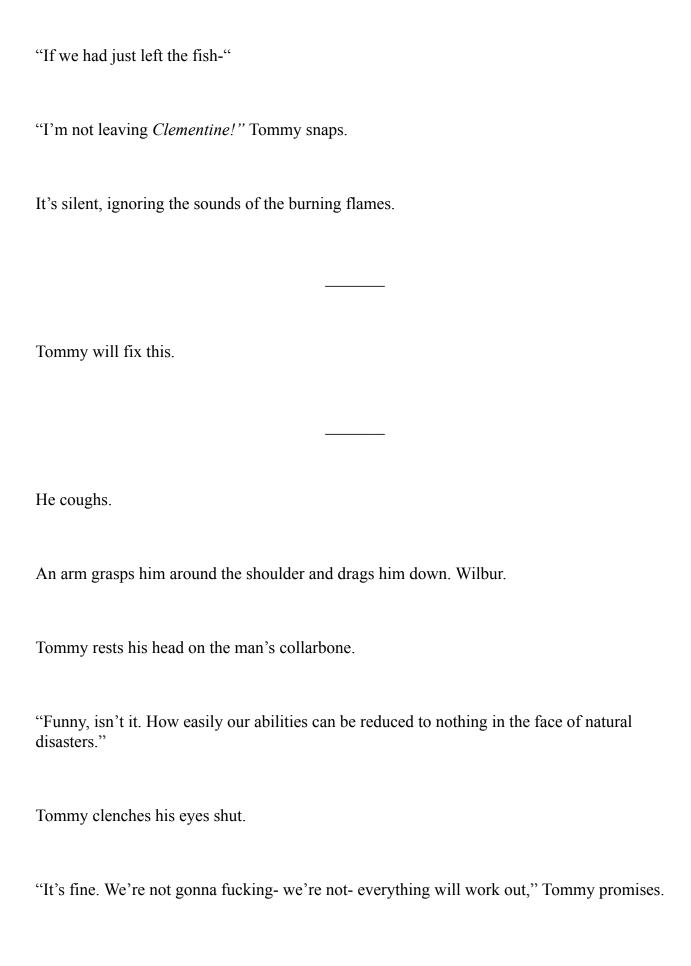




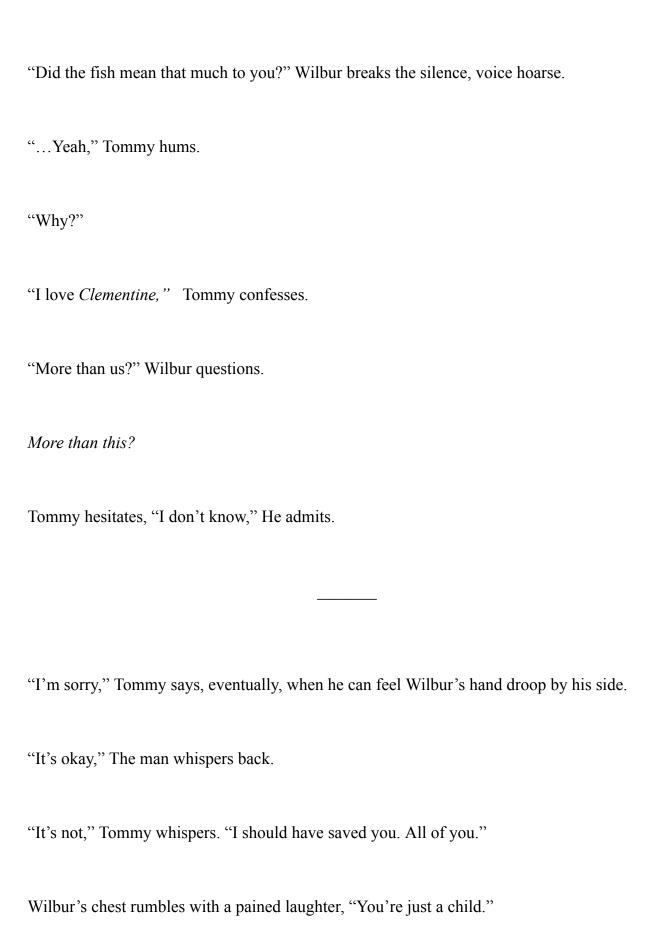
wide as he tries to mask the panic, "It's fine mate. Don't worry."
Tommy has fucked up.
This isn't meant to happen. Right?
This isn't going as planned.
He reaches up to grasp at strands of his hair and pull.
He can fix this.
Tommy can fix this.
Somewhere, something unravels.
The flames are higher now.
Tommy can't bear to look at them, even as it surrounds him.

"Tommy? Tommy, it's fine, we're going to find a way out," Philza tells the teenager, eyes

"Wilbur? Techno?" He calls out to the heroes who are trying to use brute force on the door.
"Guys," He tries again, coughing lightly, "That's not going to work. There must be another exit." There must be. There has to be.
Tommy locks eyes with Clementine over the smoke.
She stares for a moment before turning away.
He can fix this.
There is no hidden exit.
Eventually, they settle on the wall furthest from the flames.
"What a stupid way to die," Technoblade remarks idly.
"We're <i>not</i> dying," Tommy seethes.
"Tommy, mate-"
"We can't die. <i>You</i> can't die," Tommy turns to the heroes, eyes wide. "You are heroes. They never lose."

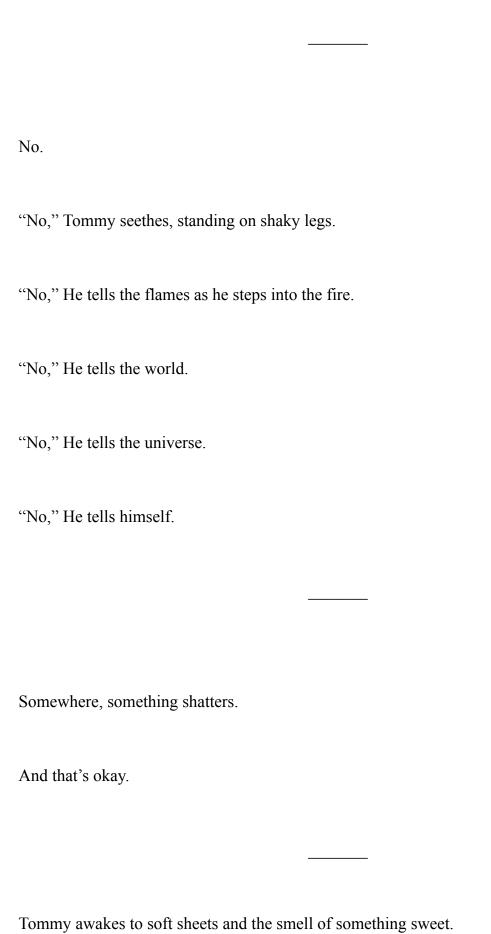


Wilbur presses a hand to Tommy's curls and it doesn't soothe him like it should.
Tommy remains wide awake.
" Are you tired yet?"
"I'm going to fix this."
"You don't have to do this anymore."
"Shut up, shut up."
It's hard to breathe.
Tommy's lungs protest.
His skin burns.
But everything will be fine, and they will laugh about this particular experience in the future.



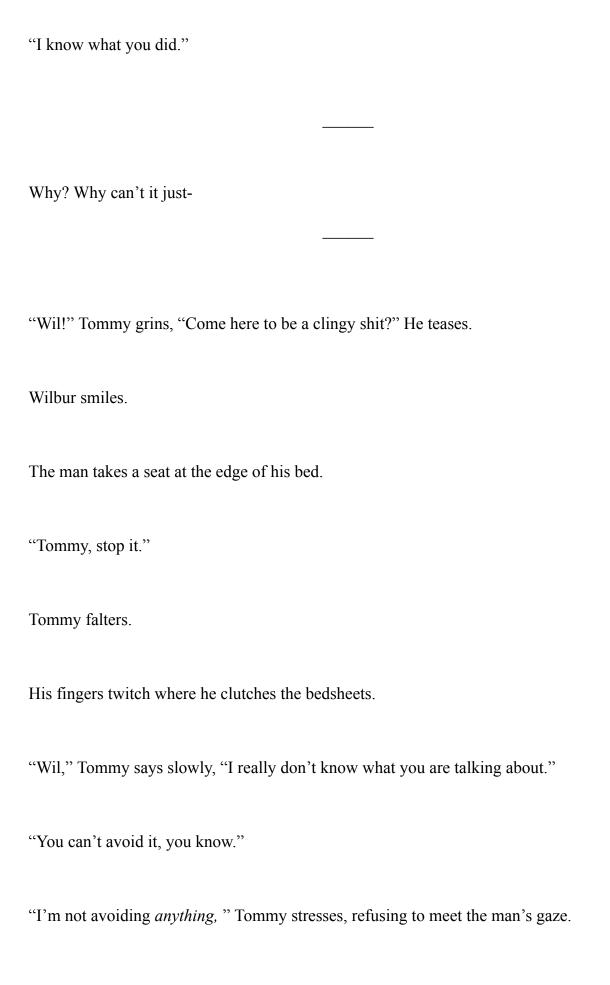
"I wanted to be a hero."
Wilbur is silent. He brushes a hand weakly through Tommy's bangs, pushing the curls up to stare down at him.
"You're not a hero, Tommy."
When Philza's head falls to the side limply. When Technoblade's breathing slows to nothing. When Wilbur's hand falls from his head.
Tommy screams.
"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," He sobs to the heroes.
"I'm- I'm-" He heaves, fingers shaking and dusted with soot. "I'm sorry dad," He tells his father, "I'm sorry Techno," He tells his brother, "I'm- I'm sorry Wilbur," He tells his brother.

Tommy glances up at Clementine through bleary eyes and finds her staring back.

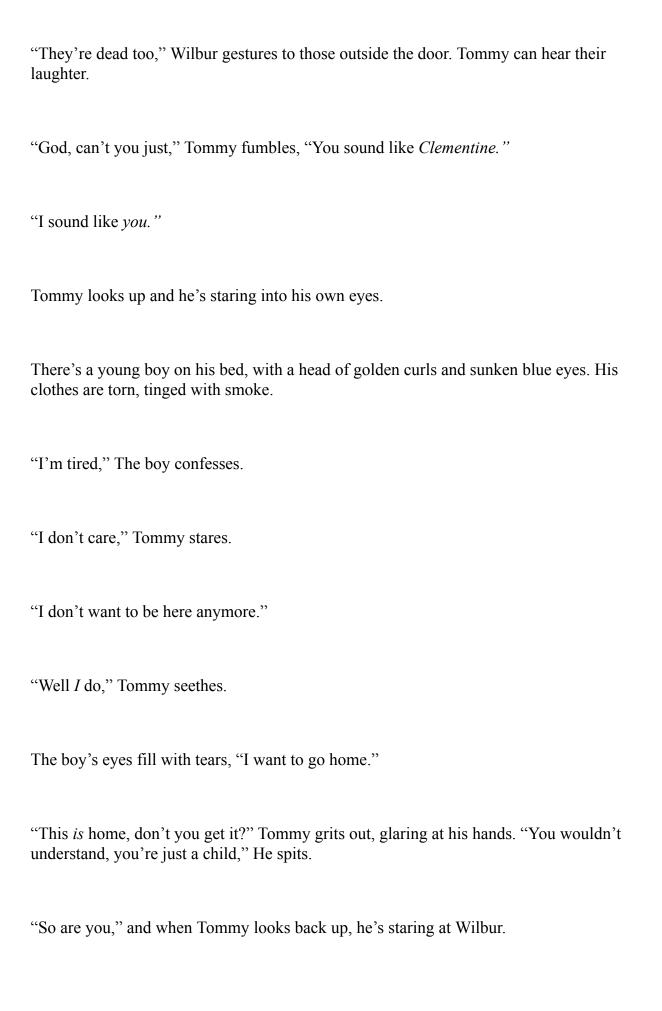


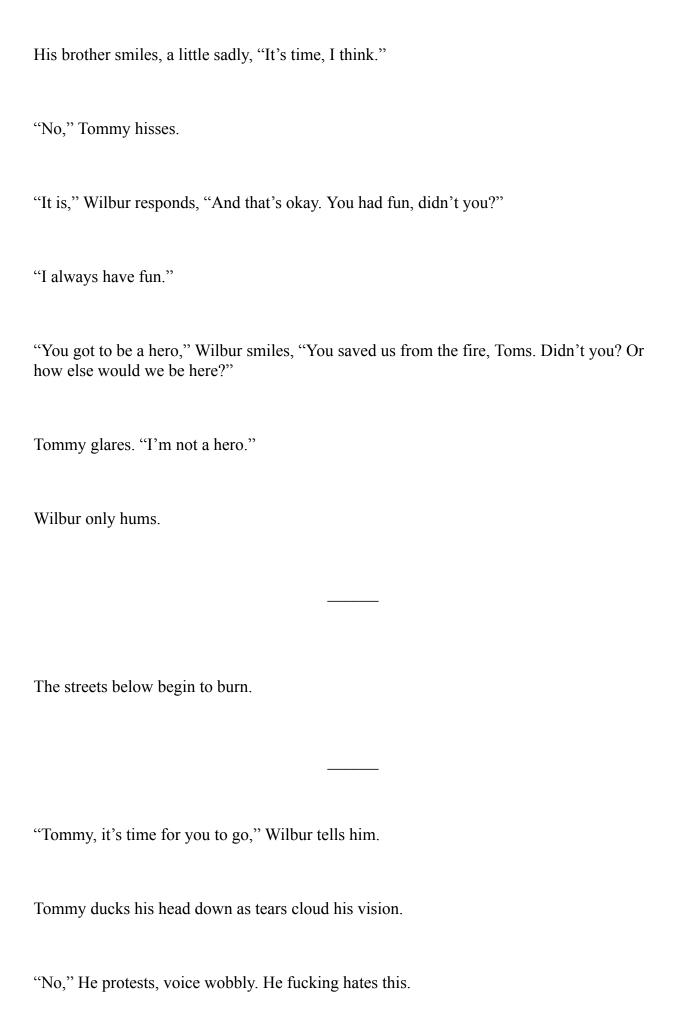


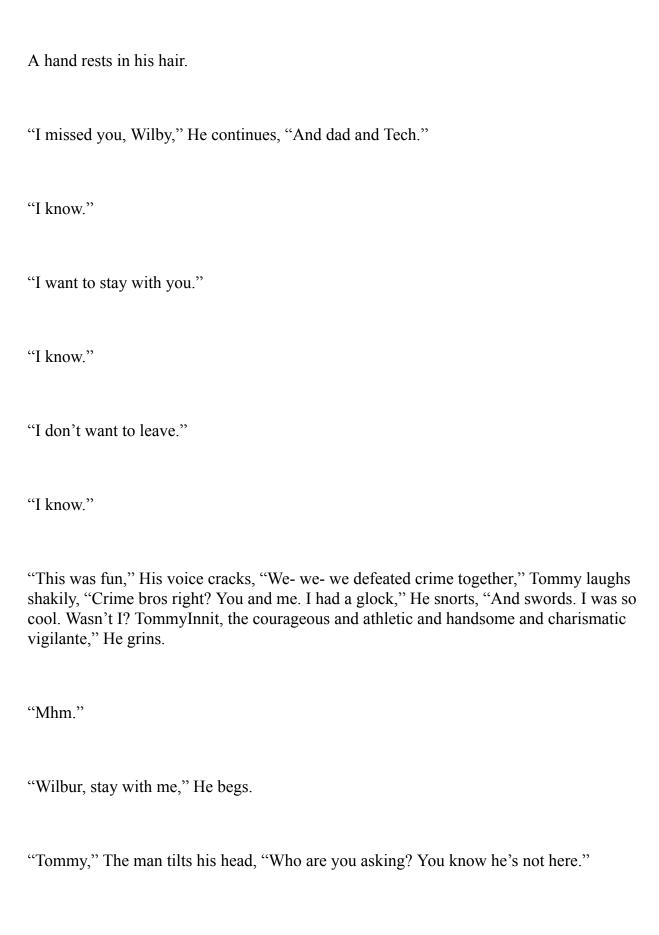
Everything is fine now.
His door opens.
Tommy's head snaps to the side and he meets Wilbur's eyes.
"Wil!" Tommy grins, easy and filled with relief. "Come here to be a clingy shit?" He teases.
Wilbur smiles.
The man takes a seat at the edge of his bed.
"Toms," The hero starts.
Tommy makes a questioning noise.
"I know what you did."
Tommy pauses.
"Huh?" He laughs.

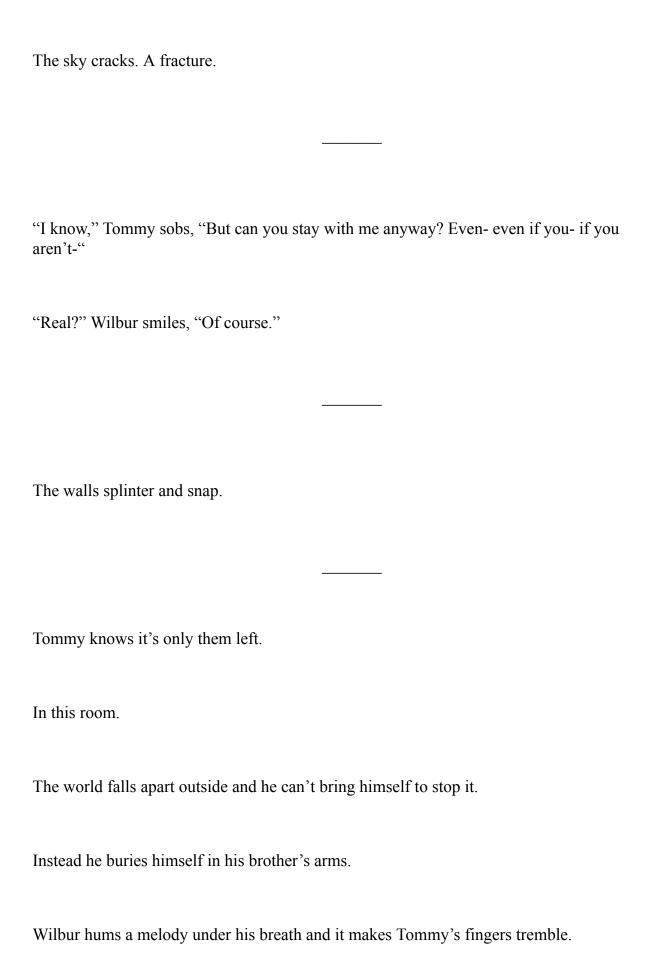


"I'm dead," Wilbur says.
Tommy stares at the sheets.
"You're not funny," Tommy laughs.
"Tommy, look at me."
Tommy clenches the sheets.
Goddammit.
It's fine.
Once more.
"Wil!" Tommy grins, "Come here to be a clingy shit?" He teases.
Wilbur smiles.
The man takes a seat at the edge of his bed.



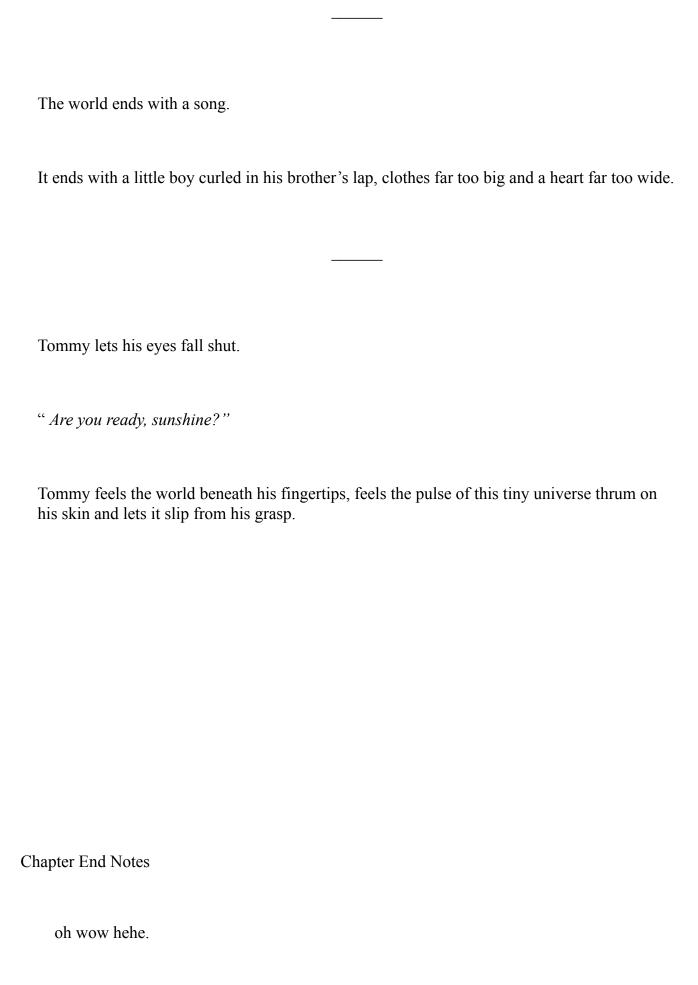






"How do you know that?" Tommy whispers.
"Why wouldn't I? It's your favourite, after all," Wilbur replies and Tommy sniffles.
"Can- can you sing it? I promise I'll let you go. I'll let everyone go, so- so-" He croaks wetly, "So can you sing it one last time? Before I go to sleep."
"Of course, Toms," Wilbur smiles into the teenager's hair before clearing his throat.
The world outside tears itself apart and Tommy can hear the <i>screams</i> -
"I used to hear a simple song,"
And everything goes quiet.
" That was until you came along," Wilbur sings, voice soft like always, the way it always was and Tommy's heart shakes.
Tommy thinks of childish games and petty fights. He thinks of older brothers and a kind father. He thinks of days spent on the porch, giggling and licking at melting ice-lollies. He thinks of hoodies too big covering his fingers and thinks of clumsily braiding soft hair, littered with colourful clips. He thinks of silly games of heroes and villains with makeshift capes and wooden swords.
Tommy thinks of cuts patched up gently with warm hands and he thinks of a familiar guitar being strummed.
"Now in its place is something new."

"I hear it when I look at you," Tommy sings, voice quivering as he weeps.
If Tommy listens carefully, if he focuses hard enough, he can hear a third voice that joins theirs. It's soft and light. If Tommy focuses hard enough, he can remember that voice singing him to sleep.
The sky collapses.
"And now I hear," Wilbur pauses, voice quiet.
The world is silent. Tommy is quiet too, eyes dulled with exhaustion, tears falling. He clutches at his brother's sweater and tries to remember this, remember this moment and keep it there.
He wants to rewind. To reset the tape to the beginning. To loop it, over and over. A perpetually scratched record, destined to repeat this scene and this scene only.
Tommy tries, but the record plays on. He can't move back, can't restart it. So he relishes in it, clutches his brother a little tighter and lets the melody come to an end.
"A sym-phon-y," They sing together.
A final duet.



there will be one more update after this one and that will be it :D dw it'll be like a two chap update. but yes we are like very at the end now. some of u may sort of know where this is going now hehe, if you've clocked onto another series i have going :D

anyways

//fainting. idk if that's a tw but just in case yeah basically i fainted today and then i had a massive headache and was bedridden and i slept for like 10 hours. but the eneli grind doesn't stop.

also i've just been binge watching kdramas, strong woman bong soon my beloved. also 'nevertheless' is so good. i'm gonna go watch the new ep of loki now :D

hope u enjoyed this fluffy chapter <3

I Used To Hear A Simple Song

Chapter Summary

that was until you came along

Chapter Notes

well. here we are, at the end.

thank you for sticking around this long <3

there are no tws this chap, but there will be in the next so please be wary and careful.

if u haven't realised already, this series is connected to the symphony series and is in fact a prequel. so if u want, u can read those first before reading these last chaps. but you don't have to, i don't think it's absolutely necessary.

anyways, enjoy:D

See the end of the chapter for more <u>notes</u>

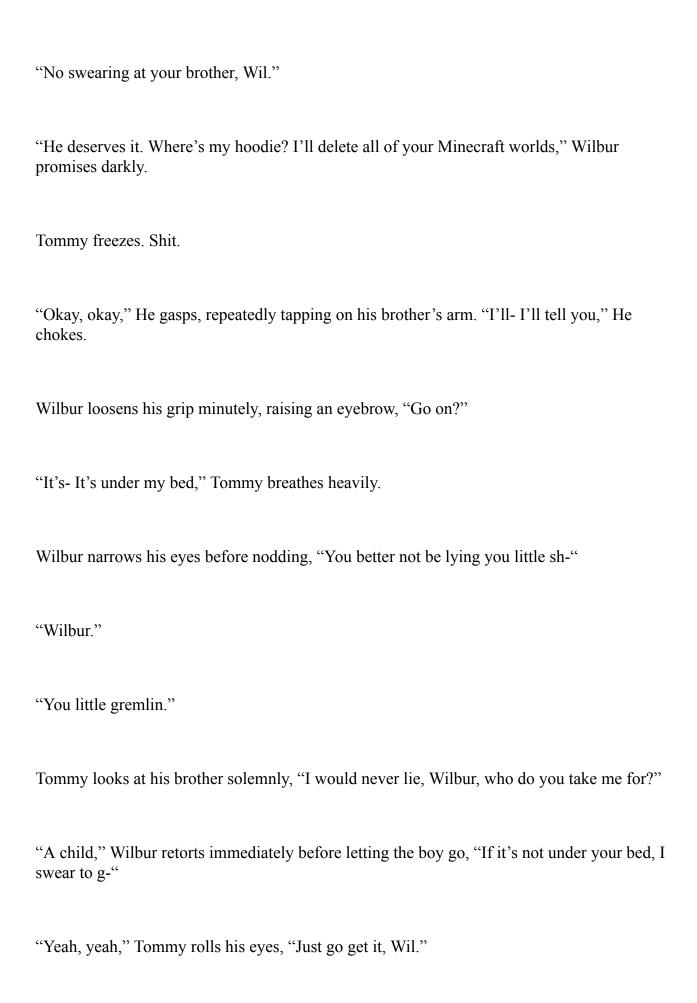
"Wilbur, you dickhead! Let me go!" Tommy half screams, half laughs. He writhes in his brother's arms as Wilbur holds him in a headlock.

"You've stolen my hoodie again, tell me where it is or else," Wilbur threatens, tightening his arms.

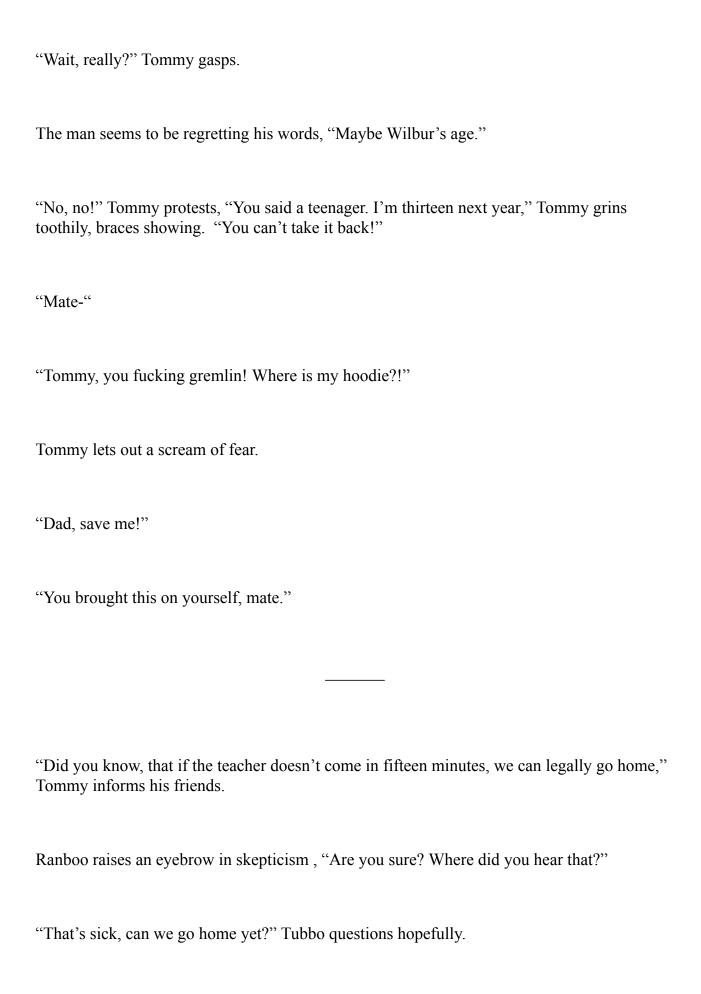
"Ah, Wil, can you refrain from killing your brother, mate. Thanks," Their father hums absentmindedly from the living room, a book in one hand.

"Dad! Dad! Save me!" Tommy warbles, "He's gonna kill me, Dad! I'm going to die!"

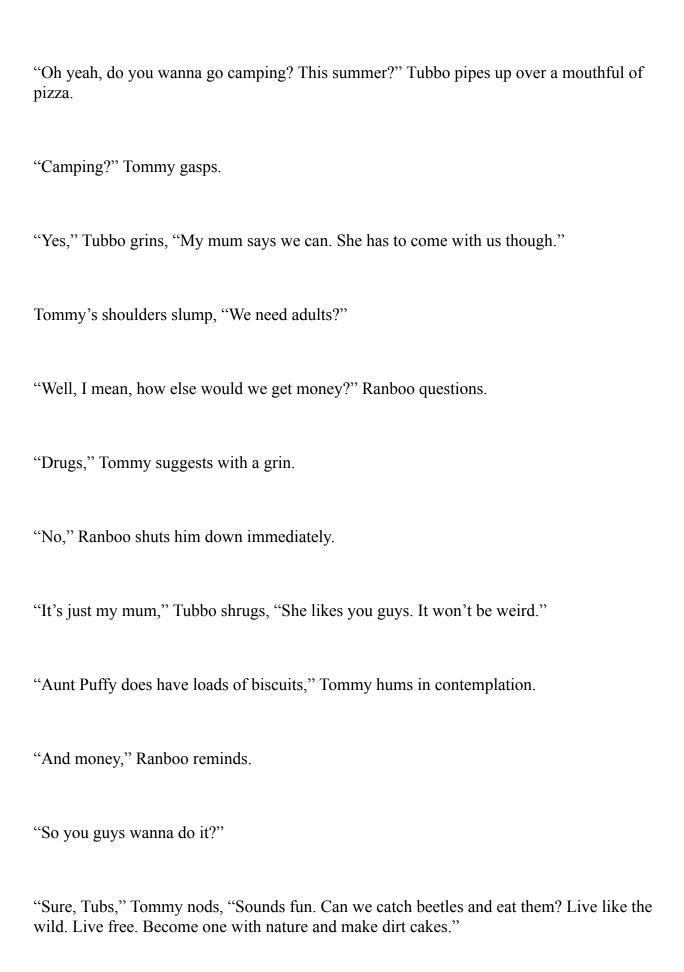
"Where is my hoodie you little shit?"



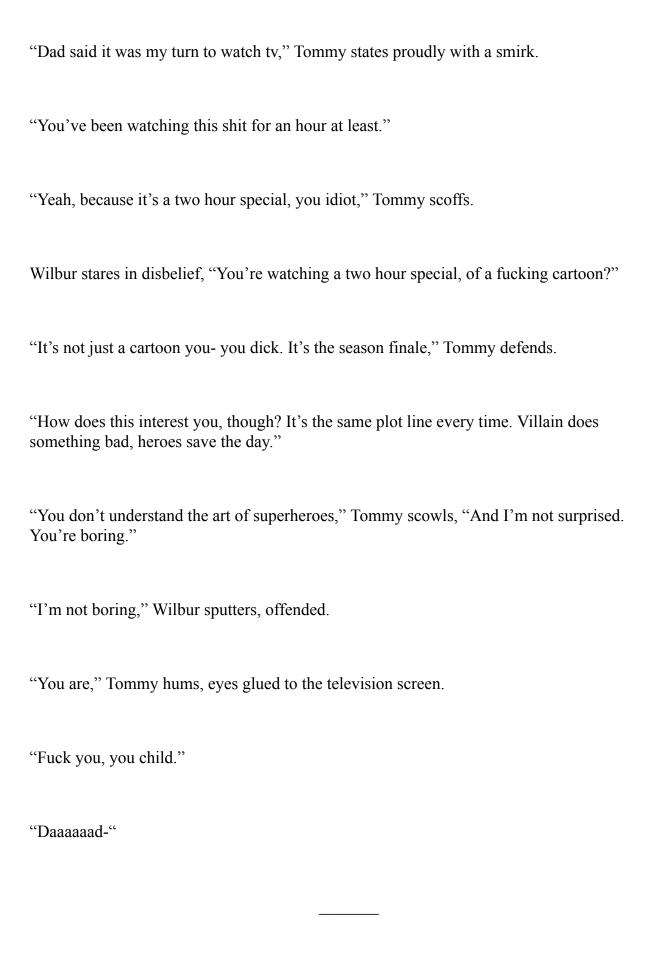




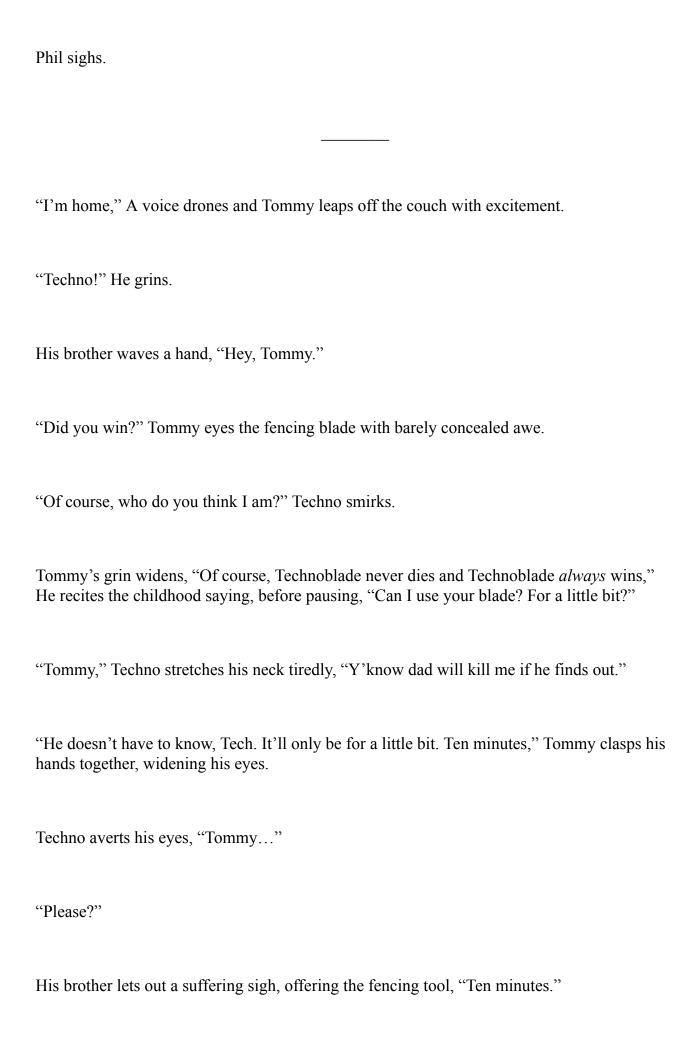










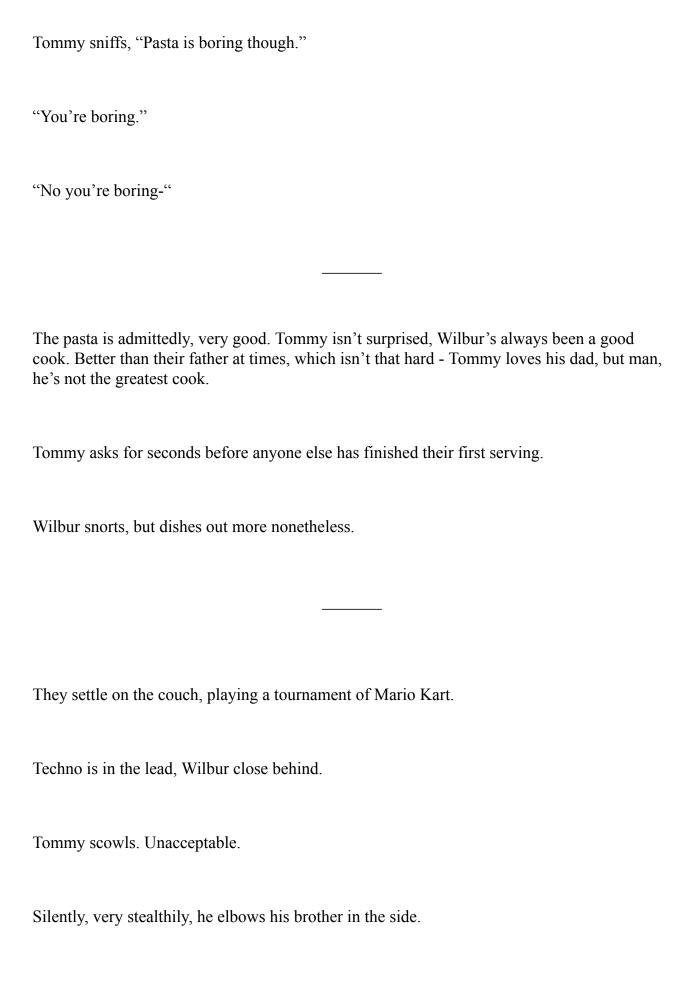


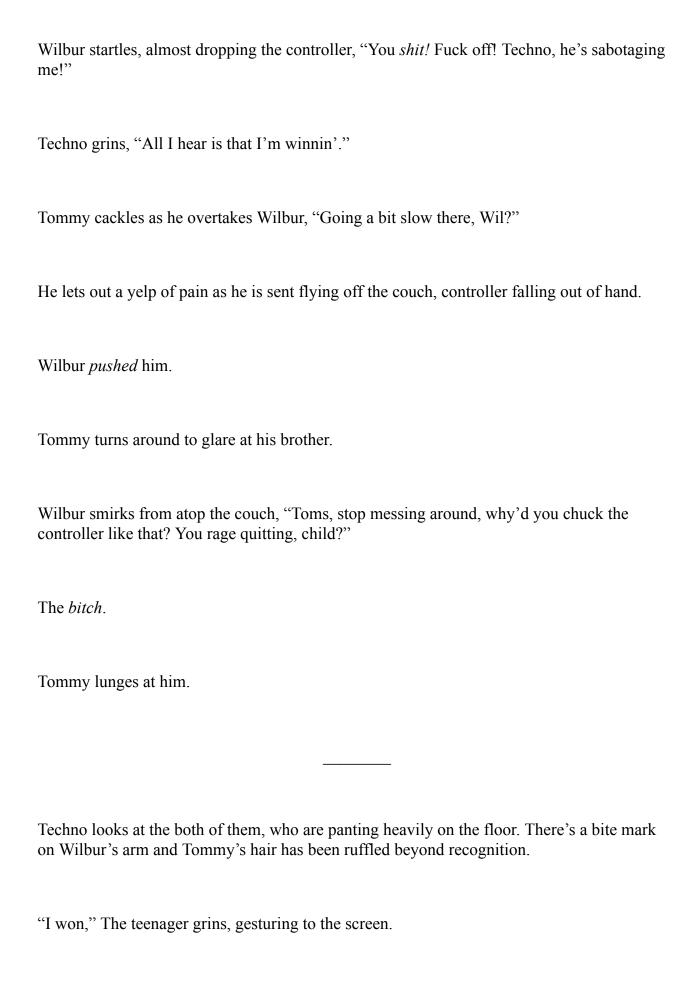
Tommy whoops, giggling giddily.
"This is my blade," He tells Tubbo and Ranboo, who stare at him in disbelief.
"Isn't that Techno's?" Ranboo scratches his head, unsure.
Tommy coughs, "No, it's mine," He raises the blade to the sky, "Mine."
"Sure, big man," Tubbo shrugs. "So if we asked Techno?"
"Don't ask him," Tommy yelps before clearing his throat. "Don't talk to him, because uh, he's sleeping. Tired. Laying down right now."
"Uh huh," Ranboo nods slowly.
"Can you just admire my blade? My sword?" Tommy scowls, before smirking, "Look I can do a cool trick with it-"
Tommy hisses into his fist.

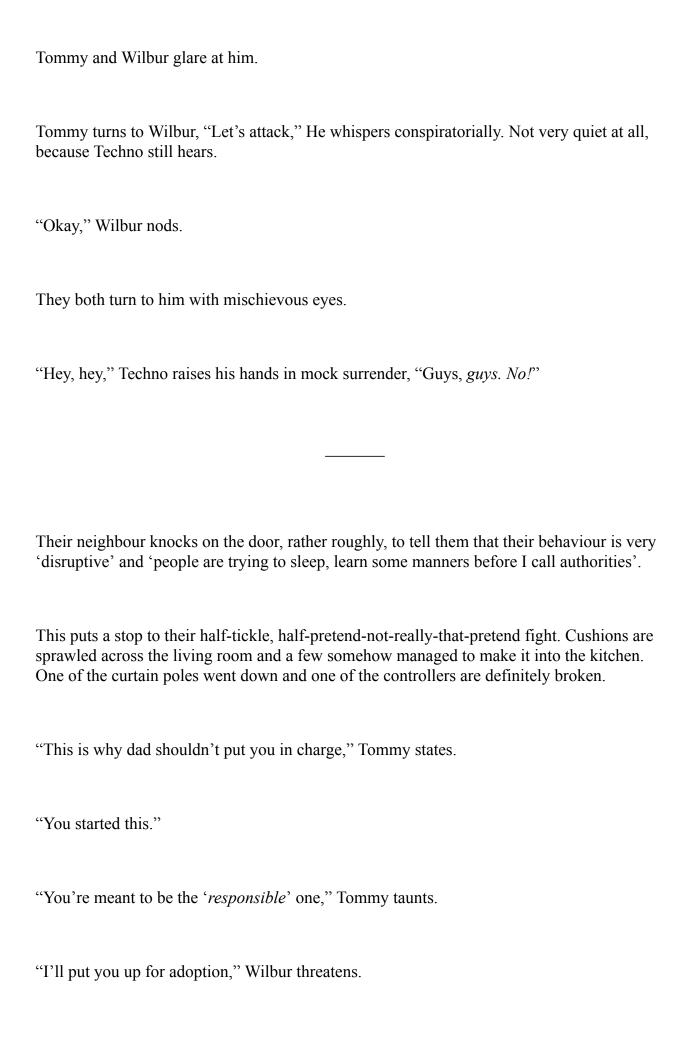


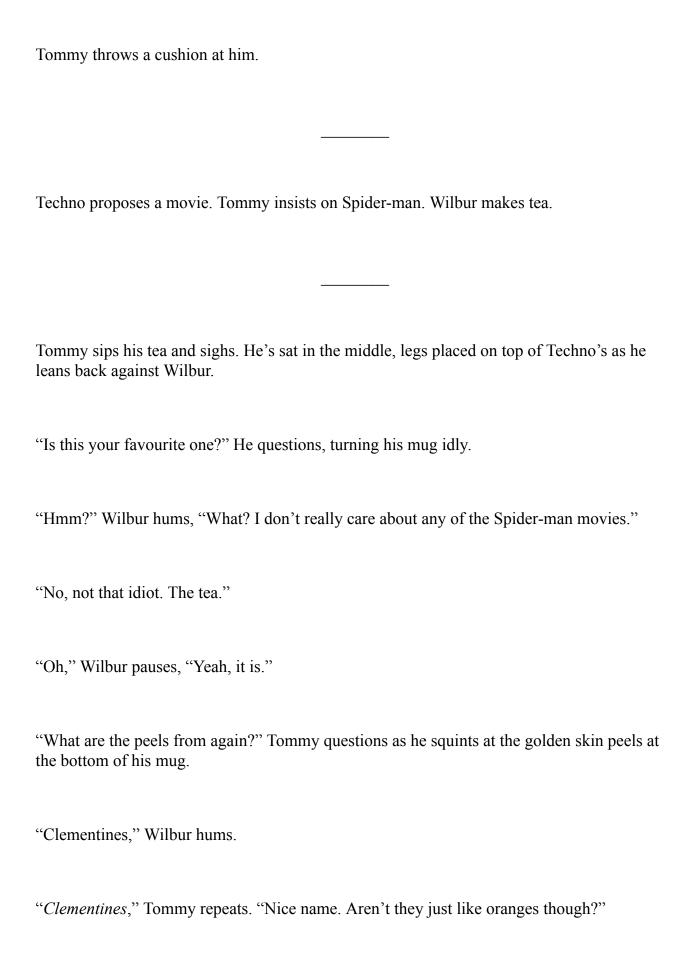


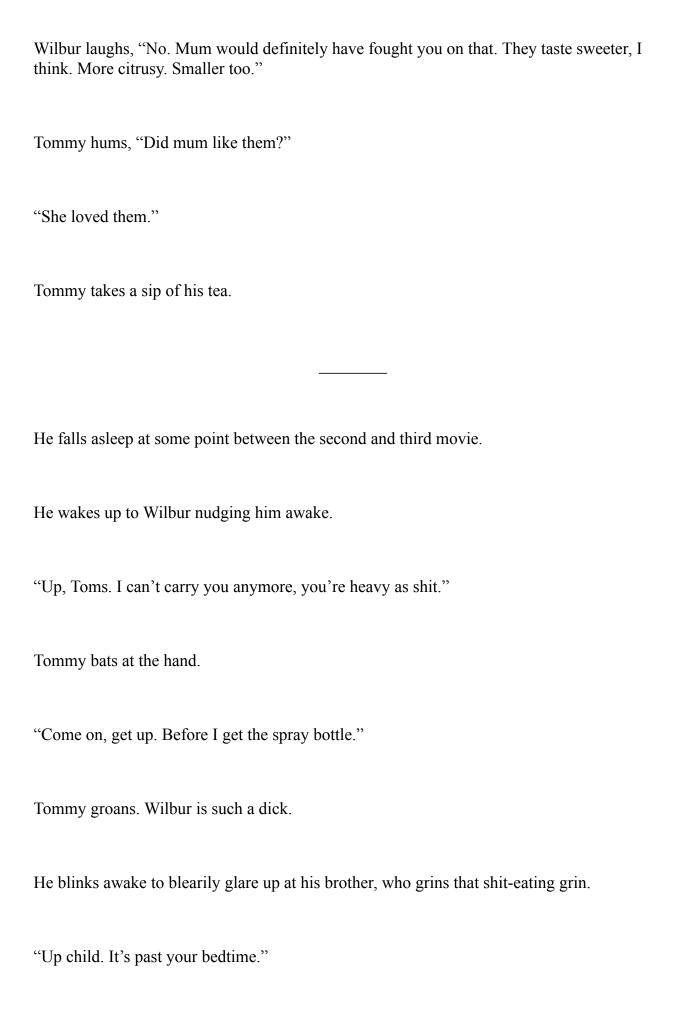
"I'm hungry," Tommy announces loudly.
His brothers ignore him. Techno, probably unintentionally while Wilbur makes eye contact before turning away.
"I said I'm hungry," Tommy repeats, picking up a cushion to chuck at Wilbur's head.
Wilbur dodges it. Somehow. Dick.
"If you starve me, that's child abuse," Tommy says matter of factly.
"What do you want?" Wilbur groans eventually.
Tommy perks up, "Pizza?"
Wilbur and Techno scrunch their noses in distaste, "No," They say simultaneously. He hates twins.
"But pizza is good," He protests.
"Unhealthy," Techno mutters, eyes still glued to the screen.
"Since when do you care about health?" Tommy raises an eyebrow in disbelief. He's witnessed his brother mix energy drinks with coffee before.
"I'll make pasta," Wilbur interrupts.

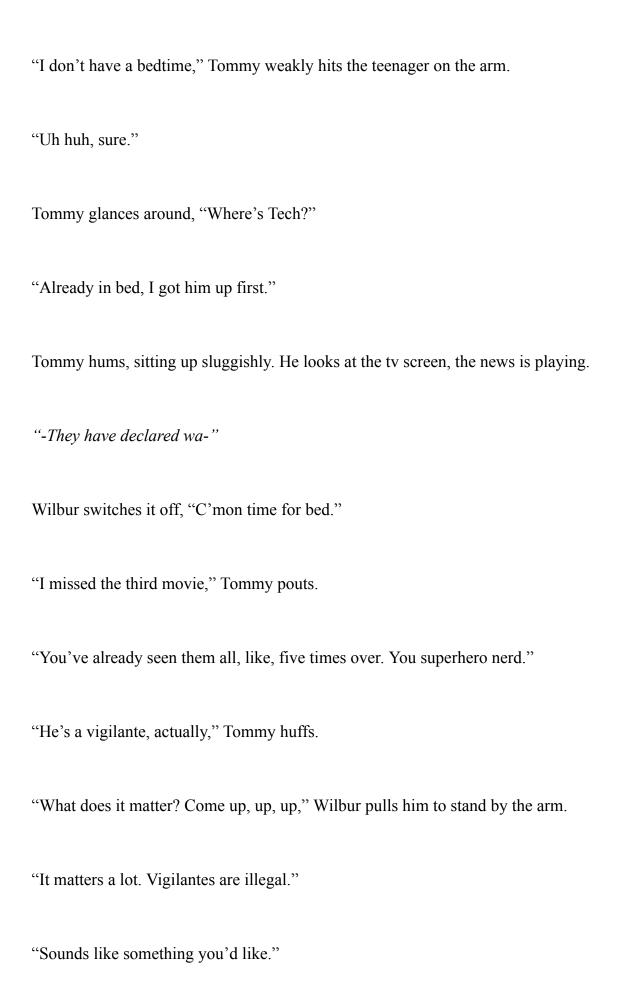


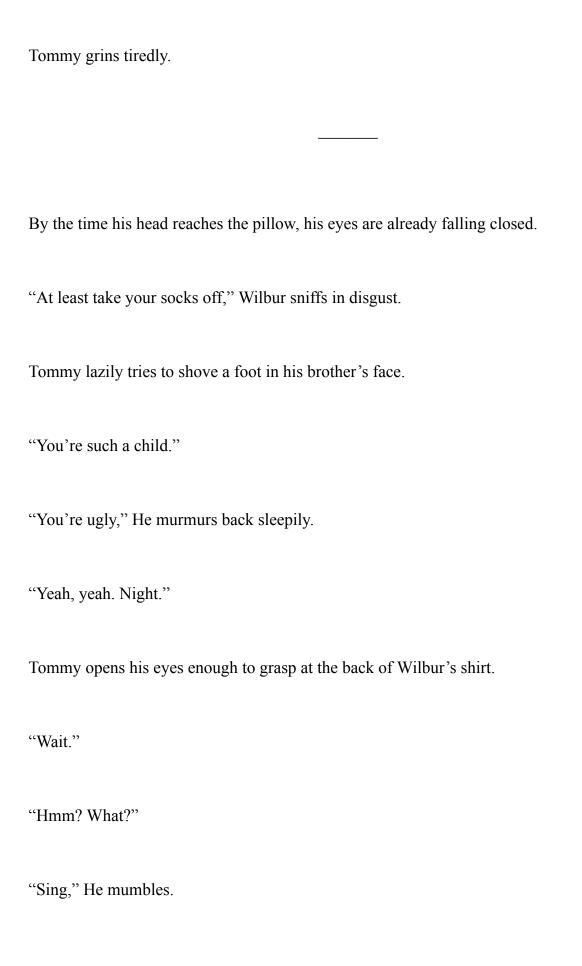






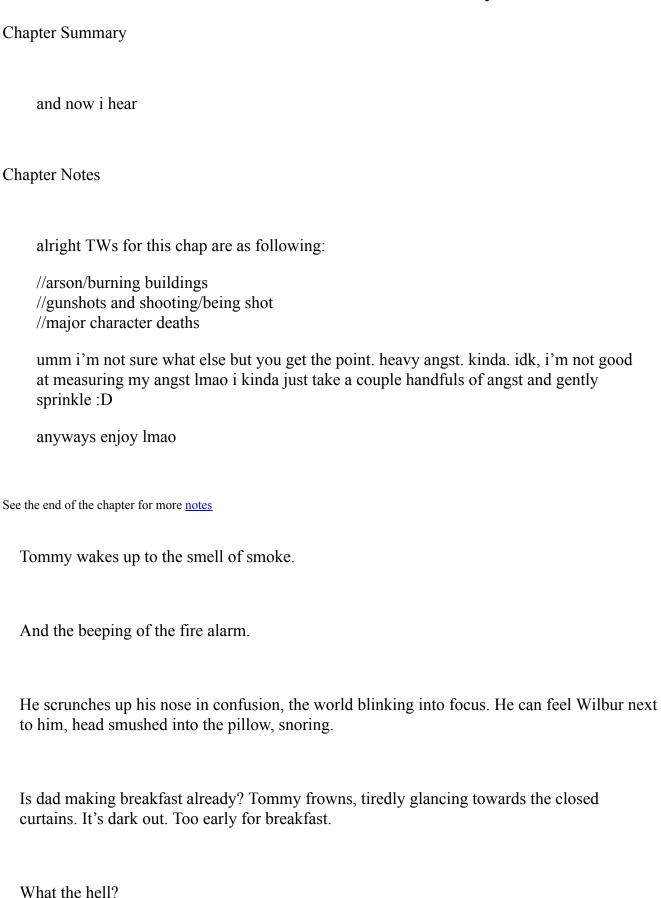


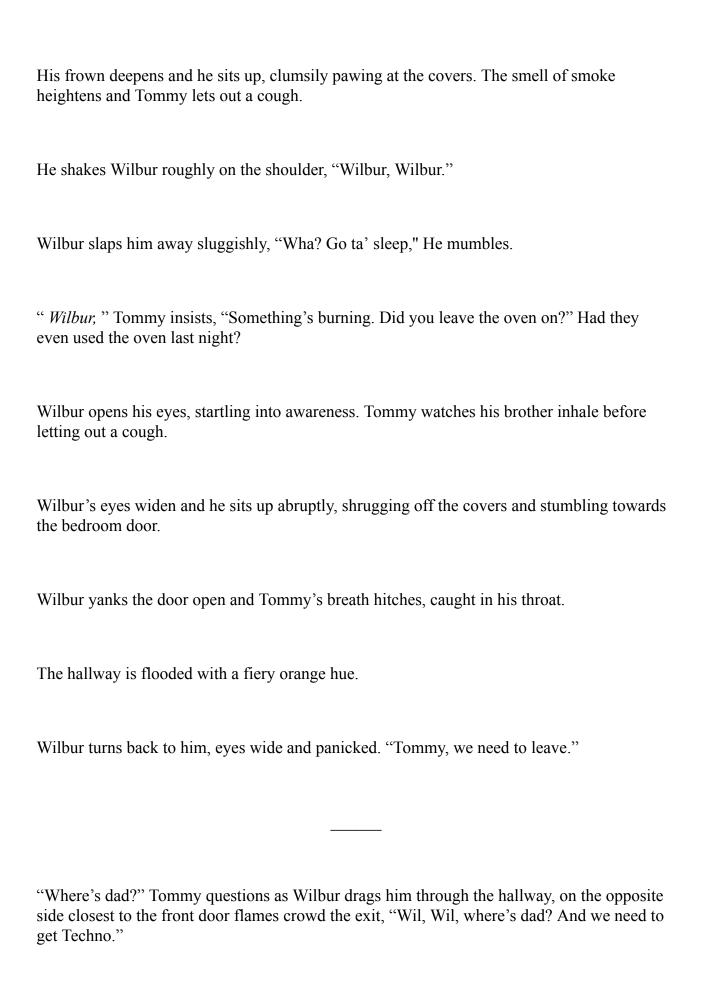


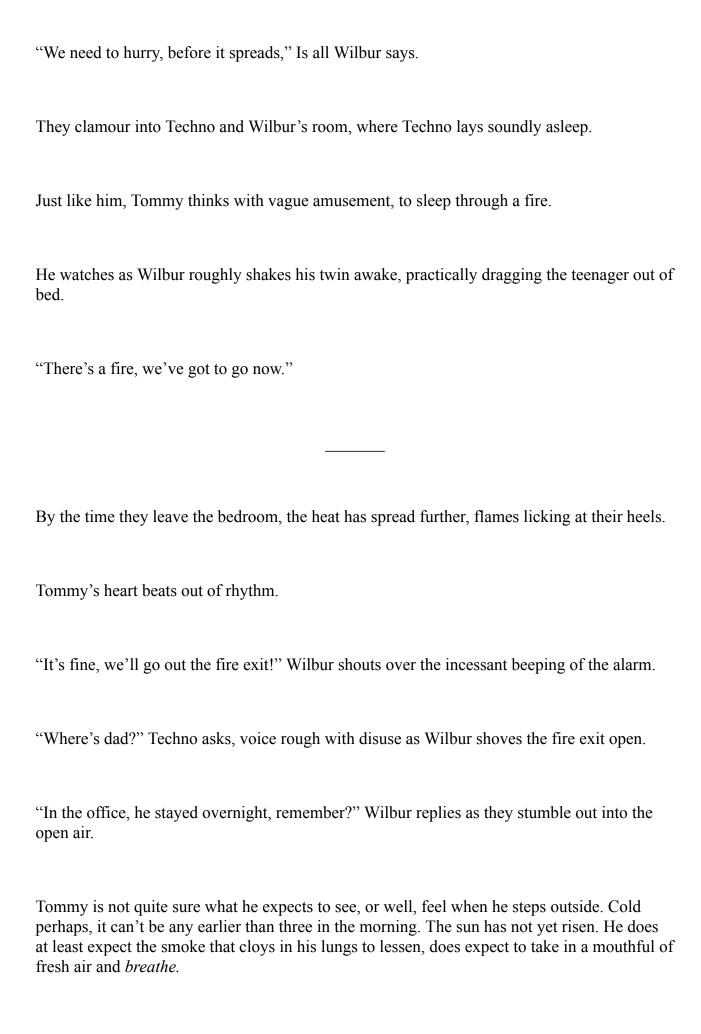


"Tomorrow," He can hear the eyeroll in Wilbur's voice. "You're barely even awake."
"Sing." He insists.
There's silence for a moment before Tommy feels a weight settle heavily by his side with an exasperated sigh.
"You're so annoying."
"Mhm," Tommy smiles.
He feels a hand smooth his curls back and leans into it.
"I used to hear a simple song"
And he drifts off to sleep.
Chapter End Notes
:D

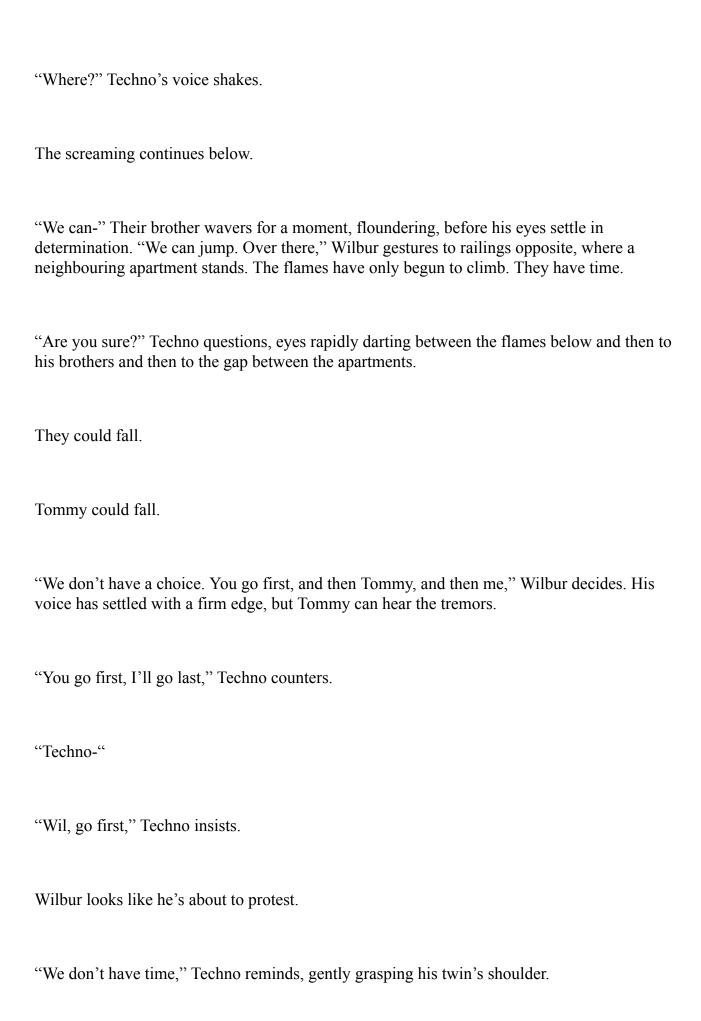
You Took This Broken Melody



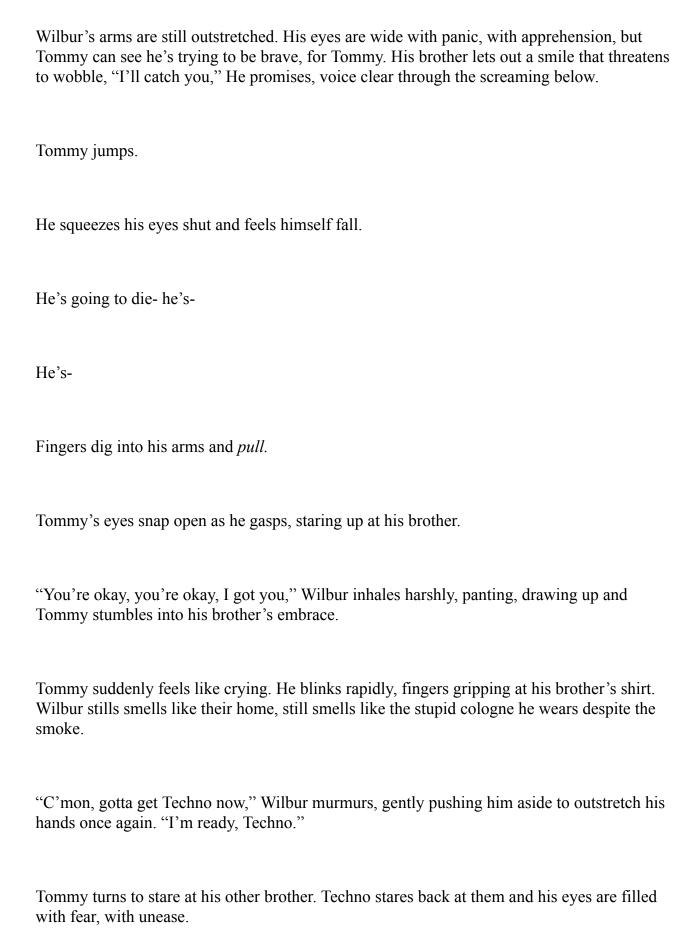


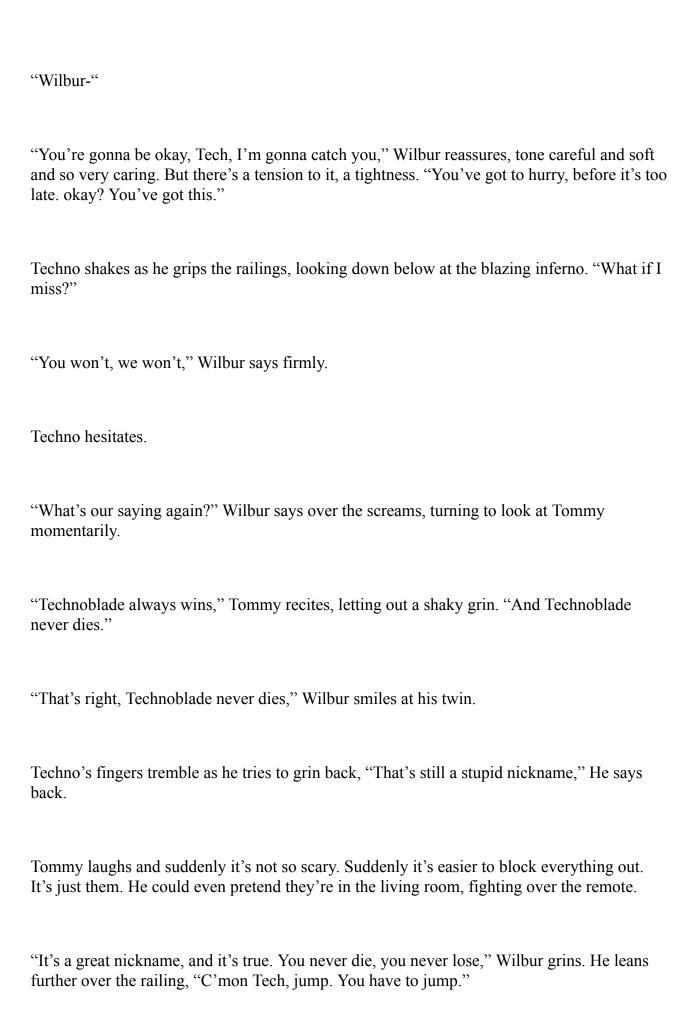


Η	e doesn't expect to walk out into a burning city.
F	or a moment, they all stare. For a moment that's all they can do.
T	he streets are bright, but not with streetlights.
	here's an incessant stream of screaming and Tommy suddenly wishes all he could hear was e beeping of the alarm again.
Η	e stumbles into Wilbur and Techno, as they take in the chaos below.
	Who started the fire?" Tommy whispers and then devolves into a series of coughs, tilting to Techno's shirt.
	-" Wilbur stutters, but then he's glancing below at their apartment, and at the fire that ontinues to climb. "We need to go."
	We can't go down," Techno murmurs, reaching around to grip Tommy's shoulder. Tommy an feel his fingers tremble.
ri	Where's Tubbo? Aunt Puffy? Did they make it out?" Tommy tugs at Wilbur's sleeve, panic sing in his chest. Tubbo and Puffy are five floors below. Their apartment already engulfed the flames, but- but- they must have made it out. They must have.
	don't know," Is all Wilbur can manage. The metal stairs they stand on creak. "We need to o."



Wilbur is silent for a moment before nodding, "Okay," and then he's gripping the metal bars of the stairs, and- and leaping over.
"Wilbur!" Tommy screams because his brother's fingers brush the railings and slip . Techno lets out a hitched inhale beside him but-
But-
It's okay.
Wilbur catches himself, barely, fingers scraping at the metal as he heaves himself up onto the other side.
Tommy exhales with relief as his brother pulls himself up, turning to face them, "I'm okay," Wilbur pants, visibly shaking. But- but he's okay.
"Come on, Tommy," Wilbur lets out a cough before outstretching his arms over the railings, "I'll catch you, it's okay. You have to hurry."
Tommy doesn't want to jump.
The screaming below hasn't stopped, and the embers are still climbing, trying to scorch anything they can touch. The air is too warm. Too, too warm.
"Tommy," Techno presses a palm to his back, "C'mon, Theseus."
Tommy's breath stutters and he lets out a stilted nod. He grips the metal railing of the stairs, feels the press of the cool metal beneath his palms and pulls himself over.





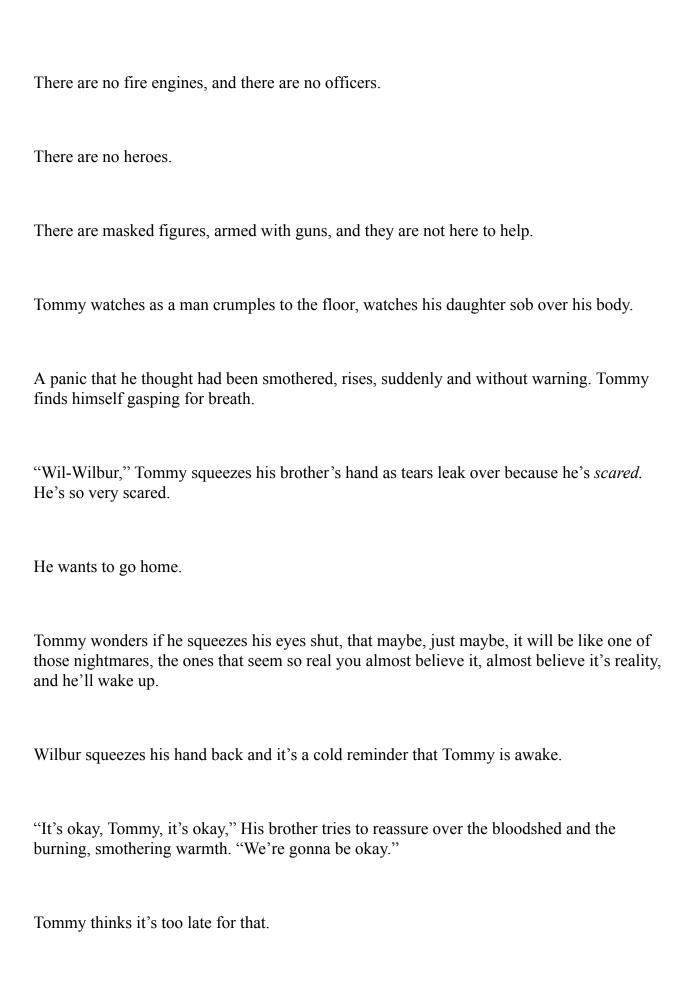
Techno inhales shakily, "Okay, okay."
Tommy watches as Techno pulls himself over the railing. He wavers, limbs shaking as he grips the metal bars.
Techno locks eyes with Tommy and Tommy-Tommy smiles for him, he needs to be brave for him because he knows he's still scared. Techno smiles back, despite the fear in his eyes.
"I've got you," Wilbur promises.
Techno jumps.
His fingers are outstretched, yearning, arms reaching towards Wilbur. Their fingers brush, fingertips meeting.
They brush, and they miss.
Tommy sees it. His eyes meet Techno's as he falls. They're filled with terror, a dread that does not dissipate. His fingers stay outstretched.
Distantly, Tommy hears the screaming below.
Distantly, Tommy realises he's screaming too.

"We- we- Wil, we- we need to get him," Tommy sobs. He tries to climb over the rails, fingers scraping at the metal only to feel arms wrap around his waist.
"We can't- he-" Wilbur's arms tighten around him. "The <i>fire</i> -" Tommy hears the way his brother chokes on the word.
"It's <i>Techno!</i> " Tommy all but screams, throat raw as a cough works its way up. His lungs burn.
"Tommy, we have to go!" Wilbur shouts.
No. No, no, no, no. They're not leaving without him.
It doesn't matter that Tommy can't distinguish the flames from his brother. It doesn't matter that he can't hear Techno. Doesn't matter that fire draws closer every second because they can't <i>go</i> . Not without Techno.
Wilbur's fingers dig into his ribs and <i>tug</i> him backwards. Tommy screams the entire time.
He fights.
He screams and he claws at his brother's arms, wailing and distraught because it's <i>Techno</i> .
Why are they leaving without Techno?
Why are they leaving without him?

Why are they leaving?
There's an exit that has not yet been devoured by the flames, it stands on the other side of the apartment.
They make their way down to the streets in silence.
Tommy shakes. His hands tremble in a way he can't control and Wilbur laces their fingers together. If anything, they shake more.
The streets burn.
There's the shop, the one where his father had bought Tommy's action figures. The ones he used to play with, the ones he'd outgrown. The windows are smashed in. The 'open' sign on the door has been singed black.
Nothing has really escaped the inferno, it seems. The swings in the playground have been torn apart, resting uselessly on burnt grass.
They don't look back at their apartment.
Tommy thinks that if he does, he may run straight into the fire.

Everyone is screaming. Everyone is running.
Tommy, childishly, so childishly, wonders where are the heroes? The saviours? Isn't someone meant to help?
"Tommy we have to run," Wilbur seems to realise as he takes in the chaos. There's a realisation in his eyes that Tommy can't quite understand, can't quite grasp the way his brother's eyes lighten in alarm, in horror. He suspects that Wilbur must realise too, that no one is helping.
"We need to find dad," Tommy says and his voice doesn't sound like his own, hoarse and empty.
"We need to get out of here," Wilbur strings him along through the crowds of stumbling people. Tommy trips to keep up.
"Wilbur, who started the fire?" Tommy questions.
Wilbur doesn't answer.
Tommy goes to ask again, because he <i>needs</i> to know.
A gunshot sounds through the screams.
They run.

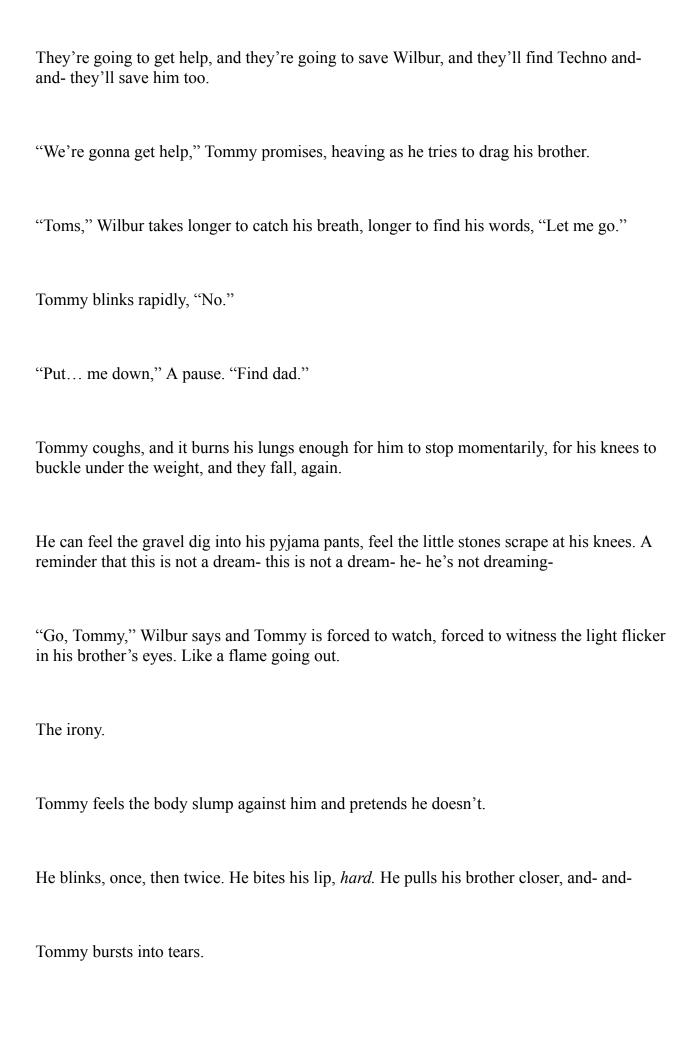
No one is coming to help.



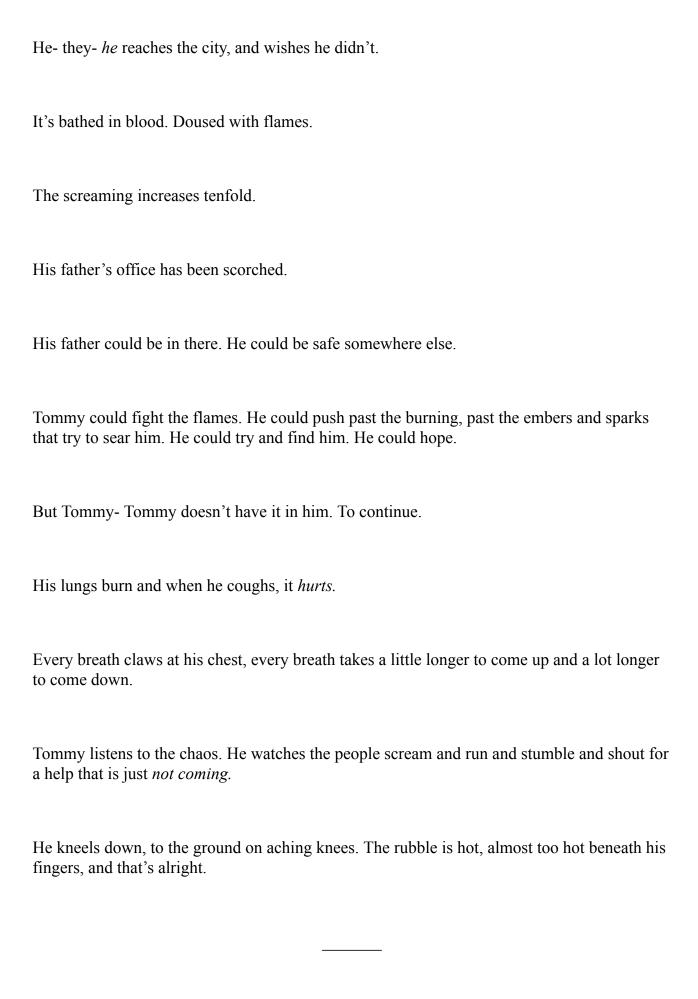
They manage to reach the outskirts of their streets, so close to the main city. So close to their father. "We're almost there," Wilbur promises. Tommy coughs, leaning heavily against his brother as they stumble. "We're gonna get help," His brother tries to reassure. Tommy doesn't believe him but he pretends to, tries to smile and hopes it doesn't turn to a grimace, tries to appear stronger than he is, more hopeful than he feels. By the way Wilbur pulls him closer, eyes downturned with a grief so striking, Tommy doesn't think he succeeded. There's the ringing of a gunshot. Tommy's heard it enough times to know to keep moving past it, to keep walking. Ignore it. Ignore it. Ignore it. But.

But-

Wilbur stumbles, suddenly, into his side, almost knocking them both over.
"Wilbur?" Tommy whispers, he doesn't know if his voice can go any louder.
His brother lets out a whimper, and he falls.
Tommy clutches at the teenager's shoulder, at his arms, anything, as they are lowered to the ground, Tommy with shock and Wilbur with-
Wilbur with-
Oh.
Oh.
Tommy's fingers brush over the patch of red that spreads like a disease, an infection.
"Go find dad," Wilbur rushes to say, even as his eyes start to dim.
Tommy shakes his head, "No," He whispers, pulling his brother closer to try and drag him up, pull him along, tug him. Anything.
"Tom- Toms- I'm-" Wilbur coughs and blood covers his lips, "Go without me."
Tommy will not.

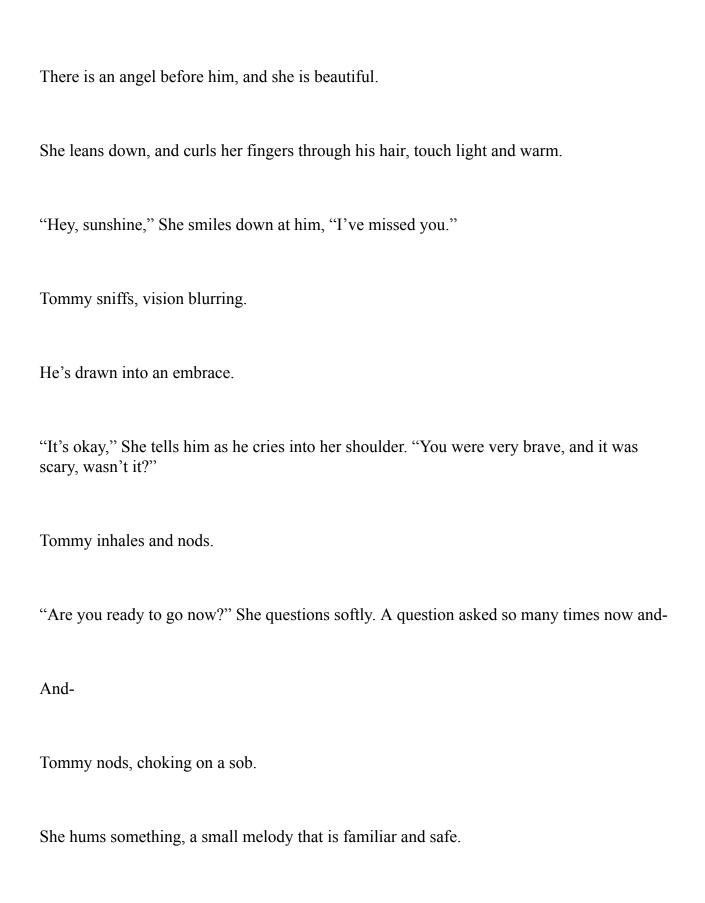


Tommy wishes he'd been shot instead. He imagines the red staining his stomach, imagines it being him falling into the fire. He should find his dad. He should find him. But what's the point? He brushes Wilbur's hair aside and hums a broken melody. He gets up, eventually. Tommy gets up when he realises that no one is coming to take him too. That there is no gun pointed towards him and that no one seems to care about killing one boy who cries over his dead brother. He pulls Wilbur along with him.



	There is fire and there is chaos. Screams of the forgotten echo in the forsaken land. Ash smothers the air, blackening lungs. The voices beg for mercy, beg for help, beg for salvation
	A little boy can't breathe. A little boy stares up at the sky, a poisonous orange hue and prays
	Tommy stares up wide eyed at the clouds as they part to reveal an angel.
	The angel is leaving the heavens. Leaving the serenity that is beyond them to <i>save</i> him.
	Tommy reaches out a shaky arm, trembling with exhaustion. His vision blurs.
	He feels himself pulled into warm arms and blearily looks up at his saviour.
	Blonde hair and kind blue eyes stare down at him.
	Tommy breathes. He's safe.
C	Chapter End Notes
	well that was fun lol

And Now I Hear A Symphony



She pulls away from him and offers a hand, long smooth fingers outstretched, "Follow me?"
Tommy takes her hand.

it's me eneli talking about tumoasd:D



yup

okay. so that's it. we're done. man even starting to write this is hard, so let's do the easier bits first

clearing up tumoasd- just making sure everyone understands this rather confusing plot lmao.

as you may have realised the first scene of the first chap is essentially the last scene of the 'symphony' series- a series which is a prequel to tumoasd. but what really went on? well, there are hints throughout the symphony series that the world tommy lives in, isn't one of peace. essentially, a war broke out and tommy and his family were part of the victims. what the war was about, who the parties were, etc. you can decide.

but what is tumoasd? so it starts with tommy dying, that's the first scene and we (you lmao not me) believe that tommy is saved. what actually happened was that tommy created a... limbo, for lack of better words. as the title says 'tommyinnit's unbeatable method of avoiding sudden death' - tommy is unable to cope with his death and his families, because of how sudden it was, so his coping mechanism is essentially creating a limbo where he's in control and everything is how he wants it to be, or well, close.

so tommy creates a world that is similar to the cartoons he watched. hence why each chapter has an episodic tone to it, with a beginning, middle and end. hence the catchphrases and things that just wouldn't make sense outside of a make belief world.

tommy is also not sixteen. he's twelve. but in this world, that he can do whatever with, he ages himself up, to be older, to seem cooler like the superheroes he'd seen on tv. i think this is an important plot point because it explains his behaviour. tommy doesn't really act like a sixteen year old, he's pretty selfish and self-centred, tending to only care about his immediate family and friends. he's irrational at times and makes nonsense decisions. he swears excessively just because he can. he's bratty and expects to get his way even when he's in the

wrong and most of all he craves attention like a child would. i made his personality that way intentionally.

clementine is tommy's guardian angel, and she's meant to guide him to the afterlife or whatever comes next (up to interpretation) however tommy refuses to leave his self imposed limbo and so it creates a tension between them.

throughout tumoasd tommy actually experiences the five stages of grief. he's mostly in denial up until chap 7 (when clementine first tries to reach him). at this stage, the story is a lot more coherent and it follows him actually being a vigilante. when his denial is broken, tommy panics and his focus changes to become more family based as he starts to realise that he doesn't have much time left hence why it starts to focus more around sbi. chap 15 is when he reaches the anger stage, the plot starts to derail even more until it doesn't really make sense. chap 22 is bargaining and chap 24 represents the depression stage where tommy starts to realise there is nothing he can do. chap 26 is him reaching acceptance. a somewhat key point is that tommy keeps reverting back to denial which is why he frequently states that "grief has five stages and they don't always happen in order".

so yeah.

now the main question is who is clementine? i think most of you have already kinda guessed. so i have this belief, or well idea? it's something my family always told me. and it's that when you die, your ancestors are there to guide you to the afterlife, and i really like that. if you haven't read symphony series, you wouldn't know, but tommy's mum died early on when he was a baby.

clementine is tommy's mother

lmao. the irony, right? it's funny because tommy constantly calls the fish his daughter.

the clementine in tumoasd is both tommy's mum and a figment of his imagination, because in tommy's world, everything is morphed to fit his way of thinking and the way he wants it. so he makes a fish called clementine and that's not actually his mum, but it is. if that makes sense? she's trying to guide him through this limbo but she's not actually there with him because tommy won't allow it, so clementine gets brief moments to talk with him - the cutscene chapters.

i think you guys can figure out the rest of the hints and symbolisms between tumoasd and symphony.

so now we move on.

this is the part about why i wrote this particular story.

ahh. okay. so i started writing tumoasd around 4 days after my stepmum and dad broke up. my stepmum kept the house and my little brothers. and i moved to my grandmas. i remember it being really sudden, one moment i was playing with my brothers in my room and the next i was packing a suitcase. and i'm used to this kind of thing, i've stayed at houses that have only lasted a few weeks. but hmm. idk this one was harder to cope with.

i remember i had been crying or smth and i was laying on my mattress in a room that just wasn't mine and i felt very sad. so i was reading a fanfic lmao and i thought i could do this. i thought let's write something silly, something that doesn't need to make sense. something to feel better. so i wrote the first chapter of tumoasd.

i hadn't always planned for the fic to turn out this particular way. i never expected it to even get this far. i had this idea though. i always remember watching cartoons and later on finding out they had dark meanings, and i wondered if the writers wrote the dark meaning first and then covered it with humour or vice versa. so i decided to test it.

tumoasd isn't my best fic. not even my first choice of fics i would recommended. it's messy. there are errors and lack of worldbuilding and so so many flaws. but it's the closest fic to who i am, or rather what i want to express? tumoasd has been first and foremost, always my comfort fic. mine. this wasn't a fic i wrote for an audience. i wrote it to feel better. i wrote it to stop feeling like my life was ending right in front of me. i didn't have any intentions for it to get as big as it did, but i don't regret it.

i want to say thank you. to everyone whose read this, and everyone whose supported me and commented and bookmarked and left kudos and become my friend. when i started writing this, i slept more often than not, i barely talked to my family and i was so so sad. i spent many nights crying to sleep because i missed my brothers and i missed my bed and i missed

my home. when i first started receiving comments, it gave me something. it was a serotonin boost that i hadn't expected. i clung to it. with every new person i met and every kudo i gained and every twitter mutual i got, i felt different. i laughed. i made up the most crack filled and nonsensical chapters because i felt like a child. you guys made me feel young and carefree in a way i wasn't used to. i'm the older sibling, i'm the one who stands between my parents and delivers messages when they don't want to communicate. i was beginning to feel resentful, like a piece of my childhood was missing. and you guys helped me.

you helped me more than you can ever realise. i spent so many nights laughing and grinning like stupid when i first created a discord for tumoasd. with every new moot on twitter i became a little more wild lmao it was so fun i couldn't help it i wasnt used to this many people wanting to talk to me, to listen to my stories and hear me talk about wanting to date colonel sanders lmao. so i'm sorry, if sometimes i was bit too hyperactive and i tweeted too much and i rarely answered dms lmao but i love you guys a lot, so very much. which is why it makes it so hard to leave.

but tumoasd was always a countdown. at first, maybe it was for a different reason. but now and for a while, it's been a countdown of me moving on. and this is why i relate to tumoasd! tommy lmao. for me, you guys have been my imaginary world, my vigilante world. you were the place i went when i started to cry, when i didn't want to wake up in the morning, when things were just a bit too difficult. and i don't want to let you go.

but i also don't want to feel like this anymore. i'm tired of grieving for what has left, i'm tired of grieving for a home that isn't the same anymore. there's a quote i keep remembering and it goes something like "let the pain visit. allow it to teach you. don't let it overstay". i've been in a dark mindset for a long time now, these past months. i've let it overstay and i've clung to it, because it's familiar and because i'm scared of moving on. but i don't want to feel like this anymore. so i'm letting you guys go.

i don't want to write because i crave the serotonin of the comments i receive, because i crave the validation of you all. i want to write because i feel it, because i like my writing and because i want to. i don't want to write to feel better, i want to write because i can, because it's a part of me. and to do that, i have to learn. i have to learn to live without you guys there to support me, i have to learn to support myself. because i think that's what growing up is about, and i think i'm ready for it.

i want to be friends with you all again, not because i need you, not because i'm sad and i need to feel better, but because i want to, because i feel like it. so i'm leaving. so i'm taking a

break to learn myself again so i'm not as vulnerable, as easily moved by praises as i am now. i want to love myself so you guys don't have to.

man this is hard. i feel like i went through the stages of grief with tommy lmao maybe i did. regardless, thank you. thank you, thank you, again and again and again. this is no professional writing, this is never something that can be critically analysed and awarded for writing skills. but it's been me and it's been you guys.

god this shit is so sappy i keep having to trying to add in humour. my default coping mechanism lmao.

anyways. i don't know if i'll ever come back to this account. i don't know if i'll ever publish anymore fan fictions. but if i do, i hope to have improved, not just skillswise, but mentally. i hope to one day be able to write more than just a hopeful ending, i want to write a happy one and those kind of things can only come with experience i think.

this has been fun cult. so much fun. the most fun i've had in a long time. you guys were great. i was pretty great too lmao. i'm gonna miss you. i'm gonna miss you a lot.

thank you.

see you on the other side?

honestly i have no explanation for this. i was bored and i had already updated some of my other stories so i was like eh

if theres typos no there arent

here is a link to the official discord for tumoasd

https://discord.gg/cVeKZgwYdp

Works inspired by this one

Tommyinnit a Vigilante? Never. by greenpinkroe

tommyinnit's slightly beatable method of avoiding sudden death by mania sama

tommyinnit but he's the avatar by axeidentall

<u>Just because I look like a tree why you got to be a bitch, dude? (I think it looks good)</u> by <u>orphan_account</u>

tommyinnit and his incessant want for a home by artemis_sighs

hero and villain duet by fuglychan

you're gonna go far, kid by diapason

The Definition of a Hero by VenetaPsi

The City's Vigilante Raccoon by orphan_account

Stopping crime (illegally) by nonexistenttoad

One More Step Out of the Pit by AdrianaintheSnow

[Restricted Work] by <u>BasicallySnakespere</u>

<u>Tommy? A vigilante? Ahahah... No wayyyyy</u> by <u>orphan_account</u>

ranboo's surefire guide to main-character-ism by orphan_account

RacoonInnit is Pog at Villainy by AJ_the_BreadKing

Rooftops are not Good Playgrounds (Discontinued) by StationK17

Side Characters Gotta Have Fun Too, Right? by Anonymous

Witness the	Wrec	kage l	by N	/Iol	<u>lyP</u>	<u>oll</u>	<u>yKinz</u>

[Restricted Work] by <u>curiositythecryptid</u>

<u>An Unfortunate Turn Of Events For Tommy and Ranboo, But They Do Learn What a Cupcakes Is by Chandelier_s_Notebook</u>

[Restricted Work] by RandomProjectedKat

Preparing For My End by orphan account

<u>I'd Rather Stay In District 87 Thank You Every Much by Chandelier s Notebook</u>

Prison's too cold for a kid by nonexistenttoad

Please Don't Shoot Me Over A Cupcake, Just Use Them To Bribe Me by Chandelier s Notebook

<u>Tubbo Dies and Stays In Hell Part 2</u> by Anonymous

The Warehouse on 1889 Coral Lane by Chandelier s Notebook

I Know You'll Help, But Take A Cupcake Anyways by Chandelier s Notebook

where did my courage go (I think I left it under the rubble) by violet sunflowers

[Restricted Work] by Silvalina

chin up icarus, your wings are failing by crypticcalypte (snailshell)

Project: Icarus by Imshookandbi

you can put your dukes down, stringbean by orphan_account

<u>The Villain I Appear to Be (discontinued T^T)</u> by <u>Erey</u>

The Most Poggers Vigilante: How to be unbearably cool while defying the law for the greater good (and how to maybe not die, too) by CrackingTheSurface

So I might be a vigilante... by orphan_account

On the one hand, you're under arrest, on the other hand, you're my only friend. by orphan_account

<u>Conviction</u> by <u>bandanabiel</u> (<u>gumdropsngunshots</u>)

Achoo by MollyPollyKinz

Four Boys, One Braincell by Qubescuare

Heroes, Vigilantes, and What-Have-Yous by orphan_account

The Good, the "Bad", and the Handsome, Cool, Amazing, Poggers Vigilante by paranoidshipper

You're not my dad! by TheRealOgilvie Hidden Places by orphan account Train Time by orphan account why so blue? by oakquack Radio Silence by Chandelier s Notebook Niki Wants In by Chandelier s Notebook We Are Now Prep-ed Enough To Ask Eret If He Wants In by Chandelier s Notebook Tommy's Fine; He Has To Be by Chandelier s Notebook Black Roses; A Chorus of Silent Throats by Chandelier s Notebook i get that you're supposed to arrest me and stuff but i left the stove on by clingyduo My Roommate is a Vigilante by MollyPollyKinz driftveil city (discontinued) by orphan account [Restricted Work] by grasstastic Why Does Everyone Think I'm Immortal?! by Anonymous every day every hour turn that pain into power by Drhair 76 Wait... Found Family is a Real Thing? by Ryelin used to play pretend by orphan account Midnight Stars Hidden by Clouds by orphan account <u>Underpowered by Flourishing Pen03</u> Mouths and Money by easysummerings it pleases(Pains) me to inform you by choco cola Getting Out of the Shithole by Chandelier s Notebook The What-Nots and Have-Nots of Heroism by MantaMocha

Tommyinnit's Misadventures in Vigilantism by Snevins

Tubbo's guide to being a background character and staying out of trouble by Anonymous

Not Everyone Can Be A Hero by LilLikesToWrite_Sometimes

The Crimson Sparrow by cricketwashere							
A Guide to Villainy, by Tommyinnit [DISCONTINUED] by orphan_account							
Ambition and Greed by Kodamark							
No One Coming by EscapeToNeverland							
Tommyinnit, the Brave and Courageous by orphan_account							
[Restricted Work] by inkedstars							
Boreas by IsleFlightlessBirds (QueenCorvus)							
an unhelpful guide on how to survive the evil government (by tommyinnit) by orphan_account							
Journey to the other side by MysticalC343							
Making family and coffee (Maybe not in that order) by isa_grapes							
The Misadventures Of Pog Boy! Oh, And The Heroes Trying To Catch Him. by purelyvic							
Oh Fuck This Is Real Life by orphan_account							
Tommy's new clingy family (that doesn't seem to leave him alone) by Swaggerdog							
Tommyinnit's Most Amazing Guide on Escaping Certain Death by orphan_account							
A Dummies Guide to Being a Pog Vigilante by SP2AYP_A1NT							
[Restricted Work] by <u>EchoSong_whydoesithaveart</u>							
Dear 'Hero' Agency, Fuck You by AJQuaccs							
A Whisper, A Blade, A Feather & A Fiend by BestGreenist							
GETTING ILLEGALLY ADOPTED BY SBI MAKES MINECRAFT 1000% FUNNIER by SolanaMoon							
A guide: How to become a criminal in (about) 27 minutes by potato_love34 (orphan_account).							
Tommy Danger Kraken Innit, the unreliable narrator of his own life by mx_daisygrey							

Revolution Makes the Playground 69000% Funnier! by ohreginald

[Restricted Work] by orphan_account

butterflies and black & blue birds [on hiatus] by Anonymous

Being a Vigilante can be hard. (Give him a break.) by Im11am

I	don'	t ta	ke	bacl	\mathbf{w}	hat	I sa	V (or regre	what	I do) t	v d	ig	ifau	lt
_	W			0000				<i></i>	<u> </u>	1111000		. <i>)</i> . ~	· . J 😅			

<u>Tommyinnit's Unbeatable Method of Raising a Raccoon in this Economy</u> by <u>ImInMyMumsCarVroomVroom</u>

It was always burning since the world's been turning by GhostOfFlower

TommyInnit's Utterly, Perfectly, Beatable Method of Avoiding Sudden Death by orphan account

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall, I'm the youngest of them all! by GreenApplesS

Something Isn't Quite Right by ZiaRose (orphan_account)

The Names Tommy, Tommyinnit. by orphan account

Show Me the Way to Greener Pastures by GODHELPMEIMDESCENDINGINTOMADNESS

The walls keep tumbling down (from the city that we love) by Slift o

Tommyinnit's Guide to Inciting Chaos by crybabysapphic

<u>let the ransomed be free (as the revel meets the day)</u> by <u>orphan_account</u>

tommyinnit isn't your personal i-phone charger by Rhapsoddity

<u>Vermilion, Hornet, and What's to Come</u> by <u>AnymouseCanDraw</u>

Tommyinnit's Amazing Guide To Befriending A Villain by hangingdoor24

Code Red by xtinytiger

(<u>Discontinued</u>) The Intentional Social Blindness of a Not So Blind Child (<u>Discontinued</u>) by <u>BabyCakelings</u>

well now now, you need to calm down (what good's this energy?) by captain_r10t

Heroes are Overrated, but for Wilbur I'll make an Exception by orphan_account

[Restricted Work] by <u>Trenchcrows</u>

Another TommyInnit Vigilant Story (Abandoned) by Acdy

Tommyinnit is pog at Vigilatism (And Shit at Family) by Oddity_Bee

The Bakery Across The Street by orphan_account

[Restricted Work] by Anonymous

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